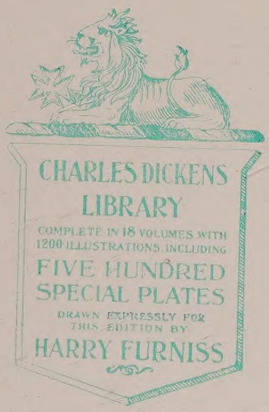
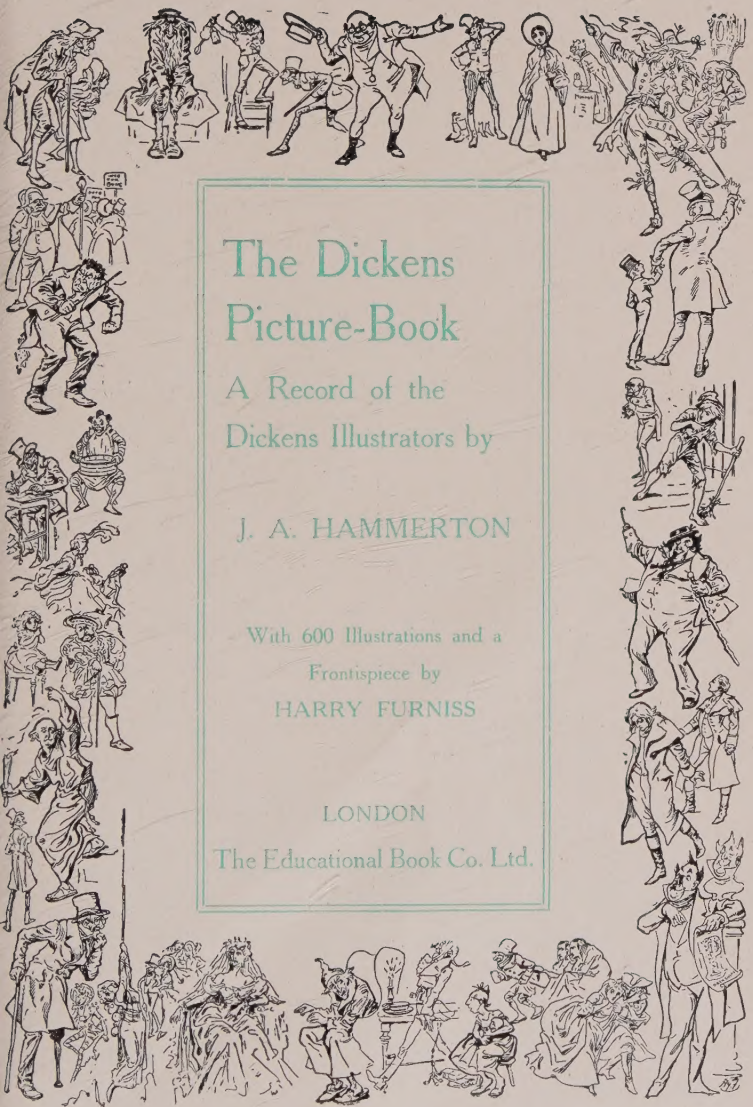


THE DICKENS PICTURE-BOOK

HARRY FURNISS

From a sketch by himself



The Dickens Picture-Book

A Record of the Dickens Illustrators by

J. A. HAMMERTON

With 600 Illustrations and a Frontispiece by HARRY FURNISS

LONDON
The Educational Book Co. Ltd.

CHARLES DICKENS LIBRARY

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SKETCHES BY BOZ
ETC.

2

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

3

OLIVER TWIST
CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND

4

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

5

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP
HARD TIMES

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BARNABY RUDGE
MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK

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MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS
UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER
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DICKENS COMPANION
A Book of Anecdote and Reference

Edited by
J. A. HAMMERTON

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EDITOR'S NOTE

THOUGH the purpose of this volume, and its inclusion in the "Charles Dickens Library," may be sufficiently obvious, a few words as to its *raison d'être* and the method of its preparation will not be out of place here.

The Editor is so thoroughly satisfied with the result of Mr. Harry Furniss's great undertaking that he can confidently leave to speak for themselves the five hundred original plates, and more, which that brilliant master of pen draughtsmanship has prepared especially for the edition of Dickens this volume accompanies. The reputation of Mr. Furniss as one of the greatest humorists in English black-and-white art has long been established, and his association with *Punch* marks one of the most brilliant periods in the history of that world-famous journal. But the enterprise he has now brought to so successful an issue—providing, for the first time, an edition of Dickens throughout which a great English artist has given pictorial form to the creations of the greatest English novelist—may reasonably be described as the crowning achievement of Mr. Furniss's artistic career.

It was felt, however, in view of the historic interest of the early illustrators of Dickens's writings, that to bring into a single volume reproductions, on a somewhat smaller scale, of these old etchings and wood engravings, would be to provide an acceptable companion to the volumes illustrated afresh by the modern artist. Those to whom the old and obsolete drawings had once been familiar will be likely to welcome such a collection, while the younger generation of readers will find in them much that is curious and quaint.

Dickens, moreover, having been so closely identified in his literary career with many of the artists whose work is

here reproduced, it seemed a natural thing to devote some special attention to this side of the great novelist and his books. Various works have already appeared on the subject, appealing mainly to the collector, and published at high prices. No attempt has been made to enter into competition with these; in the editing of this volume the effort has been to interest rather the general reader than the connoisseur.

In a series of brief chapters, the writer has endeavoured to sketch in light outline the relations between Dickens and his illustrators, and to indicate what parts they played, subservient to the popularity of "the immortal Boz." It is hoped that these chapters may not prove uninteresting, while the notes appearing under the headings of each of Dickens's works have been designed to provide all who may be interested in the subject with a handy bibliographical record of the pictorial contents of the numerous Dickens editions.

It will be found also that some attention has been given to the subject of Dickens in art, and a list of all the best known paintings, in public and private galleries, dealing with subjects from his scenes or characters from his works, is included, together with reproductions of some of these pictures.

As for the illustrations themselves, in most cases the reproductions have been made direct from the best obtainable copies of the original prints, though the results occasionally have not been as satisfactory as could be desired. Many of these old etchings by Phiz do not lend themselves readily to "process" reproduction, especially in reduced sizes, the paper being often sadly discoloured and the sharpness and delicacy of the etched lines hopelessly impaired. Readers unacquainted with the originals must therefore not accept these reproductions as conveying more than an approximate likeness to the originals, though it must be confessed that in a large number of cases the reproductions in the present volume are actually brighter and more sparkling than the originals, having been improved by reduction. Their purpose here, however, is not to serve the art critic, but to retain for the general reader an interesting record of

the pictorial humour of the old school that disappeared with the rise of the new generation of pen-draughtsmen, working with the larger liberty which the direct reproduction of pen-and-ink drawing brought to the art of book-illustrating.

It should be stated that almost without exception the old titles of the pictures have been retained, but to these have been added suitable quotations from the writings of Dickens which will help to the ready understanding of the subjects illustrated, and, indeed, as most of the novelist's illustrated works—excepting the series of Christmas books, from which only a selection of designs has been made—are here represented by complete sets of the original illustrations, these, together with the quoted passages, arranged in proper sequence, provide, in a sense, pictorial outlines of the different books to which they refer.

J. A. H.

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THE DICKENS PICTURE-BOOK

I.

THE ARTISTIC PARTNERSHIPS—THE NOVELIST'S OPINION AS TO ILLUSTRATIONS—MERITS AND DEFECTS OF THE EARLY ETCHERS—CRUIKSHANK—SEYMOUR—PHIZ—THE QUESTION OF "EXAGGERATION."

No English writer of fiction is so curiously associated with the illustrators of his works as Dickens. It is perhaps the most remarkable irony of his literary career that, while he would himself have preferred his stories to have gone forth entirely unaided by the pencil of any artist, almost alone among the works of our great novelists, those of Dickens are associated in the minds of all with the artists who first gave graphic expression to the myriad conceptions of the author's imagination. In a sense, there is no writer of fiction who stands less in need of illustration, for his descriptions and character outlines are so vivid that it is a dull mind indeed that is not impressed with the picture the author's words have been designed to imprint upon it. Yet it is the very fact of this pictorial quality that has long made the novels of Dickens the happy hunting-ground of artists innumerable. Though Dickens would have preferred to stand entirely without the co-operation of any artist, it cannot be denied that he derived considerable advantage from the artful aid of the famous etchers who embellished his early works; but, having to take their defects with their merits, it is not less true that in certain vital matters Dickens has suffered in the long run from this association.

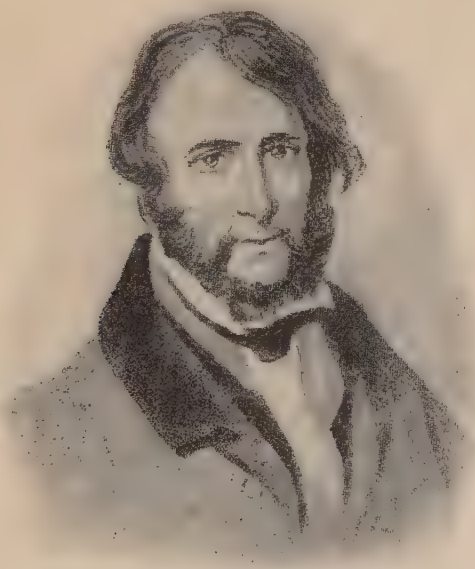
First let us consider the advantages of his artistic partnerships. The early "thirties" of last century saw the heyday of line engraving; the publications of the period that made the least attempt at popular appeal were all illustrated; but

in a vastly different manner from the popular pictorial journals of to-day. The art of the line-engraver, now almost extinct, produced the most beautiful results, and now we rightly treasure examples of the engravings of the Early Victorian period. It was a slow and laborious process, requiring of the executant an artistic touch and perception differing in kind rather than in degree from that of the original artist whose work was thus copied and multiplied. Pictorial annuals, such as *The Keepsake*, and "Albums" innumerable, containing exquisite examples of line-engraving and padded out with much feeble letterpress were then the vogue. The artist was often more important than the author. In addition to line-engraving there was also the art of etching, which still happily flourishes; but as a means for the illustrating of books and magazines this had a comparatively short life, Cruikshank, Phiz, and Leech being its three chief exponents, and all of them outliving its vogue. Lithography was also much used, especially for the cheaper publications, but the popularity of wood-engraving had yet to come, and, alas! to pass away, before the end of the century. So far as the illustration of the works of Dickens is concerned, we are interested in etching and wood-engraving only.

George Cruikshank, who was born in London in 1792 and died in 1878, was famous as an etcher before the name of Boz had begun to rise above the literary horizon. Artists of repute, such as Cruikshank and Seymour, were unlike the illustrators of a later day, who are summoned by the publisher when an author's MS. has been delivered, and instructed to supply so many illustrations, one for this chapter and one for that. It often happened that the reverse was the case, the artist's notion for a particular set of plates furnishing the author with a subject to "write up to." This never actually happened with Dickens, though Cruikshank in his later years, when his memory had undoubtedly beguiled him, advanced the most preposterous claims to the authorship of *Oliver Twist*, while the widow of the unhappy Seymour made an equally unwarranted claim on behalf of her dead husband. The less-known fact, that Cruikshank, out of his consuming egotism, had also claimed to be the originator of the *Pickwick Papers*, is of itself sufficient to dispose of all doubts about the authorship of *Oliver Twist*. There was, however, just a grain of truth in both cases, for no doubt *Pickwick* grew out of Seymour's idea to produce a series of plates illustrative of the misadventures of a club of cockney sportsmen, while Cruik-

shank's more extensive knowledge of the underworld of London was doubtless of service to Dickens in the writing of *Oliver Twist*.

We know, beyond all dispute, that the novelist refused at the outset to write up to Seymour's pictures, insisting that the illustrations should grow naturally out of the text, and no one will doubt that Cruikshank's memory had played him false —not to put too fine a point on it—when, more than thirty



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

years after the event and when the author was dead, he made the ridiculous assertion that Dickens, in writing *Oliver Twist*, had merely strung together a story embodying the twenty-four episodes which the genius of George Cruikshank had first conceived as a *suite* of etchings! Dickens's correspondence indicates most clearly that the illustrations to the later chapters had not even been seen by him before they were etched, and Cruikshank's own correspondence as clearly

indicates that in some cases he submitted his sketches to the author for approval before transferring them to the plate.

One thing, however, these foolish claims of Cruikshank's and of Seymour's widow do emphasise, and that is the importance of the illustrator in book-production at the time when Dickens first came before the public. Dickens himself, in his preface to *Sketches by Boz*, admits that he had hardly dared to appeal to the public without the co-operation of the artist, whose etchings undoubtedly had much to do with the success of the author's début. Whether he wished it or not, the convention of his time required so many illustrations and so much letterpress for a certain price, and, not being notoriously lacking in the commercial instinct, Dickens did not hesitate to follow the custom of the book-trade as he found it; so, as time passes, we discover him, if we study his correspondence, almost as interested in the illustrating of his works as in the writing of them. In truth no better indication of the marvellous energy of the man is required than the pains he took in arranging the pictures for his stories, often supplying his artists with the most elaborate details for only a tiny sketch, frequently rejecting drawings and insisting on subjects being re-etched or re-engraved. He was not only the author of his works, but their editor and producer as well, and it is a rare thing to find a novelist taking such an active interest in the detail of illustration. We can only suppose he did this because he realised the value of these pictures in furthering the popularity of his stories, and particularly in regard to the five Christmas books, where it would almost seem he must have spent as much time in negotiating for the illustrations as in writing the text.

So much let us say for the advantages derived from his illustrators. A word now as to the defects of their qualities. Cruikshank's co-operation with Dickens was of very short duration, being limited to *Sketches by Boz* and *Oliver Twist*. For several reasons we should be thankful for this. Chiefly in regard to Dickens's heroines. Look at the atrocious features of Nancy as delineated by Cruikshank, and notice the same pudding-faced, shapeless female reproduced in other subjects, such as "Hackney Coach Stands," "Miss Evans and the Eagle," and you will realise what we were saved from by the defection of the illustrious George. He could not draw a pleasing female figure. He was essentially a caricaturist, and although his work has often glimpses of beauty, he is at his best where the subject is dramatic and the passion suffi-

ciently intense to curb his continual tendency to the exaggerated features of the caricaturist. For dramatic power his picture of "Fagin in the Condemned Cell" is unrivalled; a masterpiece of its kind; while the courtship of Bumble and the matron is a most admirable graphic representation of low comedy. While Phiz, on the other hand, could draw pretty women, he could outrival Cruikshank in caricature-outline of all sorts of human beings, and wherever we find ourselves agreeably affected by any of his sketches it will be noticed that something of the pleasure is derived from the background, his little touches of landscape being always deft and beautiful, though the poverty of his "interiors" is deplorable. Both these artists were great masters of their technique, but in the works of both we find a needless squalor of scene and a continual suggestion of frowziness, even in circumstances where the questionable taste of the Victorian era might, at least, have been made less aggressively ugly.

It is on the shoulders of Phiz that a good deal of the blame which thoughtless critics too often place upon Dickens should rest. The charge of being an exaggerator of character, or a caricaturist, is, of all the parrot-cries, the commonest raised against Dickens. I should venture to say that had *Pickwick* and all its immortal successors been first given to the public without the intervention of Phiz, this charge of exaggeration had never been made. Dickens nowhere exaggerates his effects beyond the legitimate rights of an author who seeks, by bold outline and somewhat heightened colour of words, to impress the mind of the reader with the character he sees so vividly in his own imagination. But the appalling literalness of most of Phiz's illustrations, conceived and executed not in the serious spirit of the illustrator, but of the comic artist bent on provoking laughter, results in drawings of which caricature is the ruling feature. Hence it has come about that, judging Dickens through the pictures of Phiz, he has been dubbed caricaturist, nor is he altogether without sin himself, for the public knew that he was accessory before the fact in the matter of these illustrations, and if they had passed his scrutiny his readers were scarcely to blame in accepting them for the counterfeit presentments of the creatures of his fancy. To this extent, then, has he suffered in reputation for what he gained in popularity by having so many of his works illustrated by comic draughtsmen.

II.

HABLOT K. BROWNE (PHIZ) AND HIS WORK—HISTORIC VALUE OF HIS ILLUSTRATIONS—CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS ART—HIS GIFT OF HUMOUR—HIS ARTISTIC SHORTCOMINGS—HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

NEITHER Cruikshank nor Phiz made use of models in the drawing or composition of their illustrations. They trusted largely to their memories, and this accounts for their pronounced mannerisms. It also accounts for the fact that there is a noticeable lack of truth and actuality in all their work. This may appear to be in direct opposition to much that has been written in praise of these famous illustrators, but a serious study of their most characteristic work will prove the truth of the assertion. We are asked to admire both of them on account of the accuracy of many of their details. We are told that these etchings are of immense historic value as chronicles of the manners and customs of a day that is past. "The Last Cab-Driver" is instanced as an example. The lamp-posts, the shop-signs, the traffic of the streets, the costumes of the men and women, household furniture, in short, all the accessories involved by the nature of the pictures, are always faithfully rendered. This may be so, and these things are not without value, but the veriest dolt may be accurate in detail and produce artistic horrors. Accuracy, indeed, is the least of all the virtues, and Dickens himself, like every writer of genius, has a fine contempt for being accurate in matters that are not essential.

The extreme accuracy of Phiz is exemplified in a curious way in the figure of Captain Cuttle, who is shown in different pictures with the hook on his right arm and on his left! This, of course, may be due to the haste with which most of the artist's work was evidently done, there being numerous instances in his drawings where people are made left-handed and letters made to read backwards as the result of careless draughtsmanship. We have to remember that the usual

method of preparing an etched plate was to make a roughly finished drawing on paper, either in pencil or in ink, of the subject as it would appear when printed. The artist had then to re-draw his picture on the steel plate, reversing all his lines, so that after the work of his etching-needle had been "bitten in" and an inked impression taken from the steel, the result would appear like the original sketch. It is easy, therefore, to understand that, working against time, and more particularly when departing from the details of the original

HABLÔT KNIGHT BROWNE—"PHIZ"

sketch while designing his plate, the artist would be apt to forget the effect of what he was drawing with his needle when it came to be reversed in proof. The same applies to drawing on wood, in which Phiz became expert, and indeed the tendency to mistakes of this kind was even greater in wood-cuts, the artist often drawing direct on the wood without an original sketch as a guide, though the usual plan was to make a pencil sketch on paper and then "rub it down" on the wood to reverse.

We need take no account of the numerous errors committed

by Phiz in departing from the strict details of the scene he was depicting, for though it is the business of an illustrator to illustrate, he is not called upon to be the slave of the author's words and faithfully to observe details that are of no importance. His own instinct for an effective picture is his proper guide. Illustrations which are true in suggestion and in general effect, rather than accurate in mere detail, are those most to be admired. And in order to make some approximation to truth the black-and-white draughtsman must be no less a limner of life than the picture-painter. It is in this respect that Phiz fails most frequently. Dispensing, as he did, with the living model, he had to rely upon a set of conventions for the realisation of these marvellously varied characters of Dickens, and even a cursory glance through his numerous illustrations will show how limited was his range between the fat man and the thin man, the ugly face and the less ugly face. The general effect is that we are examining the sketches of an extremely clever amateur draughtsman with a highly developed sense of the comic and the sordid sides of life, but seldom indeed are we beguiled into thinking we are looking upon a picture of life itself. There is a sad sense of thinness and lack of atmosphere in many of his subjects, and nothing but their continuous drollery, which is undeniable, redeems them from the commonplace.

That an artist of Phiz's ability should have been fated to give graphic form to the most varied gallery of fictional characters ever created is one of the curiosities of book-illustration. Yet there is little doubt that no other man of his time could have done better. The art of illustrating was still in its infancy, despite all their precious steel-engravings, and the glorious freedom of line, which came with the rise of wood-engraving, and later has flourished more abundantly with the "process" reproduction of pen-and-ink sketches, was still a long way from achievement. It is not too much to say that an artist of the powers of Phiz would find a difficulty to-day in gaining admission to the commonest of illustrated periodicals, and we know that when his long co-operation with Dickens ceased, and he had to rely upon his own powers of invention, he gradually sank in favour until he was glad to illustrate the cheap periodicals for boys.

But it must not be thought that in all this there is any effort unduly to belittle that long and famous series of illustrations which admirably served the purpose for which they

were designed, and endowed the name of Phiz with a fragrance of memory almost as pleasant as that of Boz. The mere existence of the present volume is some proof to the contrary. We can scarcely think of the works of Dickens apart from their first illustrations, and the remembered pleasure of our uncritical enjoyment of these amusing, though often grotesque and untruthful, embellishments of the old editions leaves us with nothing but kindly thoughts of the artist whose sense of the comic, often outrunning his discretion, still served to heighten our enjoyment of the written word, and to quicken our minds to laughter. To remember that Phiz was privileged to be the first to delineate the imaginary forms of Micawber, Pecksniff, Dick Swiveller, Pickwick, the Wellers, and such a host of other inimitable characters, and especially his delicious Dolly Varden, is to realise that though his opportunity was unique he made the most of it according to his time and his lights. Numerous illustrators of Dickens have since done immeasurably better work than it lay in him to do, but he was the first, and with all his shortcomings he was not unworthy the praise of *Punch* in this obituary tribute—by the late E. J. Milliken :

The Lamp is out that lighted up the text
Of Dickens, Lever—heroes of the pen.
Pickwick and *Lorrequer* we love, but next
We place the man who made us see such men.
What should we know of *Martin Chuzzlewit*,
Stern *Mr. Dombey*, or *Uriah Heep* ?
Tom Burke of Ours ?—Around our hearths they sit,
Outliving their creators—all asleep !
No sweeter gift ere fell to man than his
Who gave us troops of friends—delightful Phiz !

He is not dead ! There in the picture-book
He lives with men and women that he drew ;
We take him with us to the cozy nook
Where old companions we can love anew.
Dear boyhood's friend ! We rode with him to hounds ;
Lived with dear *Peggotty* in after years ;
Missed in old Ireland where fun knew no bounds ;
At *Dora's* death we felt poor *David's* tears !
There is no death for such a man—he is
The spirit of an unclosed book ! immortal Phiz !

The proper name of Phiz was Hablôt Knight Browne, and he was born at Kennington, London, on June 15, 1815. Apprenticed to a line-engraver, he soon developed a preference for etching, and at eighteen won the Society of Arts medal

for his etching of John Gilpin. His association with Dickens came about through the failure of R. W. Buss to supply the place of Robert Seymour, the original artist of *Pickwick*, who died by his own hand after he had finished the third of four illustrations for the second monthly number of Pickwick. Buss, a young artist of real merit, but quite unfamiliar with the art of etching, working under great difficulties, supplied two extremely poor plates for the third number, and Browne, then twenty-one, and still apprenticed to line-engraving, being introduced to the publishers and his trial etchings proving successful, was engaged for the work, his employer allowing him to break his indentures. To each of the remaining seventeen parts he etched two plates, and also furnished two substitutes for Buss's failures in the third number.

For twenty-three years Browne continued as illustrator-in-chief of Dickens's writings, ten of the novels being illustrated by him in etching or in wood-engraving, besides various "extra illustrations," and numerous duplicate etchings. *A Tale of Two Cities*, published in 1859, was the last of the novels upon which he was engaged, but there was no rupture in the friendship which had so long subsisted between him and Dickens, and we can only attribute the change to the very natural desire of the author to have his fiction illustrated by an artist of the younger school, whom he found in the son of his old friend, Frank Stone, A.R.A., for it was Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., still happily spared to us, then a young man of twenty-four, who was engaged to illustrate *Our Mutual Friend*, in 1864.

In addition to his Dickens illustrations, Phiz—who chose his pseudonym originally to harmonise with Boz—also illustrated, like Cruikshank, many of the novels of Ainsworth, Lever, and Trollope; for upwards of thirty years labouring assiduously, and not unprofitably, with his etching-needle and his pencil. In 1867 he suffered a stroke of paralysis, and his remaining years were not without a touch of the pathetic. He died at Brighton on July 8, 1882.

III.

DICKENS'S DESIRE FOR NEW ARTISTS—CATTERMOLE AND HIS WORK FOR "MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK"—DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.—ILLUSTRATORS OF THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS—JOHN LEECH—RICHARD DOYLE—CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.—FRANK STONE, A.R.A.—SIR JOHN TENNIEL—SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

WHETHER Phiz would have continued so long as the chief illustrator of Dickens's fiction if some competitor of the requisite ability had been forthcoming, may be open to doubt. That the novelist from time to time desired to vary the pictorial side of his books by introducing the work of other artists we have ample evidence. Some of the closest friends of his lifetime were certain celebrated artists whose names are only in a minor degree associated with the illustrating of his works. When he projected *Master Humphrey's Clock*, that seemed a particularly happy occasion for introducing the work of other artists without occasioning jealousy in Phiz, who had now become a warm friend of the novelist, and Dickens's correspondence provides numerous instances of his gentle thoughtfulness as to the feelings of others in relation to any sort of change in artistic collaboration. For a weekly journal, such as the *Clock* was intended to be, one artist could not be expected to provide sufficient variety in illustration, which was now to become more plentiful, and take the form of woodcuts of varying size let into the text.

There is a very charming letter in the Dickens correspondenc, in which the novelist invited his admired friend, George Cattermole, who was twelve years his senior, and somewhat remotely related to him by marriage, to co-operate with Phiz in the illustrating of the *Clock*. Dickens clearly built upon the attractiveness and detail of his letters to that very charming historical painter and book-illustrator show how closely the novelist applied himself to the artistic pro-

duction of his work. Cattermole had a most sympathetic touch, particularly where there was any old-fashioned architecture to portray, and his drawings on wood for the *Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge* greatly enriched the pictorial side of these two stories. Curiously enough, he did nothing more for Dickens's work after the *Clock* was stopped, but remained fast friends with the author until his death on July 24, 1868.

With Daniel Maclise, R.A., Dickens had become friends as early as 1836, the year of Maclise's election as an Associate of the Royal Academy, and it is well known that, next to Forster, Maclise was the closest friend of his life. It was natural that the novelist should have wished Maclise to employ his pencil very freely on the decoration of the *Clock*, as he was already noted for his work in book-illustration as well as for his admirable portraits in oil and paintings of scenes from Shakespeare. Very probably, however, he was too busily occupied with brush and palette to devote his pencil to drawing "hands" for the *Clock*, and only one contribution of his appears therein, namely that of little Nell and the sexton, entitled "A Black and Dreadful Place." For the Christmas books, however, Maclise was fortunately able to furnish some drawings, and altogether eight examples of his work appeared in *The Chimes*, *The Cricket*, and *The Battle of Life*. His frontispiece and title-page to the *Chimes* are excellent examples of his remarkable command of line and his decorative power.

Dickens is almost absurdly enthusiastic in his expressions of delight at having induced Maclise to take part in the decoration of the Christmas books, and it is rather quaint to find the artist in, let us hope, a momentary mood of fretfulness, writing to Forster: "It is clear to me that Dickens does not care one damn whether I make a little sketch for the book or not." This referred to *The Battle of Life*, published in 1846; but as a matter of fact the artist was soon mollified and did four designs for the story, his frontispiece of the dance beneath the apple-tree being certainly one of his happiest compositions.

Maclise, who had been born just about a year before Dickens, on January 25, 1811, predeceased his friend of thirty years by only two months, and it was Dickens's lot, when responding to the toast of "Literature" at the Royal Academy banquet three days after the death of his friend, to pay a warm tribute to his memory. "For many years

DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

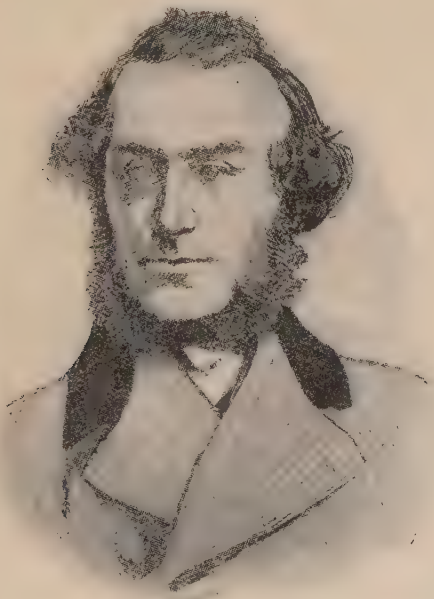
From a drawing by himself

I was one of the two most intimate friends and most constant companions of the late Mr. Maclise," he said. "Of his genius in his chosen art I will venture to say nothing here, but of his prodigious fertility of mind and wonderful wealth of intellect I may confidently assert that they would have made him, if he had been so minded, at least as great a writer as he was a painter." The speech in which these words occurred was the last public utterance of the great author, who, early in June, had followed his friend into the land of shadows.

These little Christmas books were in a way the most noteworthy of all Dickens's works in the matter of illustration. No fewer than seven celebrated artists were associated with the illustrations of the five books. John Leech was the only one who contributed to them all, and he alone supplied the eight illustrations to the first of them, *A Christmas Carol*. Leech, who was born in London in 1817, and was thus the junior of the novelist by some five years, like most of the other artists, became a personal friend of the author. In the gift of humorous draughtsmanship he was distinctly superior both to Cruikshank and to Phiz, but as an etcher he lacked the splendid technique of these two masters, Cruikshank having taught him all he knew of the art. Leech was the great attraction of *Punch* in those days, and his unrivalled power of graphic humour largely contributed to the successful founding of that unique journal. He died on October 29, 1864.

Richard Doyle, son of the famous "H. B." (John Doyle), whose political cartoons enjoyed the widest popularity in the early years of the nineteenth century, was born in London in 1824, so that he had just attained his majority when he joined with Leech, Stanfield, and Maclise in the illustrating of *The Chimes* in 1845. He too was a well-known member of the staff of *Punch*, and the familiar cover of that journal, which bears a D. with a dicky-bird perched on the top, at the left bottom corner of the design, is the best memorial of this very engaging humorist. A study of the *Punch* cover will tell all there is to know of "Dicky" Doyle's gift. He had abundance of technical faults, and was at best a brilliant amateur of the pencil, but his delicate fancy and genuinely comic inspiration made everything that he drew a source of merriment and gaiety. This playfulness and fairy-like invention made him an ideal collaborator on these Christmas books. Doyle, who was the uncle of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, died on September 10, 1883.

Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., comes next in the order of the illustrators of the Christmas books, reckoning by the number of designs contributed. He contributed to the whole series with the exception of the first, and his drawings, of a quiet and somewhat conventional type, if they did not add to the humour of the stories—he was never guilty of attempting the comic—certainly enriched the artistic side of the book in which they appeared. Stanfield was also a very intimate friend of the



JOHN LEECH

novelist, and his life was one which probably had first awakened Dickens's interest in the man. Born in 1793, he was apprenticed as a boy of twelve to a heraldic printer in Edinburgh, but at fifteen went off to sea, and was fated to get more seafaring than he had bargained for. Pressed into the King's Navy, he had to serve a good many years before he was set free. His talent for painting was first discovered during his naval service, and he was allowed to try his hand as scenic artist

in the staging of amateur plays aboard ship. Thus, when he resumed his career ashore, he naturally turned to scene-painting, and later on won an eminent position as a painter of sea-scapes.

Stanfield's connection with Dickens as an illustrator was a purely friendly one, for he refused to take any reward for the designs he supplied. The very spirited drawing of the vessel in which Dickens sailed for the first time to America, the s.s. *Britannia*, which figures as the frontispiece to the first cheap edition of *American Notes*, published in 1850, was the occasion of a characteristic little letter from Dickens to Edward Chapman, a member of the publishing firm. The publishers had sent to Stanfield a wood-block of so rough a surface that the artist could not make an effective drawing upon it, and he therefore drew his sketch on paper and forwarded it, together with the useless wood-block, to Dickens, who wrote thus to Chapman:

"Dear Sir,—Mr. Stanfield wonders you didn't send him a paving-stone to draw upon, as send a block in this unprepared state. I send you his drawing to do the best you can with. It costs nothing, and I wish it to be kept very clean and returned to me. Faithfully yours,

"Charles Dickens."

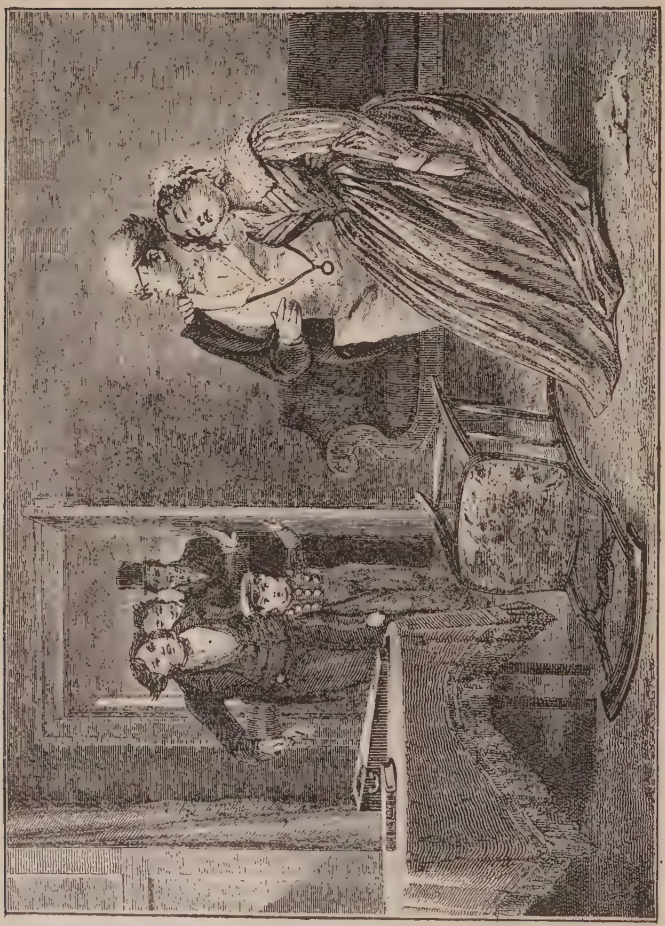
It would appear from this that the drawing was left for the engraver to reproduce on the wood. The original picture fetched £110, 5s. at the sale of Dickens's effects after his death in 1870. Several pictures and sketches by Stanfield were sold at that memorable sale, and all brought high prices. The most sensational item was his really spirited painting of the Eddystone Lighthouse, originally dashed off in one or two forenoons at Tavistock House as a drop scene for Wilkie Collins's drama *The Lighthouse*, which Dickens was producing for his private theatricals in which Stanfield was an enthusiastic helper. This canvas realised no less a sum than £1039, 10s. When Stanfield died, on May 18, 1867, Dickens felt the loss of his old friend very keenly, and made his passing the occasion of a very touching memorial notice in *All the Year Round*. Ten years earlier the novelist had dedicated *Little Dorrit* to his artist friend.

. It will be noticed that most of the artists whose names are associated with the works of Dickens predeceased the novelist,

and it is almost with a feeling of unbelief we realise that Sir John Tenniel, who is still alive at the time these lines are being written, contributed six very charming decorative designs to *The Haunted Man* in 1848. The great *Punch* cartoonist was only eight years younger than Dickens at the time, having been born in 1820. This, however, was the limit of Tenniel's connection with Dickens, and he only met the great author but once for the purpose of discussing his contributions to the last of the Christmas books.

Frank Stone, A.R.A., who was responsible for three of the drawings in *The Haunted Man*, was, however, one of the novelist's intimates, being, like Dickens, keenly interested in amateur theatricals. The amount of correspondence between the artist and author over those three little sketches is almost absurd, and serves to indicate how Dickens could squander his energies over matters of such minor importance. Many a modern artist has produced one hundred illustrations with less instructions than Stone had for these three little drawings. Stone also supplied the frontispiece showing Mark Tapley on the sick-bed for the cheap edition of *Martin Chuzzlewit* in 1849. His other Dickens subjects were in the nature of "extra" illustrations: these comprised three pictures of 'Tilda Price, the fiancée of John Browdie, Kate Nickleby, and Madeline Bray, which, beautifully engraved by Finden, were published in 1848 as extra plates for pasting in with the cheap edition of *Nickleby* issued in that year. Frank Stone, who was born in 1800, and died in November 1859, was the father of Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., the celebrated artist of our own day, who had the honour of illustrating *Our Mutual Friend* some five years after the death of his father.

Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., is to be numbered among the Dickens illustrators by virtue of his very spirited little drawing of Peerybingle's dog, Boxer, for *The Cricket on the Hearth*.



MRS. BARDELL PAINTS IN MR. PICKWICK'S ARMS.—*Pickwick, chap. xii*

Woodcut of painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A., used as frontispiece to the cheap edition of 1847

IV.

MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.—MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A.—SAMUEL PALMER—F. W. TOPHAM.

THE old order of illustrators had passed away, so far as the works of Dickens were concerned, when young Marcus Stone essayed the task of giving pictorial effect to what was to prove the last complete work of the great novelist. In looking over Mr. Stone's illustrations to *Our Mutual Friend*, we are at once conscious of an enormous advance in their artistic quality and the disappearance of the old hearty humour of Phiz and Cruikshank. Mr. Stone's illustrations might have been drawn yesterday, for a story by Mr. H. G. Wells or Mrs. Humphry Ward, they are so essentially modern in conception and execution. The niggling, feeble lines of the earlier artists had given place to fine vigorous drawing, instinct with actuality and life-likeness, and as works of art Mr. Marcus Stone's illustrations are on an altogether higher plane than even the best efforts of Phiz. Yet, it must be confessed, the absence of the humorous touch leaves us with a sense of something lost, something that was worth having, even at the expense of artistic truth. Mr. Stone supplied illustrations to cheap editions of other books, but his work on *Our Mutual Friend* was, of course, his most important contribution to the illustration of Dickens.

The same may be said of the admirable drawings to *Edwin Drood* from the pencil of Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A. A tragic interest attaches to these worthy examples of serious book-illustration, and Mr. Fildes has often been called upon by theorisers for evidence as to Dickens's intended solution of the mystery of that story, upon which he was engaged at the time of his sudden death. But beyond the fact that Mr. Fildes, in carrying out the author's wishes as to the characters and subjects to be represented, had noticed that Dickens seemed to emphasise a change in the scarf worn by Jasper, and found the author not a little disturbed that the artist

should have fixed upon this important detail, the said scarf being introduced for the purpose of enabling Jasper to strangle young Edwin Drood on the night of the great gale, Mr. Fildes has not had a great deal to tell us. We know from him, however, that Dickens had spoken of a prison scene, somewhat on the lines of "Fagin in the Condemned Cell," with Jasper as the figure, towards the end of the book, and from this we may draw our own conclusions.

There are only two more artists to be mentioned as being directly associated with Dickens in the illustrating of his books, although an almost numberless host of black-and-white draughtsmen and painters have engaged themselves in Dickens illustration. The two who may be described as among the chosen are Samuel Palmer, who supplied a series of four little woodcut designs of no remarkable merit for *Pictures from Italy*, and F. W. Topham, who did the decorative frontispieces for *A Child's History of England*. Topham was also a water-colourist of some note, and three pictures of his, representing scenes from *Barnaby Rudge* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, were possessed by Dickens, and sold for considerable sums after the novelist's death, one, "Little Nell in the Churchyard," realising £325.

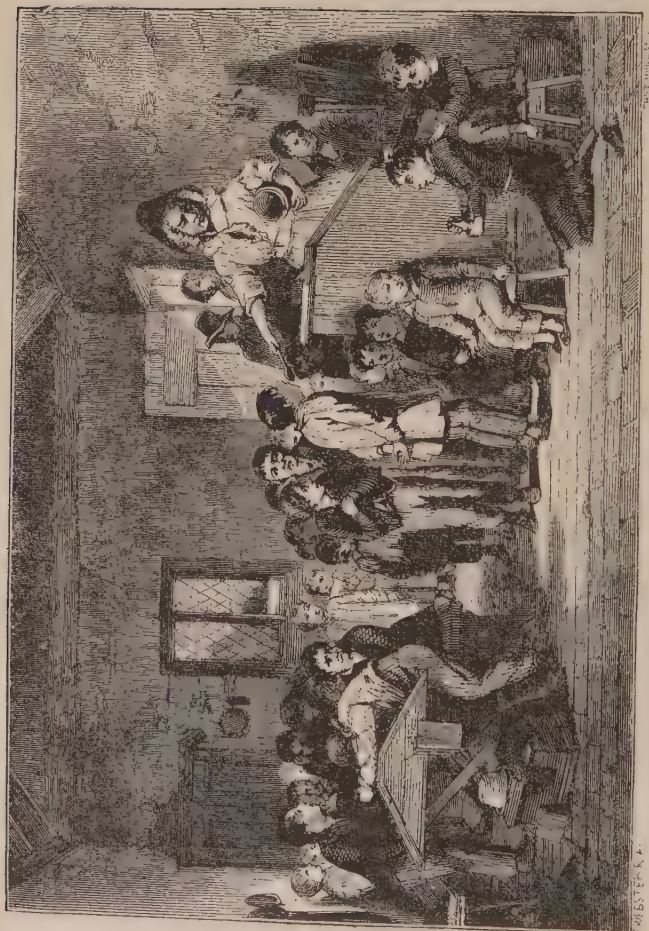
V.

THE ILLUSTRATORS OF LATER EDITIONS—FAMOUS ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ARTISTS AND THEIR DICKENS DRAWINGS—THE WORK OF THE DALZIELS IN WOOD-ENGRAVING—BOOK ILLUSTRATORS OF TO-DAY.

We turn now to consider very briefly some of the draughtsmen who have illustrated the later editions of Dickens's works, either published by the novelist's original publishers or by other houses, for there is scarcely a publisher of any eminence, in our own land or America, who has not made a feature of his own particular edition of Dickens.

C. R. Leslie, R.A., a painter of admirable technique, who had also the kindliest touch of humour, enriched the first cheap edition of *Pickwick* with his well-known picture of Mrs. Bardell fainting in the arms of Mr. Pickwick, while his brother Academician, T. Webster, R.A., painted the famous scene of Mrs. Squeers administering the brimstone and treacle at Dotheboys Hall, which was engraved as a frontispiece to the cheap edition of *Nickleby*, and the original of which realised no less than £535, 10s. at the Dickens sale.

Those well-known draughtsmen whose works are among the treasured "engravings of the 'sixties," now so much sought after by the dilettanti, A. B. Houghton and G. J. Pinwell, furnished various illustrations for the first cheap editions of certain of the novels as well as for reprints in the Library Edition. Fred Walker, A.R.A., was another, and a greater artist than either of these, associated with the illustrating of the Library Edition in 1858–59. But the most important illustrated edition, published soon after the death of the novelist, was that which Messrs. Chapman & Hall began to issue in 1871 under the title of "The Household Edition." As those famous wood-engravers, the brothers Dalziel, who were foremost in all artistic book-work of their generation, and had been associated with the production of the illustrations for the works of Dickens during the lifetime of

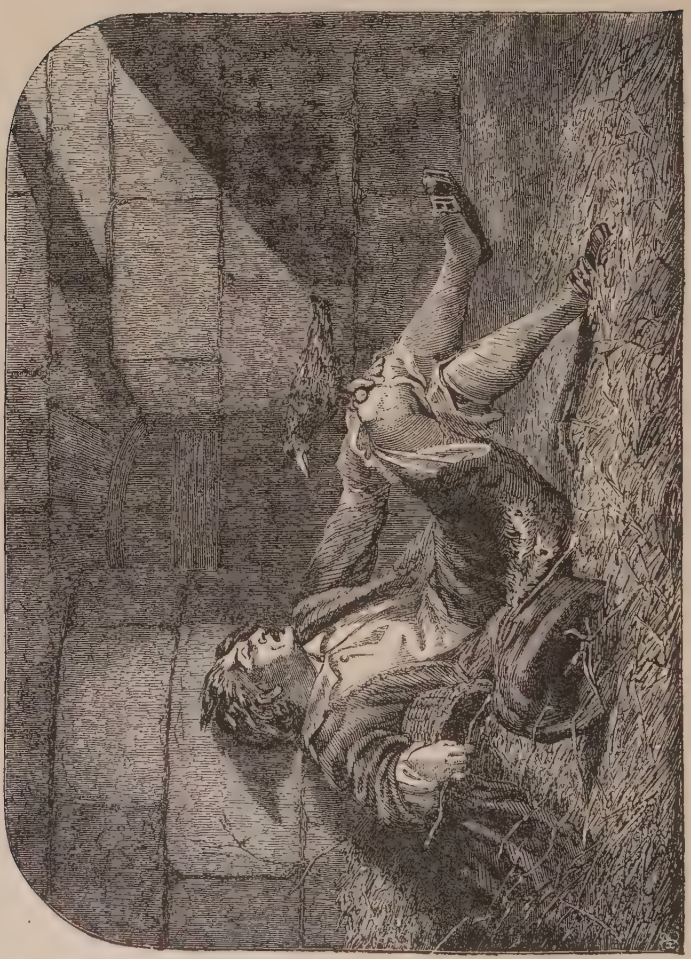


DOTHEBOYS HALL: THE BRIMSTONE AND TREACLE SCENE

Woodcut Frontispiece to cheap edition of Nicholas Nickleby, 1848, after the painting by T. Webster, R.A.

the author, were peculiarly identified with the Household Edition, we cannot do better than turn to their own account of the undertaking as set forth in their most engaging work, *The Dalziel Brothers*.

"By far the most important commission ever placed in our hands by Messrs. Chapman & Hall was the production and entire control of the illustrations for the 'Household Edition' of the Works of Charles Dickens, which was commenced in serial form in 1871 and completed in 1879, thus extending over a period of eight years. The publishers began the issue with *Pickwick*, using the original designs by H. K. Browne ('Phiz'), but immediately after this Mr. Frederick Chapman placed the entire control of the illustrations in our hands. We were to find the best artists we considered suitable for the various works. The first selected was James Mahoney, who had already attained some distinction in drawing on wood. He did in all three books, the first being *Oliver Twist*, followed by *Little Dorrit* and *Our Mutual Friend*. Mahoney had a firm, clear style of manipulation, and no one knew better than he how to make work look solid and firm by leaving large masses of white in his arrangement of colour. He painted some good water-colours. We had several small examples, the most important of which is 'A Bird of Prey,' a repeat of one of his designs for *Our Mutual Friend*. Charles Green, R.I., made a beautiful set of illustrations to *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Every picture is carefully studied both as to character, scene, and subject; the picture of 'Short and Codlin' with Nell and her Grandfather being one of the most perfect. . . . H. French, a clever and popular artist, the son of an accomplished wood-engraver, who came of the Bewick School, did the pictures for *Hard Times*, and very good they were. F. A. Fraser, a well-known illustrator, made those for *Great Expectations*. A. B. Frost, an American artist of great ability, did *American Notes*, and Gordon Thomson *Pictures from Italy*. E. G. Dalziel undertook *Reprinted Pieces* and *The Uncommercial Traveller*, as well as other short stories. . . . But of all the artists engaged on this edition Frederick Barnard held the most prominent position, he having fully illustrated no less than nine out of twenty books. Barnard ranks as one of England's truly comic artists; but he was not only comic, he was one of the most versatile artists of our time. He unquestionably stands among the foremost illustrators of Dickens. The many drawings he made for the Household



BARNABY RUDGE AND GRIP, THE RAVEN
Engraved from the painting by Frederick Underhill

Edition, as well as some larger pictures, illustrating the works of the great author, all possess a certain peculiarity: while the drawings are strictly in his own style, there is just enough resemblance to the figures created by H. K. Browne to save you a shock; the Dick Swiveller, the Bill Sikes, and other characters are the same as one had accepted when the stories were first written. . . . Barnard was no mean painter; perhaps his 'Saturday Night in the East End,' and 'The Guards' Band Marching' are amongst his most important works. He also painted a 'Ball-room Scene,' of an elegant character, from one of the Dickens' books, that had a very prominent place in the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours."

In America, Messrs. Harper & Brothers published the Household Edition simultaneously with its English publication, and employed a number of eminent American artists upon it, several of the books being illustrated afresh. C. S. Reinhart was responsible for *Nickleby*, *The Uncommercial Traveller*, and *Hard Times*; Thomas Worth for *The Old Curiosity Shop*; W. L. Shepperd for *Dombey*; and E. A. Abbey, R.A., for *Christmas Stories*; while A. B. Frost supplied a set of drawings for *Sketches by Boz*, and Thomas Nast, the celebrated graphic humorist, gave a new presentment of the *Pickwick* scenes, and illustrated *American Notes* with a true Transatlantic touch. Both Nast and Frost were already known as Dickens illustrators in America, and a New York artist named M'Lenan had also been very successful in illustrated editions of *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations* at the time of their original appearance.

"Perhaps the best of Dickens's American illustrators," says the late Mr. Kitton in his very valuable work on *Dickens and His Illustrators*, "was Felix Octavius Carr Darley, a most eminent and successful 'character' draughtsman, whose productions are both original and clever. When, in 1860, an octavo edition (also designated the Household Edition) was prepared by W. A. Townsend & Co. of New York, it was proposed that the services of Darley and Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Gilbert should be secured as illustrators for the new venture, this resulting in the American artist executing nearly the whole of the vignette designs, all of which assumed the form of frontispieces. He had already prepared more than five hundred illustrations for an edition of Cooper's novels, so it is probable that the excellence of those drawings led to an engagement in a like capacity for this Household Edition of Dickens. His designs, which were beautifully engraved on

MISS FLITE INTRODUCES THE WARDS IN CHANCERY TO MR. KROOK
From the painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

steel, are very refined both as regards conception and execution, and are especially interesting as indicating an intelligent appreciation, on the part of a Transatlantic artist, of the novelist's characterisation, the extravagant and grotesque being instinctively avoided. Darley, although born in Philadelphia in 1822, was the son of an English actor ; his natural gift for drawing was properly encouraged, and he developed into one of the most efficient book-illustrators of his time ; in addition to this he achieved a distinct reputation through the production of large prints, such as ' The Village Blacksmith,' ' The Unwilling Labourer,' ' The Wedding Procession,' ' Washington's Entry into New York,' and other popular subjects. The Dickens series of designs have recently been reprinted by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston and New York), for their Standard Library Edition. Darley also prepared six drawings for a little work entitled *Children from Dickens's Novels* ; and subsequently painted a series of eight familiar scenes from Dickens, which were reproduced as photo-etchings and issued in sets ; these afterwards appeared in an Imperial Edition of the novelist's works by Estes & Lauriat, Boston, U.S.A. Darley continued to occupy himself with his art up to the end of his life, but withdrew in his latter years from the cities to his home at Clayton, Delaware, where he died, March 27, 1888."

Another very successful American illustrator of Dickens was Sol Etyinge, Junr., whose chief work was devoted to the Diamond Edition of Dickens, inaugurated by Ticknor & Fields in 1867, though on many other occasions he found subjects in the great English novelist for the exercise of his pencil. Dickens himself said of Etyinge's illustrations : " They are remarkable alike for a delicate perception of beauty, a lively eye for character, a most agreeable absence of exaggeration, and a general modesty and propriety which I greatly like." This expression of opinion is especially valuable in view of the fact that certain of the qualities here enumerated by Dickens are too often absent from the work of his chief English illustrator, and perhaps we may detect in this appreciation of his American interpreter Dickens's own feeling that in the long series of Phiz pictures his scenes and characters were not presented as they might have been, despite the abounding humour and quaintness of Phiz at his best.

To attempt an enumeration of all the modern artists who have illustrated different books of Dickens would be a task of

"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"—FLORENCE AND PAUL BY THE SEASHORE
From the painting by C. W. Nicholls

no small difficulty. It is doubtful if a complete record could ever be compiled. The shortest list of draughtsmen famous and obscure would comprise the names of those who have never drawn a Dickens subject. It is not too much to say that no year has passed since the death of the novelist in which some of his works, or at least selected scenes and characters from them, have not been illustrated afresh by new artists. The exhaustless attractiveness of his writings as subjects of illustration is seen in the fact that some years ago Messrs. A. & F. Pears devoted their famous Annual to the Christmas books, and published twenty-five beautiful illustrations to them by Lucius Rossi, while at Christmas of 1909 they again returned to Dickens for the subject of their Annual, reprinting four of the Christmas stories with twenty-one charming pictures of various sizes by Mr. Frank Dadd, R.I., Mr. Hugh Thomson, Mr. J. C. Dolman, R.I., and Mr. Will Owen. While the present volume is passing through the press, one hears of an important new edition of *Pickwick*, profusely illustrated by Mr. Cecil Aldin, as in active preparation. The late Phil May, Mr. Gordon Browne, son of the famous Phiz, Mr. E. J. Wheeler, of *Punch*, Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, Mr. William Rainey, R.I., and Mr. F. H. Townsend are all to be numbered among the "Dickens illustrators."

VI.

THE ART OF MR. HARRY FURNISS—COMPARED WITH BARNARD AND DORÉ—BROUGHT UP IN THE DICKENS TRADITION—THE AMBITION OF HIS LIFE—HIS GIFTS AS A DICKENS ILLUSTRATOR—HIS UNIQUE ACHIEVEMENT IN THE "CHARLES DICKENS LIBRARY"—OUTLINE OF HIS LIFE AND ARTISTIC CAREER.

With the single exception of Phiz, it may be said, without exaggeration, that the work of all these illustrators of Dickens pales before the unique achievement of Mr. Harry Furniss. Despite the enormous number of Dickens illustrations in existence, in all varieties of style, until the issue of the edition with which the present volume is given, there has never been any one artist who has had the fortitude to attempt the illustrating of the whole series of Dickens's works. Phiz, as we have seen, illustrated only ten of the novels over a period of some twenty-three years, Cruikshank was identified with but two of the earliest works, Mr. Marcus Stone with one only, and even Fred Barnard, prior to Mr. Furniss the best of the Dickens illustrators, although depicting characters from most of the books, had fallen a long way short, at the time of his tragic death, of any claim to illustrating the whole of Dickens. There is certainly no living artist in England or America who could have equalled the achievement of Mr. Furniss; it is doubtful, if we except that phenomenal genius Gustave Doré, whether any illustrator of the past has rivalled it.

There is a story of Doré being asked by a Paris publisher to consider a proposal for supplying some scores of illustrations on wood for a certain work, and to have the goodness to call upon him in the course of a few days to discuss the matter. The artist did not reply to the letter, and the publisher, a little nettled at what he deemed his negligence, was pleased to find Doré turn up on the appointed day, as he supposed, to negotiate about the work. But, to his amaze-

ment, the artist began unloading from the capacious pockets of his greatcoat, and from every pocket he possessed, the wood-blocks, all beautifully pencilled over with his most admirable work, ready to hand to the engraver! He had executed the commission in the few days the publisher had given him to think over the proposal. Such marvellous facility as this, united to the most perfect mastery of line, and illumined by an exhaustless fancy, made Doré the greatest illustrator of all time, and enabled him in the space of twenty years to earn £280,000 by the exercise of his pencil.

Among English illustrators past and present, Mr. Harry Furniss alone approximates to Doré in his extraordinary facility of draughtsmanship, and those who have studied the humorous work of the great French genius will also note a certain resemblance in the touch of Mr. Furniss, though in no sense suggestive of imitation. For the "Charles Dickens Library" Mr. Harry Furniss has drawn upwards of five hundred special plates, and as most of the exquisite little borders for the title-pages of the volumes contain something like fifty distinct characters, while a large proportion of the page-illustrations are crowded with the most carefully rendered and strongly individualised figures, there is no need to insist upon the enormous detail of draughtsmanship and inventive genius involved in the production of these beautiful and amusing pictures.

For many years it had been the ambition of Mr. Furniss to give to the world an edition of Dickens really adequately illustrated by an artist whose qualifications for the task were unique beyond criticism. Alone among English pen-draughtsmen of to-day, Mr. Furniss may be described as having grown up in the Dickens tradition, being old enough to have had his youth coloured by the glamour of the living novelist and his first artistic impulses fired by the achievements of the earlier Dickens illustrators, who were still active and popular at the beginning of his career; yet young enough to be, in these later days, in the full vigour and ripeness of his powers as a master of line. No draughtsman of the younger generation that has grown up since the death of Dickens, could possibly have made a success of such an undertaking, and doubtless it was the consciousness of this that led Mr. Furniss a good many years ago to specialise in the study and exposition of the great Victorian humorist.

In many ways he had already illustrated Dickens, but only in a desultory fashion, supplying some sketches for this book

or that as the demand arose at odd times from publishers in England or America. He had lectured all over our own land on Dickens and his Illustrators; he knew his author by heart; not merely in patches, as is the way of most illustrators, but as a whole. In a word, Dickens had been a continuous source of inspiration from his boyhood onward, and it is therefore scarcely true to say that in one short year he achieved more than Phiz had done in three-and-twenty years; but it is true that within twelve months, of almost incredible and unbroken activity, the splendid series of original plates which makes the present edition of Dickens absolutely unique was produced by this most facile of living draughtsmen. Years of study and half-conscious preparation thus blossomed and bore fruit, when the present publishers invited the famous artist to realise his oft-expressed ambition, to illustrate "the immortal Boz," for the reprint of Dickens's works which they had in contemplation.

At the outset of such an undertaking a very important question had to be considered, and the editor was fortunately at one with the artist in deciding upon a certain method of treatment which, while it might arouse the criticism of the unthinking, will surely appeal to the good sense of all thoughtful students of Dickens. Whatever the defects or merits may be in the early illustrations, we are all agreed that, allowing for the more obvious touches of caricature germane to all the work of Cruikshank and Phiz, these associates of Dickens himself at least registered in the public mind the salient characteristics of the novelist's personages. We know that Seymour intended to represent Mr. Pickwick as a tall, thin man, but for any later artist to depart from the familiar outline of Mr. Pickwick as he appears in the first famous etching, addressing the members of his club, would be altogether intolerable. So with Mr. Micawber, Pecksniff, Uriah Heep, Captain Cuttle, all the motley throng. Clearly, then, Mr. Furniss has done well in not departing too radically from the long-accepted presentments of the chief Dickens characters, while touching all with a new life and a radiant humour in strictest accord with the conceptions of the author.

Furthermore, as it seemed there was scarcely a single episode in any of the novels which had not been seized upon for its pictorial value by some of Mr. Furniss's predecessors, it was found impossible to confine the new series of illustrations to incidents that had not been dealt with before. It was therefore considered wise that, while en-

deavouring as far as possible to discover fresh subjects for his pencil,—and how marvellously successful he has been in this no one who examines these five hundred plates will require to be told,—Mr Furniss should give new renderings of many old scenes. The best criticism of these is supplied by a comparison between the new and the old. It is not too much to assert that in every case where our artist has chosen a scene originally treated by Phiz and later by Fred Barnard, he has touched it to new life. In comparison with Phiz, the splendid vigour of his line, his superior sense of character, his more refined and subtler humour, his infinitely greater sense of beauty, and the general feeling of actuality resulting from drawing from the life, make Mr. Furniss's illustrations so vastly to be preferred that it is needless to emphasise the contrast. Even compared with Barnard's, in many respects admirable, illustrations, the difference is striking. Though the present writer remains a confirmed admirer of Barnard in his single figure studies, he has to confess to something like amazement as the result of comparing those pictures in which Barnard and Mr. Furniss have illustrated the same scenes. There is little to choose between the two artists in the beautiful confidence and grace of their lines, and still less in their portaiture of individual characters, but in the group-scenes, where the whole picture should be instinct with the play of kindly humour and the freeness of natural grouping, how tame and lifeless do many of Barnard's illustrations appear by contrast!

It may be urged that the editor of this edition is liable to prejudice in favour of the master draughtsman with whom, in his way, he has co-operated to make it worthy of the great name of Dickens, but again the best reply to any such charge is an invitation to compare results. The opportunities of comparison have been frankly indicated, and the writer has no fear of the consequence. Indeed, he has provided the material in this very book, and no better justification for this new edition of Dickens need be advanced than a comparison of Mr. Furniss's plates for *Oliver Twist* with those of Cruikshank, reproduced on a smaller scale in the present volume, or the series of striking new drawings for *A Tale of Two Cities* with those of Phiz, also reproduced here. Nothing of Cruikshank's humour is better than that of Mr. Furniss, and note how the needless vulgarity and ugliness of much of Cruikshank's work is avoided in the new setting of the story, of which he claimed to be the real author; above all, it is

good to have his atrocious picture of Rose Maylie removed from the text which it so long disfigured, and to look instead upon the charming study of that sweet creature by Mr. Furniss.

As for *A Tale of Two Cities*, it may be said with confidence that in the brilliant series of new plates from the pencil of Mr. Furniss this story has for the first time found worthy illustration. It would be impossible more vividly to convey in pictorial form a sense of the tumultuous scenes so graphically described by the author in that great novel, or to present Sydney Carton and the other notable characters with more convincing touch of truth, this work of our artist being sufficient to prove that he is not less successful in the expression of the dramatic and the terrible than in rendering the comic and the fanciful.

If Dickens had lived to see his Christmas books illustrated as they now are by the magic pencil of Mr. Furniss, we can imagine how keen his pleasure would have been. For it is indeed remarkable how the varied gifts of this great artist fit in with the requirements of the great novelist. In his own person he may truthfully be said to combine all the best qualities of all the famous Dickens illustrators. In humorous inspiration he is at least the equal of Cruikshank, and by that token the superior of Phiz, who, apart from Dickens, showed not a vestige of humorous invention; greatly superior to Cruikshank in the sense of beauty, and fully equal to Phiz in rendering feminine grace, as well as those delicate touches of landscape which are a redeeming feature of the old artist, he has all that prodigal fancy for the fairylike and impish which, in his day, was the unique gift of Richard Doyle, and he is an equal master of technique with Fred Barnard. In a word, by grace of artistic genius, and the chance of circumstance, Mr. Harry Furniss has been shaped as the ideal illustrator of Dickens.

Having said so much by way of appreciation, something of the personal history of this artist would here be in place. When one comes to deal with his personality, it is difficult to consider the subject as confined to one man. It used to be vaguely hinted that Andrew Lang was the style of a literary syndicate, so varied and numerous were the works appearing over that name; but by comparison it might be suggested that Harry Furniss is a large and flourishing public company. Caricaturist, illustrator of books, novelist, journalist, popular entertainer = Harry Furniss! That is a sum in simple

addition, yet seldom has such remarkable versatility been contained in one person.

Mr. Furniss began his varied life in most appropriate fashion, by having for father a Yorkshireman, a Scotswoman for his mother, and being born in Ireland, which event took place on March 26, 1854. If ever there was an artist who started his profession in the early years of boyhood it was Harry Furniss. He seems to have taken to drawing as naturally as a fish to swimming, and his genius is equally a gift direct from mother nature. Although as a lad he attended certain art schools in Dublin, including the Life School of the Hibernian Academy, we have it on his own authority that he derived small benefit from any teaching he received, and that he is to be regarded as entirely self-taught. But the unfailing accuracy of his draughtsmanship bears witness that he has been a careful student under his own mastership ; and with true instinct for the beauty of line, an eye for character and a buoyant humour, he has worked out his own artistic salvation in a way that commands the admiration of the most critical.

Surely it is more than a coincidence that one whose name was to acquire world-wide celebrity in association with *Punch* should have amused himself as a boy by producing a manuscript journal entitled *The Schoolboy's Punch*, which he edited, wrote, and illustrated himself ? It was also in the field of caricature that, at an earlier age than any of his contemporaries, he became a professional worker. He was only some sixteen years old when he was engaged to draw for *Zozimus*, a periodical edited by A. M. Sullivan, and rejoicing in the sub-title of " The Irish Punch." Before he was seventeen young Furniss was producing all sorts of illustrations, accepting any kind of work that was offered to him, including the illustration of books. At nineteen he bade good-bye to his Dublin friends and invaded London, where he was forthwith employed on *London Society*, then flourishing and edited by the late Florence Marryat. His progress was rapid, and, both with pen and pencil, he speedily made his way among the Bohemian crowd of workers competing for employment on the press of thirty years ago.

During the first year of Mr. Furniss's life in London, *Punch* was edited by Tom Taylor, who, having seen some of the young artist's sketches in *Zozimus*, suggested that he might submit subjects for the real and original Mr. Punch. This young Furniss accordingly did ; but he was rather dismayed

to find that while his drawings were returned his ideas were sometimes carried out by members of the staff and duly appeared in the pages of *Punch*; a charge never remotely suggested during the later editorships. Thus he made no further effort to associate himself with the leading comic journal in Taylor's time, and was well content with the laurels he was earning as a contributor to many important papers, especially to the *Illustrated London News*, until, on Mr. (now Sir) Francis Burnand's succeeding to the editorial chair, he was invited to become a regular contributor.

Mr. Furniss was twenty-six years of age at the time his first drawing, a skit on the Temple Bar dragon, appeared in *Punch* in October of 1880. Thus began a connection which, lasting for close on fourteen years, proved of the highest importance both to the artist and to the paper he served. Soon after joining the staff he was told off to illustrate "Essence of Parliament," which Mr. (now Sir) H. W. Lucy took up and infused with a new and gay humour on the death of Tom Taylor. Mr. Furniss's parliamentary satires during those years became—it is not too much to say—a vital factor in the political life of the time. With the true spirit of caricature, he depicted for the delectation of the public all the notabilities of Westminster, and the irresponsible antics of his pencil created many traditions of character which were intended by the artist to further his political propaganda—for he has always been a keen politician. Mr. Gladstone's collars acquired at the hands of the caricaturist a notoriety to which the real articles did not aspire, as the great statesman did not affect neck-gear of unusual dimensions; but this was the amusing device of the artist for emphasising Gladstone's habit of sinking his chin into his collar while sitting in deep or gloomy thought. Sir William Harcourt's exaggerated chin became a byword, to the amusement of that gentleman, who only found fault when he was depicted as being scarce of hair! Lord Randolph Churchill's being drawn in the guise of an impertinent boy originated a fiction that dies hard as to his having been a small man; though this was a pictorial satire on his character and not on his physical appearance.

Though Mr. Furniss is quite the most rapid worker in the ranks of our foremost draughtsmen, yet his sketches never bear evidence of the high pressure at that which they have often been produced, their wonderful precision of line and accuracy of portraiture being always patent. "Being accustomed to work at high pressure for the illustrated papers

FLORENCE DOMBEY

From the painting by W. Maw Egl

and magazines since boyhood," he writes in his *Confessions*, "I confess that *Punch* work to me was my playtime. I contributed over two thousand six hundred designs, from the smallest to the largest (the latter were published in the Christmas numbers, 1890 and 1891), that ever appeared in its pages, and I was not in receipt of a salary, but was paid for each drawing at my full rate. I have reason to think I drew in that time more money from *Punch*, proportionately, than any other contributor in its history in a like period."

In February of 1894 he resigned his connection with *Punch*, being desirous to avoid falling into one groove which he feared continued association with the paper might in his case produce. Since then he has been engaged in a bewildering variety of ways, but chiefly as a public entertainer, his illustrated lectures on "The Humours of Parliament," "Portraiture," "Dickens and his Illustrators," having been a source of enjoyment to thousands of his fellow-citizens at home and in the Colonies, while he has been no less successful in America, thus eclipsing the achievement of all previous *Punch* men who have taken to the platform, and the contributors to that paper have always had a peculiar *penchant* for this occupation. He has written six or seven books—illustrated these and many more, including Lewis Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno*, started at least two periodicals, conbuted to almost every journal of note, both with pen and pencil, and he may fairly claim to have secured the widest audience of any living English humorist of the pencil.

VII.

THE ART OF "EXTRA ILLUSTRATION"—PICTORIAL COMPANIONS OF THE DICKENS NOVELS—THE MOST NOTABLE OF THE "EXTRA" ILLUSTRATORS—FRED. BARNARD—SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.—CROWQUILL—KENNY MEADOWS—ONWHYN—HEATH—GIBSON—PAILTHORPE.

A CURIOUS feature of the history of Dickens's writings is the extraordinary amount of "extra illustration" to which they have given birth. During the appearance of his earlier novels in monthly parts it was a common custom for readers to bind these according to their individual tastes, and in the binding of the volumes to enrich them by the insertion of special plates separately issued for this purpose by various publishers. This custom has long since passed away; indeed, it did not survive the lifetime of Dickens. It is not to be confused with the art of "grangerising," though related thereto. Many book-lovers of to-day are still enthusiasts in grangerising, by which is meant the inserting into a printed book of all sorts of odd illustrations, and chiefly portraits, which bear upon the subject of the work, this practice deriving its name from its originator, James Granger, an English biographer of the eighteenth century. As publishers have long since realised the value of illustration, the majority of illustrated books in our time are, in a sense, grangerised by the publishers.

But these "extra illustrations," so much sought after by Dickens collectors, were specially produced for inserting into the bound volumes of the monthly parts and, if the epithet could be used without offence, they might be described as parasitic publications. The variety and excellence of many of them attest to the extraordinary popularity of Dickens's works, for artists of great ability were among those who furnished such illustrations to supplement the etchings of Phiz. Phiz himself was responsible for not a few, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., T. Onwhyn, Kenny Meadows, and Crowquill (Alfred

Forrester), were also to be numbered among them. Occasionally these supplementary plates were published with the permission of Dickens, but in the majority of cases they had no sort of authority, and were merely dictated by the readiness of publishers and artists to benefit, in a legitimate way, from the popularity of a great writer. The occasion of their appearance was usually the publication of a new edition of a particular book, and especially the arrival of the first cheap edition of one of the novels which had previously been obtainable only in the expensive first edition. The labours of the late Frederick G. Kitton provided a carefully compiled catalogue of the work of these extra illustrators, from which much of the information necessary to the following notes has been derived.

J. Absolon and F. Corbeaux were the artists chosen by Dickens's own publishers to provide the four pictures, beautifully engraved on steel by Finden, illustrating Dolly Varden, Barnaby, Emma, and Miss Miggs, which were published at one shilling the set, to accompany the first cheap edition of *Barnaby Rudge* in 1849.

Fred Barnard's well-known sets of "Character Sketches from Dickens" were first issued by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin in 1879. The second series came out in 1884, and the third in 1885. Each series consisted of six sketches, the first set being reproduced by lithography, and the second and third in photogravure. They have been exploited since in many shapes and sizes, and have probably seen as much service as any eighteen Dickens pictures ever published.

Hablôt K. Browne himself was responsible for six extra illustrations drawn on wood to the cheap edition of *Pickwick* in 1847. In 1848 he supplied four plates, engraved in stipple and published by Chapman & Hall, to accompany the first cheap edition of *The Old Curiosity Shop*. In the same year appeared his four most charming portraits of Edith, Florence, Alice, and little Paul, engraved on steel and "published with the sanction of Mr. Charles Dickens." These certainly greatly enriched the pictorial side of *Dombey*, and are to be found in many old copies of that work. This year was his busiest in extra illustration, for it was also in 1848 that he produced eight more plates of full-length portraits of the leading characters in *Dombey*, the set being published at two shillings. In 1849, his four plates, engraved in stipple, providing portraits of Emma Haredale, Dolly Varden, Barnaby and Hugh, Mrs. Varden and Miggs, were "published with the

approbation of Mr. Charles Dickens," to accompany the cheap edition of *Barnaby Rudge*. Phiz, of course, produced many other illustrations to accompany the text of subsequent editions, but his later series of woodcuts for *Pickwick* were by no means an improvement on his original etchings.

Christopher Coveny's "Twenty Scenes from the Works of Dickens" were published originally in Sidney, N.S.W., in 1883; Alfred Crowquill's forty lithographs, comprising nearly two hundred subjects, were issued in ten sheets from May 1 to November 9, 1837, and Augustus Dulcken produced a set of lithographs in 1861 which are now very scarce.

Sir John Gilbert, R.A., designed thirty-two pictures for *Pickwick*, published in 1847 at the modest price of twopence for each monthly part of four, and later occupied himself on other Dickens illustration.

William Heath's "Pickwickian Illustrations" were a well-known series of twenty etchings published at five shillings in 1837, and now much sought after.

The portraits, or rather "heads," of Dickens characters, contributed by Kenny Meadows to *Bell's Life in London* in 1838, cannot strictly be described as extra illustrations except in the sense that every sketch of a fictional character published apart from the story in which the character is described is an extra illustration. His twenty-four woodcuts, disingenuously advertised as etchings, and published in six parts at sixpence each in 1839 under the title of "Heads from *Nicholas Nickleby*," were, however, excellent examples of extra illustration. It was an ingenious touch to describe them as "from drawings by Miss La Creevy." Meadows was most successful in depicting the head and shoulders only of a character, and contrived to convey with admirable directness the characteristic essentials that gave to each head a distinct individuality. His well-known collection of sketches, "Heads of the People," engraved by Orrin Smith and accompanied by letterpress from the pens of Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Leigh Hunt, and other celebrated authors, is still to be found in every well-stocked library. Meadows had little of the caricaturist and was really an admirable limner of portraits, with a restrained and kindly humour. His "Heads from *Nicholas Nickleby*" were certainly a worthy addition to any copy of the story.

Thomas Onwhyn was perhaps the most successful of the artists who identified themselves in this unauthorised fashion with the works of Dickens during the lifetime of the novelist.

OLIVER TWIST ON THE WAY TO LONDON

He was chiefly responsible for a series of thirty-two plates to *Pickwick*, published in eight monthly parts in 1837. These are variously signed "T.O." and "Samuel Weller." A trifle stiffer in treatment than the etchings of Phiz, and not quite so free in their humour, these Onwhyn plates otherwise compare not unfavourably with the work of the official illustrator with which they were originally issued in competition. They have been reproduced rather freely in America, and so recently as 1894 an entirely different set of twelve etchings on steel by the same artist was published in London. These twelve plates had been etched by Onwhyn in 1847 for separate publication in view of the cheap edition of *Pickwick* then about to appear, for which Gilbert's extra illustrations were also published. But before the artist had concluded his work another publisher had placed on the market a series of lithographic replicas from his "Sam Weller" plates of 1837, and so took Onwhyn by surprise that he abandoned the publication of his twelve new etchings. Thus they did not see the light until well-nigh half a century later. For *Nicholas Nickleby* he etched no fewer than forty plates signed "Peter Palette," and published in nine parts at various intervals between June 1838 and October 1839. All the Onwhyn plates are in an excellent state of preservation, and in 1897, George Allen, well known as Ruskin's publisher, issued a limited edition of reprints at a high price.

The next notable name in this group of artists and last of the old school of book-illustrators deriving from Cruikshank and Phiz, is F. W. Pailthorpe, who in 1882 etched twenty-four extra illustrations for *Pickwick*, confining himself to scenes not previously treated, and in 1885 he etched twenty-one for *Great Expectations* and the same number for *Oliver Twist* in 1886. Of these last two series only fifty sets were printed, a few of which were coloured by hand in the daintiest possible style, so that Pailthorpe's etchings are among the treasures of only a few Dickensians, which is to be regretted, as they are very charming works, informed with a delicate sense of humour. A disciple and friend of Cruikshank, he is certainly to be regarded as the last of that school, and the works enumerated by no means exhaust his contributions to the illustration of Dickens.

In some respects the most remarkable of all these illustrators was Thomas Sibson, an artist with a strikingly original style, totally unlike all the other Dickens illustrators. "Sibson's Racy Sketches of Expeditions, from the Pickwick Club,"

consisted of ten etchings published in 1838 at half-a-crown, and now so scarce that a copy of the set sells for well-nigh £20. During the publication of *Master Humphrey's Clock* in 1841, Sibson etched no fewer than seventy-two extra plates for the *Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby*. These appeared in eighteen shilling parts, and now command about £25 on the rare occasions when a complete set comes into the market. There is something curiously un-English about the style of this artist; we have to go to the comic draughtsmen of Paris and other Continental centres to match it. It is difficult to describe his work in a few words, for while his leaning is clearly towards the grotesque and his sense of humour suggests a comic mask with a death's-head behind, the virility of his line and the general sense of *abandon* endow even his most grotesque representations with a certain feeling of life, and we turn from his drawings with the impression that his talent if crude had elements of greatness, and had his life been spared he might have achieved something of outstanding merit in line-illustration.

These notes on extra illustration might be prolonged indefinitely and still leave many an artist unmentioned, for even the late Mr. Kitton has by no means exhausted the subject in his laborious work on *Dickens and His Illustrators*. But here there is neither space nor the occasion to pursue the subject further, as the present work attempts nothing so hopeless as a complete record of all the Dickens illustrators, and it need only be mentioned that among the many others that would call for notice in a more exhaustive review are W. G. Baxter, whose name is more closely associated with a creation of English humour ranking somewhat below *Pickwick*; Alfred Bryan, a very successful humorist in his day; J. W. Ehninger; J. Clayton Clarke (better known as "Kyd"); H. M. Paget, and Harold Copping, whose very charming illustrations of Dickens characters have been widely popular through the coloured lithographic reproductions of Messrs. Raphael Tuck. Charles Dana Gibson, the distinguished American master of black-and-white, is also among the extra illustrators by virtue of his series of photogravures issued in 1897.

DOLLY VARDEN—"THE DOLLY WITH THE BRACELET"

From the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A.

VIII.

DICKENS IN ART—THE PAINTERS WHO HAVE CHOSEN SUBJECTS FROM HIS NOVELS—THE FAMOUS "DOLLY VARDENS" OF W. P. FRITH, R.A.

In addition to book-illustration and the endless examples of Dickens's characters rendered in black-and-white by means of the old methods of engraving and etching, or in the newer and more faithful photographic "processes," there remains a considerable body of pictorial Dickensiana of a more ambitious character. Numerous artists, attracted by the picturesque qualities of Boz's creations, have turned to his works from time to time in choosing their subjects for Academy and other exhibition pictures. The late Mr. Kitton compiled quite a long list of such pictures without making any special effort to secure completeness, and limiting himself chiefly to entries of works that had come under his personal notice. A systematic study of all the available catalogues of picture galleries would no doubt add considerably to this list, and the present writer, while making no special effort to amplify it, but simply adding the titles of other pictures known to him, has appreciably increased the number of entries. Several examples of the pictures thus catalogued are given in the present volume, and the list now stands as follows :

ATKINSON, W. A. . . Little Nell and the two Gravediggers. *Old Curiosity Shop.* Royal Academy, 1856.

BARNARD, FRED. . . Sydney Carton. *Tale of Two Cities.* Royal Academy, 1882.

Horatio Sparkins. *Sketches by Boz.* Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1885.

BARTLETT, W. H. . . "The sea, Floy, what is it always Saying?" *Dombey and Son.*

BUNDY, EDGAR, R.I. . Barnaby Rudge at the Country Justice's. Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, 1896.

BUSS, R. W. . . . . Peerybingle, Dot, and Tilly Slowboy. *Cricket on the Hearth.*

Joe Willet taking leave of Dolly Varden. *Barnaby Rudge.*

Trotty Veck and his Dinner. *Chimes.*

CATTERMOLE, G. . . . Little Nell's Home. *Old Curiosity Shop*, 1842
Little Nell's Grave (companion picture), 1842.

CAUTY, HORACE H. . . Bebelle looking out for the Corporal. *Somebody's Luggage.* Society of British Artists, 1880.

DICKSEE, HERBERT . . The Grandfather at the Grave of Little Nell. Royal Academy, 1887.

EGLEY, W. MAW . . The Marchioness Playing Cribbage in Dick Swiveller's Sick-Room. *Old Curiosity Shop.* Royal Academy, 1898.

ELWELL, F. EDWIN . . Charles Dickens and Little Nell. A bronze group, purchased for the Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

FRAMPTON, GEORGE . Mr. Martin Harvey as Sydney Carton. *Tale of Two Cities.* Royal Academy, 1901.

FRITH, W. P., R.A. . Dolly Varden. 1843. Also *replicas* and other portraits, including one representing her with Emma Haredale.
Kate Nickleby at Madame Mantalini's. Royal Academy, 1843.
The Jailer's Little Daughter Feeding "the Birds in the Cage." *Little Dorrit.*
Little Dorrit visits Arthur Clennam at the Marshalsea.

FRY, WINDSOR, R.B.A. Sydney Carton and the Little Seamstress. *Tale of Two Cities.* Manchester Autumn Exhibition, 1902.

GALE, W. . . . . Mr. F.'s Aunt. *Little Dorrit.* Royal Academy, 1857.

GILBERT, SIR JOHN, R.A. Miss Flite introduces the Wards in Chancery to the "Lord Chancellor." *Bleak House.* Old Water-Colour Society, 1860.

GRAHAM, FLORENCE . Little Nell seated in the Old Curiosity Shop. Engraved in mezzotint, 1888.

Large Drawings in Water-Colours.

GREEN, CHARLES, R.I. Gabriel Varden Preparing to go on Parade. *Barnaby Rudge.*
Tom Pinch and Ruth. *Martin Chuzzlewit.*
Nell and her Grandfather at the Races. *Old Curiosity Shop.*
Captain Cuttle and Florence Dombey.
Little Dorrit's Visit to her Sister at the Theatre.
Mr. Turveydrop's Dancing Academy. *Bleak House.*
Mr. Mantalini and the Brokers. *Nicholas Nickleby.*
The Pickwick Club.

Small Drawings in Water-Colours.

Barnaby Rudge with the Rioters.
Simon Tappertit addressing the Rioters at the "Boot" Tavern. *Barnaby Rudge.*
Dolly Varden's Visit to Miss Haredale. *Barnaby Rudge.*

GREEN, CHARLES, R.I. . Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness. *Old Curiosity Shop.*
Dick Swiveller and Fred Trent in the Old Curiosity Shop.
Sam Weller's Valentine.

HAMILTON, JAMES . . What are the Wild Waves Saying? *Dombey.*

HANLEY, EDGAR . . Dolly Varden. *Barnaby Rudge.* Royal Academy, 1883.

HUNTER, E. . . . . Little Charlotte's Writing-Lesson. *Bleak House.* Royal Academy, 1858.

KENNINGTON, T. B. . Recalled to Life. *Tale of Two Cities.* Royal Academy, 1900.

LESLIE, C. R., R.A. . Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell. Painted for Dickens.

LUCAS, SEYMOUR, R.A. The Gordon Riots. *Barnaby Rudge.* Royal Academy, 1879.

MANLEY, ELEANOR E. . "'It's Cobbs! It's Cobbs!' cries Master Harry. 'We are going to be married, Cobbs, at Gretna Green. We have run away on purpose.'" *Holly Tree Inn.* Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1893.

MCIAN, MRS. . . . . Little Nell Reading Inscription on the Tombstone. Presented to Dickens by the artist.

MORGAN, FRED. . . . Little Nell and her Grandfather. Royal Academy, 1883.

NIBBS, R. H. . . . . Peggotty's Hut. *David Copperfield.* Royal Academy, 1852.

NICHOLLS, CHARLES W. What are the Wild Waves Saying? *Dombey.* 1881.

ORCHARDSON, W. Q., R.A. Little Nell and her Grandfather in the Wood. Sheffield Art Gallery.

PERUGINI, KATE. . . Brother and Sister.—"Oh, Floy!" cried her brother, "how I love you! how I love you, Floy!" *Dombey.* Royal Academy, 1893.
Little Nell. Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1885.

PICKETT, MARY S. . . Little Nell in the Old Church. Royal Academy, 1898.

RAEMAKER, A. J. . . What are the Wild Waves Saying? *Dombey.* Sculpture.

ROSS, J. HALFORD . . Our Mutual Friend. Eight original drawings in Water-Colour, illustrating incidents in the story.

SANT, JAMES, R.A. . "He Walks to London." *Oliver Twist.* Royal Academy, 1890.

SHANNON, J. J., A.R.A. Mr. Martin Harvey as Sydney Carton. *Tale of Two Cities.* Royal Academy, 1904.

STANILAND, C. J., R.I. "Barkis is willin'." *Copperfield.* Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1878.

STEER, H. R., R.I. . The Ball at Dr. Blimber's Establishment. *Dombey.*
Little Nell and her Pet Bird. Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1888.

Steer, H. R., R.I.	Nicholas Nickleby interposes on Smike's Behalf. Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1897.
Stewart, Lawson	A Quiet Happy Place. *Old Curiosity Shop.* Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 1885.
Stone, Frank, A.R.A.	Tilda Price, Madeline Bray, and Kate Nickleby. Three pictures painted for Dickens.
Topham, F. W.	Barnaby Rudge and his Mother. Presented to Dickens by the artist.
	Little Nell and her Grandfather in the Tent, making Bouquets for the Racecourse. Presented to Dickens by the artist.
Underhill, F.	Barnaby Rudge. British Institution, 1853.
Wallis, H.	The Devotion of Sydney Carton. *Tale of Two Cities.*
Webster, T., R.A.	Dotheboys Hall: The Brimstone and Treacle Scene. *Nicholas Nickleby.* Painted for Dickens.

There is no doubt that Mr. Kitton was justified in describing the late W. P. Frith's fascinating picture of Dolly Varden (the "Dolly with the bracelet," Dickens called it) as in many respects the most interesting picture in all the foregoing list. In 1843, W. P. Frith, R.A., who died but a few months before these lines were written, was a young man scoring the first successes of his long and distinguished artistic career. Of all Dickens's heroines, Dolly Varden seems most to have engaged his fancy, and in the year mentioned he celebrated her charms in several delightful paintings. Dickens being then introduced to the artist, with whom he immediately formed a friendship, and who was later to give us one of the finest portraits we possess of the novelist, was greatly delighted with the pictures of this winsome child of his fancy, and immediately commissioned Frith to paint another portrait of her as well as one of Kate Nickleby.

The "Dolly Varden" was undoubtedly a masterpiece, and it passed into the hands of the novelist for £20, "Kate Nickleby at Madame Mantalini's" being painted for a like sum. At the Dickens sale "Dolly Varden" fetched £1050, and the companion picture realised £210. There is a very characteristic letter in Dickens's correspondence concerning the "Kate Nickleby," which had been sent away for engraving and retained so long that Dickens finally appealed for its return in this style:

"Advertisement.—To K——e N——y.—The Young Lady in Black, K.N.—If you will return to your disconsolate

DOLLY VARDEN—"THE LAUGHING DOLLY"

From the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A.

friends in Devonshire Terrace your absence in Ireland will be forgotten and forgiven, and you will be received with open arms. Think of your dear sister Dolly, and how altered her appearance and character are without you. She is not the same girl. Think, too, of the author of your being, and what he must feel when he sees your place empty every day!

"October Tenth, 1848."

When Kitton was compiling *Dickens and His Illustrators* in 1899, Frith favoured him with some interesting information concerning the Varden pictures, and I venture to reproduce here what the artist wrote in that connection:

"The picture of 'Dolly Varden' which I painted for Dickens was never engraved. Before I began it I made a study of the figure, but only the half-length, down to below the waist. This study was bought by Sir R. Rawlinson, who allowed (without asking my permission) a most villainous chromo-lithograph to be made from it, and one day to my horror I saw it in a shop-window. For anything I know to the contrary, many of these things may have been sold. The original completed picture never left Dickens's possession from the time it was finished till he died, nor was it ever exhibited. The portrait of Dolly (the 'laughing' Dolly), now in the South Kensington Museum, was bequeathed by Forster, who had it from Frank Stone, for whom I painted it. I painted two copies of the 'laughing' Dolly, but I don't know what became of them. I also painted two pictures in which Dolly figures in company with Emma Haredale—in one she is feeling in her pocket for a letter addressed to Miss Haredale, and in the other she is disdainfully treating Miss Haredale's hints about Joe Willet—she throws up her head and 'hopes she can do better than that, indeed!' I have just remembered another—a small half-length—in which she is looking at herself in a mirror and giving her curls a 'killing twist.' I have no idea where these pictures are. I may add that when Dickens came to see (on completion) my portraits of Dolly Varden and Kate Nickleby, which I painted expressly for him, he told me they were 'exactly what he meant.' This, of course, delighted me. They led to a friendship which lasted till his death."

Kitton also quotes this passage from a letter of Frith's:—

"I told Dickens one day when he was sitting for his likeness that I should like to be allowed to illustrate one of his books. He seemed pleased, and proposed *Little Dorrit*. I forget to

whom I sold the pictures, and where they are now I know not."

It is not quite clear from this how many pictures Frith drew for *Little Dorrit*, but one would gather from Kitton's remarks that they consisted of two oil paintings, and these were the originals of the beautiful steel engravings by Lumb Stocks, R.A., used as vignettes in the Library Edition of 1858–9, and included in the foregoing list of paintings illustrative of Dickens subjects.

BARNABY RUDGE AT THE COUNTY JUSTICE'S

IX.

SKETCHES BY BOZ.

SKETCHES BY BOZ, first collected and published in two volumes by Macrone in 1836, had sixteen illustrations by G. Cruikshank, eight in each volume. The following year a second series of the *Sketches* was printed by the same publisher in one volume. This volume contained ten etchings by Cruikshank, and in a second edition of the book there appeared two additional etchings by the same artist, namely, "The Last Cab-Driver" and "May-day in the Evening." The copyright of the *Sketches* was at this time repurchased, and an octavo edition was published in twenty monthly parts by Chapman & Hall. This edition contains all the Cruikshank etchings save one, "The Free and Easy," and in addition the following, "The Parish Engine," "The Broker's Man," "Our Next-door Neighbours," "Early Coaches," "Public Dinners," "The Gin-Shop," "Making a Night of It," "The Boarding-House," "The Tuggses at Ramsgate," "The Steam Excursion," "Mrs. Joseph Porter," and "Mr. Watkins Tottle."

The pink wrapper for these monthly parts was designed by Cruikshank for this edition, and the original designs were re-etched because of the alteration in the size of the illustrations. These re-etched illustrations show slight differences from the originals in some cases. For example, in "Greenwich Fair" a dancer and musician are added on the left; and in the "Election for Beadle" two more of the children of Mr. Spruggins appear, and three more of those of Mr. Bung. These etchings by Cruikshank are interesting in that there are five portraits of "Boz" contained therein. The artist illustrated himself and Dickens in "Early Coaches," "A Pickpocket in Custody," "Making a Night of It," and "Public Dinners," the last being the most lifelike.

In 1850, Chapman & Hall issued the first cheap edition. It had a new frontispiece by Cruikshank, showing an incident in "Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle."

For the Library Edition (1858–59) Phiz designed Mr. Trott and the "Boots," illustrating "The Great Winglebury Duel." It was executed in water-colours, and engraved on steel. Fred Barnard supplied drawings for the Household Edition, published by Chapman & Hall, the American issue of which was illustrated by A. B. Frost.

"The Tuggses at Ramsgate" originally appeared in *The Library of Fiction*, and had two illustrations by R. Seymour engraved on wood by Landells. The second of these illustrations was the subject of Cruikshank's drawing in the first edition of the *Sketches*, and is almost identical with Seymour's drawing, which shows Captain Waters discovering Mr. Cymon Tuggs behind the curtain. "A Little Talk about Spring and Sweeps" also appeared in *The Library of Fiction*, with an illustration by R. W. Buss engraved on wood by John Jackson. The tale was reprinted in the 1839 edition of the *Sketches* under the title "The First of May," with an etching by Cruikshank. For *Sketches of Young Gentlemen*, in 1838, Phiz did six etchings, and the same number of designs were contributed by him to *Sketches of Young Couples* in 1840. Phiz had etched six plates for *Sketches of Young Ladies*, the anonymous booklet variously attributed to Caswell and one of the Mayhews, to which *Young Gentlemen* was by way of a counterblast.

"Sunday under Three Heads," published by Chapman & Hall in 1836, had three full-page illustrations by Phiz, and three heads on the wrapper, the same as on the title. The page illustrations were engraved by C. Gray and Orrin Smith.

All Cruikshank's etchings are here reproduced, together with the title-page, which first appeared in the second series, and his illustrations to "The Tuggses at Ramsgate" and "The First of May," as well as Seymour's two designs of the same subjects.

TITLE-PAGE TO THE SECOND SERIES

The parties going up in the balloon are intended for the author and artist

Spruggins was the favourite, and the appearance of his lady increased the general prepossession in his favour.
The Election for Beadle

The spires of the churches are tinged with light; little tables with the preparations for a street breakfast appear at the customary stations.—*The Streets—Morning*

The three "professional gentlemen" are at the top of the table, the little pompous man with the bald head being in the chair.
The Streets—Night

In a dark wainscoted room, cheered by the glow of a mighty fire, and decorated with an enormous clock, sat the lusty coal-heavers.
Scotland Yard

"What do you mean by hussies?" asks a champion. "Niver mind," replies the opposition, "*you* go home, and, ven you're sober, mend your stockings."—*Seven Dials*

In the evening, seated on chairs on the pavement, smoking their pipes, the inhabitants of Monmouth Street watch the gambols of the infantine scavengers.—*Monmouth Street*

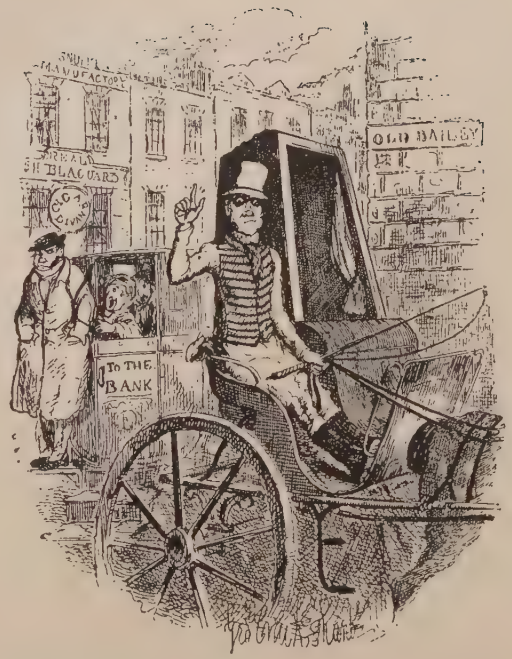
The servant-girl at No. 5 opens the street-door, and four small children rush out, and scream "Coach!"—*Hackney-Coach Stands*

Uncle Bill is wafering a paper "pigtail" on the waiter's collar, and the old grandmother is in ecstasies.—*London Recreations*

The ladies dance in the gentlemen's hats, and they in the ladies' bonnets, or with false noses, while they play on children's drums.
Greenwich Fair

The large woman is Lady Macbeth, the stupid-looking milksop plays Malcolm, and the figure in front of the glass is Banquo.
Private Theatres

A particularly small gentleman in a dress coat, and a particularly tall lady in a bonnet with large white feathers, commenced a duet.—*Vauxhall Gardens*



He was a white-hatted, no-coated man; his Wellington boots pulled up to meet his knee-smalls. — *The Last Cab-Driver*

A party emerged from the shed, clad in the costume and emulating the appearance of May-day sweeps. — *The First of May*

"What do you want upon these?" inquires Mr. Henry, glancing at the articles. "Lend you ninepence."—*The Pawnbroker's Shop*

The poor clerk balances the newspaper against the water-bottle, and eats a bit of beef and reads a line or two, alternately.
Thoughts about People

"I wos a-thinking," said Mr. Wilkins, "of taking J'mima to the Eagle to-night." "O my!" exclaimed Mrs. Ivins.—*Miss Evans and the Eagle*

Having declined to walk to the Police Office, the pickpocket was conveyed thither in a wheelbarrow.—*The Hospital Patient*

Behind the barrels Mr. Dounce saw a splendid creature with a charming face and lovely figure.—*The Misplaced Attachment*

Master Billsmethi danced a hornpipe, with a cane in his hand, and a cheese-plate on his head.—*The Dancing Academy*

"I am placed," said Mr. Calton, "in rather an unpleasant situation." Tibbs looked at Mr. Septimus Hicks, and ejaculated "Lor!"—*The Boarding-House*

"You rogue!" said Budden to his dog; "you see, Minns, he's like me, always at home, eh, my boy?"—*Mr. Minns and his Cousin*

Mr. Smith placed himself before the customers. Mrs. Malderton screamed, Miss Teresa raised her head and beheld—Horatio Sparkins!—*Horatio Sparkins*

Miss Crumpton commenced the introduction; Miss Brook Dingwall raised her head. "Edward!" she exclaimed.—*Sentiment*

Mr. Trott sat down and the Boots opposite him, with the stick ready in case of emergency.—*The Winglebury Duel*

If you were in love, and had no other place to make love in, you'd be glad of a kitchen dresser.—*A Passage in a Life*

"Never say die, Mr. Willis," said Mr. Walker. "I'm all right," said the smoker, "I shall be bailed out to-morrow."—*A Passage in a Life*

"Who is he like?" said Mrs. Kitterbell. The amiable uncle started back in well-feigned surprise.—*The Bloomsbury Christening*

He was so decked with scarfs, ribands, and other pretty spoils, that he looked like a lamb adorned for the sacrifice.—*The Young Ladies' Young Gentleman*

From the etching by Phiz

In the streets at evening time six or eight walk abreast, driving females and other inoffensive persons into the road.—*The Out-and-Out Young Gentleman*

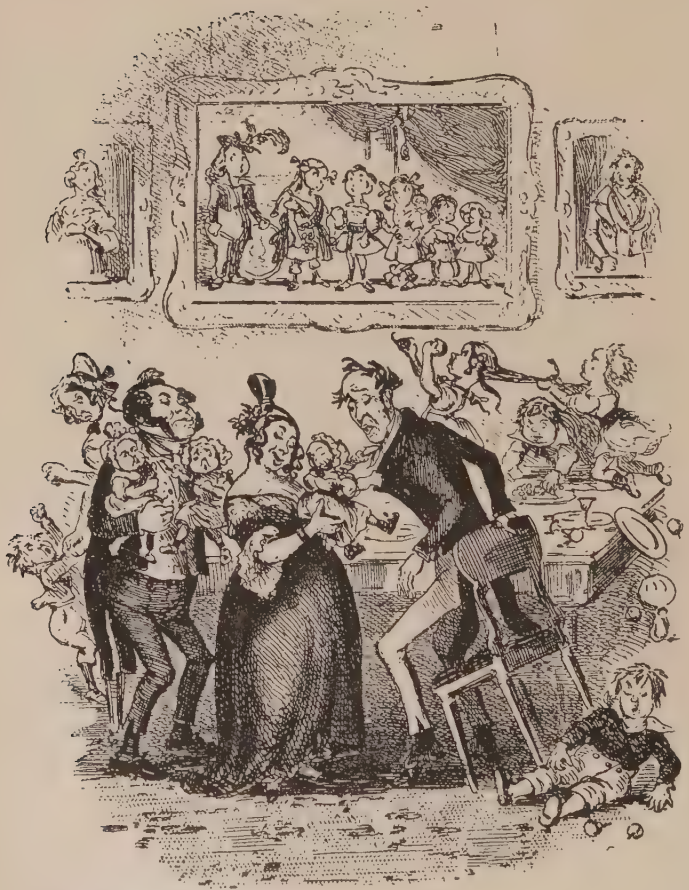
From the etching by Phiz

The dining-room panes are blocked with gentlemen's faces beaming farewell; the steps are crowded with servants, and foremost in the group are the tiny lovers, hand in hand.—*The Young Couple*

From the etching by Phiz

Mrs. Leaver reclined her head upon Mr. Leaver's shoulder, and he grasped her hand. Mrs. Starling stealthily observed them from behind her fan.—*The Loving Couple*

From the etching by Phiz



When Mrs. Whiffler retires, all the children kiss and love Mr. Saunders before going upstairs, but Dick, having drunk his father's wine, is found very limp and helpless.—*The Couple who Dote upon their Children*

From the etching by Phiz

If you meet Mr. and Mrs. Chirrup some rainy day, trotting along under a very small umbrella, you will find them the neatest and best-matched little couple that can be.

The Nice Little Couple

From the etching by Phiz

Mr. Merrywinkle sits with his feet in hot water, mulling some wine, and Mrs. Merrywinkle takes four small pills, with a spasmodic look between each.
The Couple who Coddle Themselves

From the etching by Phiz

LITTLE MONTAGUE DISCOVERED BY HIS MOTHER

The illustration by R. W. Buss to the sketch "Spring and the Sweeps," first published in the Library of Fiction, *1836, and subsequently included in "Sketches by Boz" under the title of "The First of May"*

MR. WATKINS TOTTLE AND MISS LILLERTON

"How can I promote your happiness, Mr. Tottle?" "By allowing me," replied Watkins, falling bump on his knees, "to be your slave, your servant—in short, by unreservedly making me the confidant of your heart's feelings—may I say, for the promotion of your own happiness—may I say, in order that you may become the wife of a kind and affectionate husband?"—*Sketches by Boz*

CAPTAIN AND MRS. WATERS GREETING THE TUGGS'S FAMILY ON RAMSGATE SANDS

One of Robert Seymour's two illustrations to "The Tuggs's at Ramsgate," published in Chapman and Hall's Library of Fiction, *1836, and subsequently included in "Sketches by Boz"*

VENGEANCE OF CAPTAIN WALTER WATERS AND LIEUTENANT SLAUGHTER

Mr. Cymon Tuggs discovered, concealed behind the curtains, at the Waters's lodgings

The second of Robert Seymour's illustrations to "The Tuggs's at Ramsgate"

THE TUGGS'S AT RAMSGATE

From Cruikshank's etching of the same scene as Seymour's woodcut on opposite page

FRONTISPIECE, BY PHIZ, TO "THE PICKWICK PAPERS"

X.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

"THE Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" was published by Chapman & Hall in twenty monthly parts. The first part appeared April 1836, and contained four etchings by R. Seymour. This artist had been engaged to produce four plates for each issue of *Pickwick*. In addition he had many commissions from other sources, and these and other worries affected his mind to the extent that he committed suicide on April 20, 1836. He had completed the following seven drawings, the first four of which appeared in the first number, and the last three in the second. "Mr. Pickwick Addresses the Club," "The Pugnacious Cabman," "The Sagacious Dog," "Dr. Slammer's Defiance of Jingle," "The Dying Clown," "Mr. Pickwick in Chase of his Hat," and "Mr. Winkle Soothes the Refractory Steed." A number of these illustrations, and one or two sketches for *Pickwick*, were sold at auction for the astonishing sum of £500. Besides the illustrations noted, Seymour drew the design which appeared on the green wrapper of the monthly parts.

After Seymour's death two illustrations only were published in each part, and R. W. Buss was asked to undertake these drawings. The third part of *Pickwick* contains "The Cricket Match" and "The Fat Boy Awake on this Occasion Only." These plates were extremely poor, and were suppressed as quickly as possible, Hablôt K. Browne finally undertaking the illustrating. Buss produced several designs which were not used, some of which were reproduced in facsimile in the Victoria Edition of 1887. Phiz (Hablôt K. Browne) was in his twenty-first year when he was selected to illustrate *Pickwick*. The etchings in part four are signed Nemo, the pseudonym of Phiz being adopted afterwards "to harmonise with Dickens's Boz."

Owing to the wear and tear of the plates, due to the increased circulation of the monthly parts, they were etched in

duplicate from the tenth number, which accounts for some of the noticeable differences to be found in various copies of the first issue. A set of proofs of Phiz's plates were sold at Sotheby's in 1889 for twenty guineas. The original drawings are fortunately extant, and are interesting inasmuch as they contain notes and suggestions by Dickens.

In 1837 the complete work was published, partly illustrated from a new set of plates by Phiz, much superior to those issued with the monthly parts, and partly with the original illustrations. A cheap edition appeared in 1847, first of the double-column series, and contained a frontispiece by C. R. Leslie, R.A. Six new designs were prepared by Phiz for this edition, and were engraved on wood. The subjects of these illustrations were, "Mr. Winkle's First Shot," "The Effects of Cold Punch," "Mr. Pickwick at Dodson and Fogg's, "The Kiss under the Mistletoe," "Old Weller at the Temperance Meeting," and "The Leg of Mutton 'Swarry.'" The same artist contributed a vignette for the title-page to the volumes of the Library Edition, and finally fifty-seven designs to the Household Edition published by Chapman & Hall. These last drawings are extremely poor, for Phiz had been attacked by paralysis and was unable to make proper use of his right hand. A collection of these drawings averaged about £7 each at Sotheby's in 1887. The American issue of the Household Edition is illustrated by Thomas Nast.

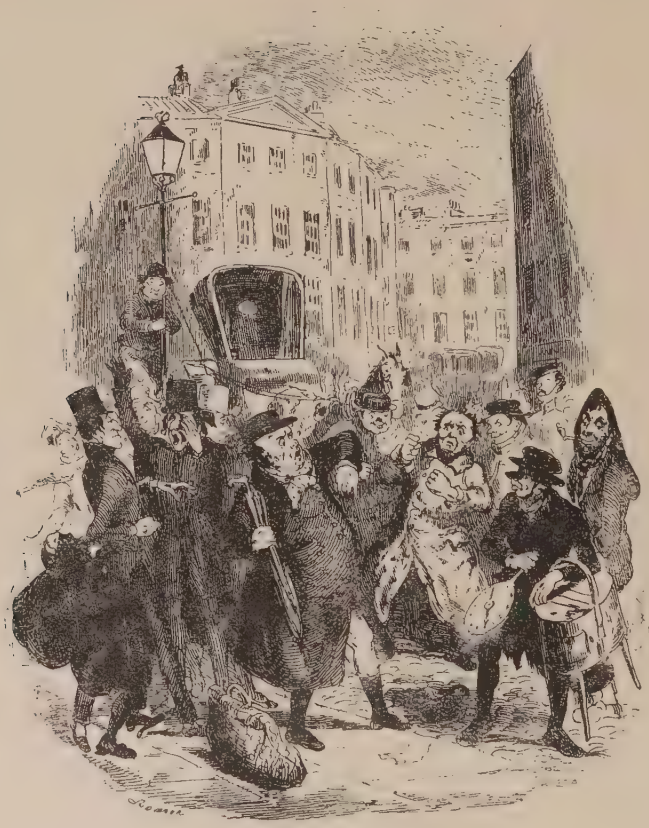
Thackeray, according to the well-known story, offered to do the illustrations at the death of Seymour, and even imagined that he had obtained the work, the story going that he and Hablôt Browne dined together to celebrate his success! John Leech also submitted a sketch, a pencil drawing faintly tinted in colours, entitled "Tom Smart and the Chair." The subject was, however, never used, Leech doing no drawings for Dickens until the appearance of the *Christmas Carol*, which he illustrated.

A claim was put forward by Mrs. Seymour, widow of the original artist, in which she stated in a pamphlet entitled *An Account of the Origin of the Pickwick Papers*, that the work "was originated by my husband in the summer of 1835, and but for a cold (which brought on a severe illness) . . . would have been written, as well as embellished, by himself." In March 1866, owing to the revival of the story by Seymour's son, Dickens wrote a reply in the *Athenæum* which effectually disposed of the statements so boldly put forward.

MR. PICKWICK ADDRESSES THE CLUB

The eloquent Pickwick, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat tails, and the other waving in air, addressed the club himself had founded. On his right hand sat Mr Tracy Tupman, on the left sat the poetic Snodgrass, and near him again the sporting Winkle.—*Pickwick, chap. i*

From the etching by Seymour



THE PUGNACIOUS CABMAN

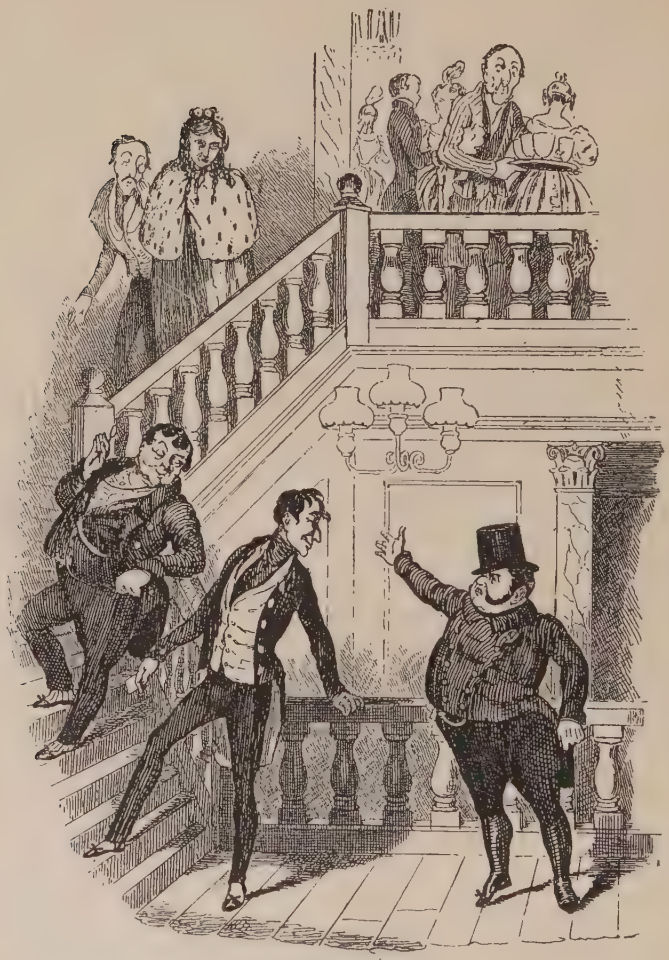
The cabman dashed his hat upon the ground, knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, and followed up the attack with a blow on Mr. Pickwick's nose, and another on Mr. Pickwick's chest, and a third in Mr. Snodgrass's eye, and a fourth in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat.—*Pickwick, chap. ii*

From the etching by Seymour

THE SAGACIOUS DOG

"Dog of my own once—Pointer—surprising instinct—out shooting one day—entering enclosure—whistled—dog stopped—Ponto, Ponto!—wouldn't move—staring at board—looked up, saw an inscription—'Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this enclosure'—wouldn't pass it—wonderful dog."
Pickwick, chap. ii

From the etching by Seymour



DR. SLAMMER'S DEFIANCE

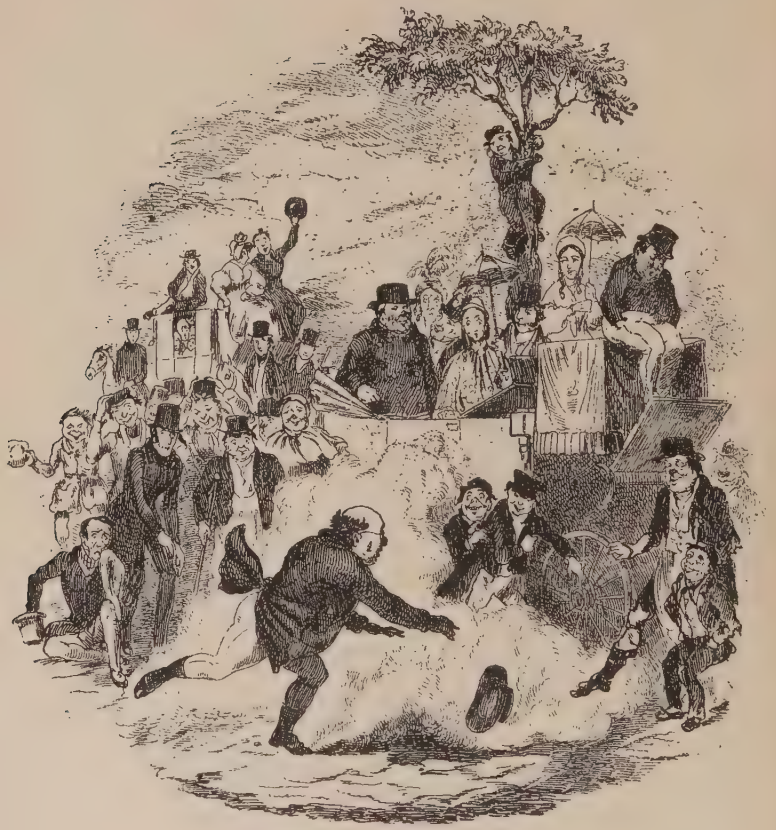
"I shall find you out, Sir," said the indignant little man. "Rather you found me out, than found me at home," replied the unmoved stranger. Doctor Slammer looked unutterable ferocity, and the stranger and Mr. Tupman ascended to the bedroom of the latter.—*Pickwick, chap. ii*

From the etching by Seymour

THE DYING CLOWN

The dying man had raised himself up, so as to seat himself in bed. The mother caught the child in her arms; but, terrified by the alteration of his features, stood transfixed by the bedside. He grasped my shoulder convulsively, extended his arm towards them, and made a violent unavailing effort to articulate.—*Pickwick, chap. iii*

From the etching by Seymour



MR. PICKWICK IN CHASE OF HIS HAT

In an open barouche, the horses of which had been taken out, stood a stout old gentleman, two young ladies, a young gentleman, a lady of doubtful age, and Mr. Tupman. Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle had each performed a summerset, and the latter, sitting on the ground staunching the stream of life which issued from his nose, saw Mr. Pickwick at some distance off, running after his own hat.—*Pickwick, chap. iv*

From the etching by Seymour

MR. WINKLE SOOTHES THE REFRACTORY STEED

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle, soothingly,—"poor fellow—good old horse." The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery; Mr. Pickwick drew the chaise into the hedge, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.—*Pickwick, chap. v*

From the etching by Seymour

THE FAT BOY AWAKE AGAIN

"Mr. Tupman," the lady exclaimed with a very unaffected start, "we are observed!—we are discovered!" Mr. Tupman looked round. There was the fat boy, perfectly motionless, with his large circular eyes staring into the arbour.—*Pickwick, chap. viii*

MR. WARDLE AND HIS FRIENDS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE SALMON

Mr. Pickwick, his hands in his pocket and his hat cocked completely over his left eye, was leaning against the dresser; old Mr. Wardle was grasping the hand of a strange gentleman; Mr. Winkle supporting himself by the eight-day clock, and Mr. Snodgrass had sunk into a chair.—*Pickwick, chap. viii*

THE BREAK DOWN

Mr. Pickwick felt himself violently pulled out from among the ruins of the chaise. O'd Mr. Wardle without a hat, and his clothes torn in several places, stood by his side; the post-boys were standing by the horses' heads, and about a hundred yards in advance was the other chaise.—*Pickwick, chap. ix*

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MR. SAMUEL WELLER

Two plump gentlemen and one thin one entered the yard of the White Hart, where Sam Weller was burnishing a pair of painted tops. "My friend," said the thin gentleman, with a conciliatory hem, "have you got many people stopping here, now?"
Pickwick, chap. x

MRS. BARDELL FAINTS IN MR. PICKWICK'S ARMS

Mr. Pickwick stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, when Master Bardell set up an appalling howling, and butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs.—*Pickwick, chap. xii*

THE ELECTION AT EATANSWILL

No sooner had Horatio Fizkin presented himself than the band commenced performing; a scene of struggling, and pushing, and fighting succeeded, and the Mayor commanded another fantasia on the bell.—*Pickwick, chap. xiii*

MRS. LEO HUNTER'S FANCY DRESS DÉJEUNER

"Permit me," said Mr. Pickwick, "to introduce my friends—Mr. Tupman—Mr. Winkle—Mr. Snodgrass—to the authoress of 'The Expiring Frog.'"—*Pickwick, chap. xv*

THE UNEXPECTED BREAKING UP OF THE SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES

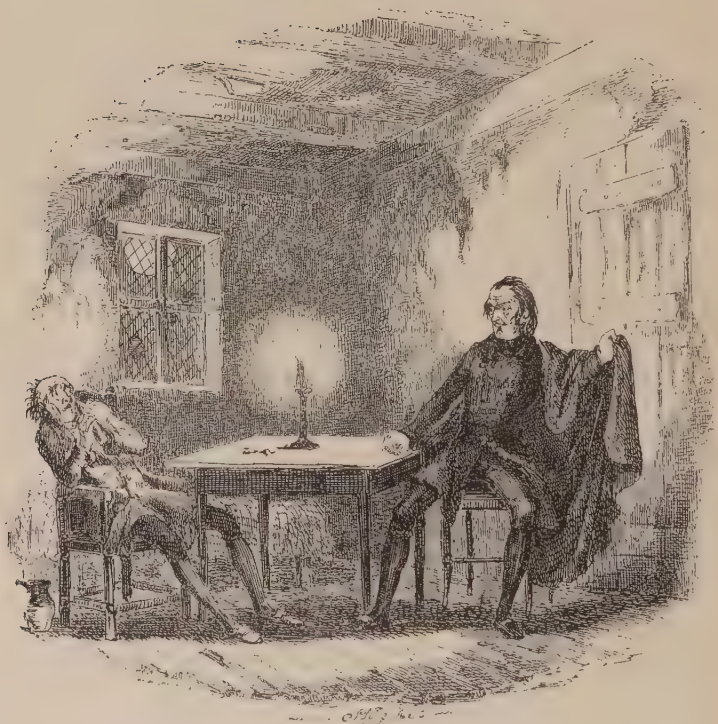
"Who's there?" screamed a numerous chorus of treble voices, consisting of the spinster lady of the establishment, three teachers, five female servants, and thirty boarders, all half-dressed, and in a forest of curl-papers.—*Pickwick, chap. xvi*

MR. PICKWICK IN THE POUND

Mr. Pickwick had been wheeled to the Pound, fast asleep in the wheel-barrow, to the immeasurable delight and satisfaction, not only of all the boys in the village, but three-fourths of the whole population. How many hundred-fold was their joy increased when he sat up in the barrow, and gazed with indescribable astonishment on the faces before him.—*Pickwick, chap. vix*

MR. PICKWICK AND SAM IN THE ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

Mr. Weller pointed with his thumb over his shoulder; and Mr. Pickwick, on looking up, saw that all the four clerks, with countenances expressive of the utmost amusement, and their heads thrust over the wooden screen, were minutely inspecting his figure and general appearance.—*Pickwick, chap. xx*

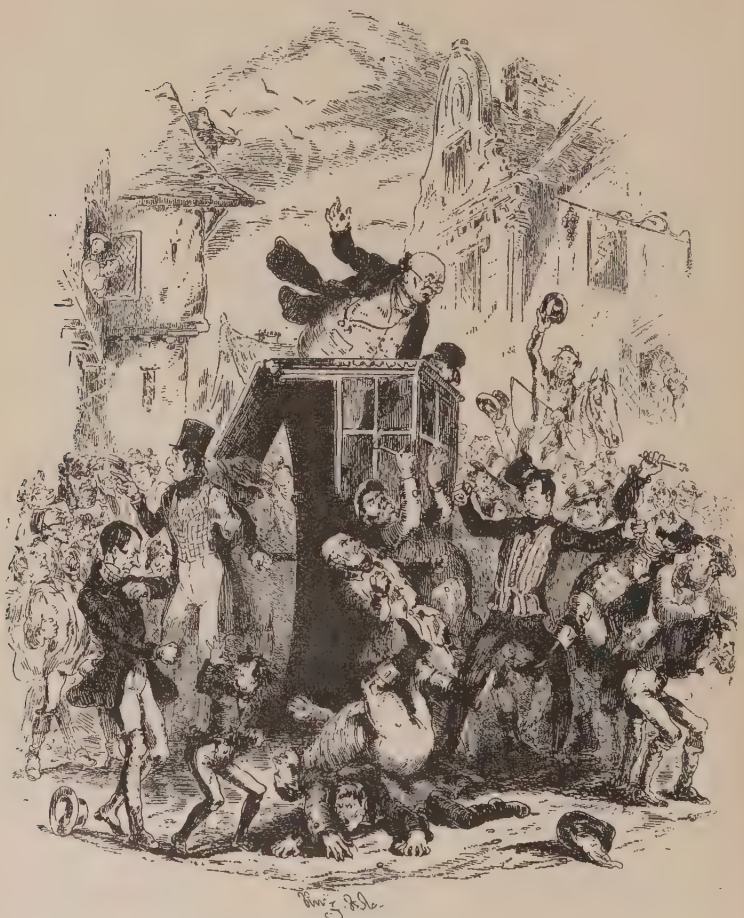


THE LAST VISIT OF HEYLING TO THE OLD MAN

"What do you want here?" said the old man. "A word with *you*," replied Heyling, seating himself at the other end of the table, and, throwing off his cloak and cap, disclosed his features. The old man fell backward in his chair, and clasping his hands together, gazed on the apparition with a mingled look of abhorrence and fear.
Pickwick, chap. xxi

THE MIDDLE-AGED LADY IN THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM

Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hand, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and night-cap, Mr. Pickwick looked out. Standing before the dressing-glass, was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back hair."—*Pickwick, chap. xxii*



MR. WELLER ATTACKS THE EXECUTIVE OF IPSWICH

Mr. Pickwick could just see Sam upsetting the specials. Mounting on the seat, and steadying himself as well as he could, by placing his hand on Mr. Tupman's shoulder, he presented himself to address the multitude.—*Pickwick, chap. xxiv*

JOB TROTTER ENCOUNTERS SAM IN MR. MUZZLE'S KITCHEN

Mr. Job Trotter, catching sight of Mr. Weller, involuntarily shrunk back a pace or two, and stood gazing on the unexpected scene before him, perfectly motionless with amazement and terror.—*Pickwick, chap. xxv*

CHRISTMAS EVE AT MR. WARDLE'S

Mr. Pickwick took the old lady by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch, and saluted her in all courtesy and decorum.—*Pickwick, chap. xxviii*

THE GOBLIN AND THE SEXTON

Seated on an upright tombstone, close to him, was a strange unearthly figure, whom Gabriel felt at once was no being of this world. His tongue was put out, as if in derision, and he was grinning at Gabriel Grub with such a grin as only a goblin could call up.—*Pickwick, chap. xxix*

MR. PICKWICK SLIDES

Mr. Pickwick at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.—*Pickwick, chap. xxx*

THE FIRST INTERVIEW WITH MR. SERJEANT SNUBBIN

The Serjeant was writing when his clients entered; he bowed abstractedly when Mr. Pickwick was introduced by his solicitor; and then, motioning them to a seat, put his pen carefully in the inkstand, nursed his left leg, and waited to be spoken to.

Pickwick, chap. xxxi

THE VALENTINE

Mr. Weller divested himself of his upper coat; and, lighting the pipe and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."—*Pickwick, chap. xxxiii*

THE TRIAL

Mr. Pickwick gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Sergeant Buzfuz suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the continuation with a look of indignation.—*Pickwick, chap. xxxiv*

THE CARD ROOM AT BATH

Poor Mr. Pickwick! if he stopped to consider which was the right card, Lady Snuphanuph would throw herself back in her chair, and smile with a mingled glance of impatience and pity to Mrs. Colonel Wugsby, who would cough as much as to say she wondered whether he ever would begin.—*Pickwick, chap. xxxv*

MR. WINKLE'S SITUATION WHEN THE DOOR BLEW TO

Mr. Winkle, holding the candle above his head, stared eagerly before him, not quite certain whether what he saw was a sedan chair or a fire engine. At this instant there came a violent gust of wind; the light was blown out; Mr. Winkle felt himself irresistibly impelled on to the steps, and the door blown to.

Pickwick, chap. xxxvi

CONVIVIALITY AT BOB SAWYER'S

The one tumbler of the house was assigned to Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Ben Allen being accommodated with a funnel with a cork in the narrow end, Bob Sawyer contented himself with one of those wide-lipped crystal vessels inscribed with cabalistic characters, in which chemists measure out their liquid drugs. Mr. Bob Sawyer's boy peeped through the glass door, listening and looking on at the same time.

Pickwick, chap. xxxviii

MR. PICKWICK SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT

The stout turnkey sat down, and looked at him from time to time, while a long thin man thrust his hands beneath his coat tails, and planting himself opposite, took a good long view of him. A third rather surly-looking gentleman, resting his hands on his hips, inspected him narrowly, while two others studied his features with most intent and thoughtful faces. Sam Weller reclined upon the back of his master's chair.

Pickwick, chap. xl

THE WARDEN'S ROOM

Mr. Pickwick started up, in mute astonishment at the scene before him. On the floor a man was performing a hornpipe; another, evidently drunk, was sitting up between the sheets, warbling a comic song; a third was seated on one of the bedsteads, applauding them with the air of a profound connoisseur.—*Pickwick, chap. xli*

DISCOVERY OF JINGLE IN THE FLEET

"Mr. Pickwick!" exclaimed Job. "Mr. ——! So it is—queer place—strange thing—serves me right—very." And with this Mr. Jingle thrust his hands into the place where his trouser pockets used to be, and, dropping his chin upon his breast, sank back into his chair.—*Pickwick, chap. xlii*

THE RED-NOSED MAN DISCOURSETH

Mr. Stiggins, getting on his legs as well as he could, proceeded to deliver an edifying discourse, during which Mrs. Weller sobbed and wept, while Sam, sitting cross-legged on a chair and resting his arms on the top-rail, regarded the speaker with great suavity and blandness of demeanour, and the old gentleman went to sleep about half-way.—*Pickwick, chap. xlv*

MRS. BARDELL ENCOUNTERS MR. PICKWICK IN THE PRISON

Mrs. Bardell screamed violently; Tommy roared; Mrs. Cluppins shrunk within herself; and Mrs. Sanders made off. For there stood the injured Mr. Pickwick, and beside him leant Sam Weller, who took off his hat with mock reverence, while his master turned indignantly on his heel.—*Pickwick, chap. xlvi*

MR. WINKLE RETURNS UNDER EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES

"Miss Arabella Allen!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick rising from his chair. "No," replied Mr. Winkle, dropping on his knees. "Mrs. Winkle. Pardon, my dear friend, pardon."
Pickwick, chap. xlvii

THE GHOSTLY PASSENGERS IN THE GHOST OF A MAIL

A young gentleman in a powdered wig pulled off his hat and held it out above his head at arm's length, cocking his little finger in the air at the same time. These attentions were directed towards a young lady who just then appeared at the foot of the steps.—*Pickwick, chap. xlix*

MR. BOB SAWYER'S MODE OF TRAVELLING

Mr. Bob Sawyer was seated on the roof of the chaise, with his legs as far asunder as they would conveniently go, wearing Mr. Samuel Weller's hat on one side of his head, and bearing in one hand an enormous sandwich, while in the other he supported a goodly sized case bottle.—*Pickwick, chap. l*

THE RIVAL EDITORS

"Gentlemen," cried Mr. Pickwick, "consider, for Heaven's sake—help—Sam—here—pray, gentlemen—interfere, somebody." He rushed between the infuriated combatants just in time to receive the carpet bag on one side of his body, and the fire-shovel on the other.—*Pickwick, chap. li*

TONY WELLER EJECTS MR. STIGGINS

It was a beautiful and exhilarating sight to see the red-nosed man writhing in Mr. Weller's grasp; it was a still more exciting spectacle to behold Mr. Weller immersing Mr. Stiggins's head in a horse-trough full of water, and holding it there, till he was all but suffocated.—*Pickwick, chap. lii*

MARY AND THE FAT BOY

The fat boy assisted Mary to a little of the meat pie, and himself to a great deal; then he suddenly leant forward in his chair, and letting his hands, with his knife and fork in them, fall on his knees, said, "I say, how nice you do look!"
Pickwick, chap. liv

MR. WELLER AND HIS FRIENDS DRINKING TO MR. PELL

The mottle-faced gentleman reviewed the company, and slowly raised his hand, upon which every man lifted his tumbler to his lips.—*Pickwick, chap. 10*

XI.

OLIVER TWIST.

During the appearance of this story in *Bentley's Miscellany*, from February 1837 until March 1839, twenty-four etchings were supplied for it by Cruikshank. In October 1838, before its completion in the *Miscellany*, it was published in three volumes. The last plate in the third volume depicted Rose Maylie, Harry and Oliver sitting by the fire, which illustration was so much to Dickens's distaste that he asked the artist to draw another in its place. This substituted drawing was "Rose Maylie and Oliver standing at Agnes' Tomb," concerning which we have had something to say in a preceding chapter.

In 1846 an edition in ten monthly parts was published, appearing subsequently in one volume, by Bradbury & Evans. On the monthly covers are shown eleven of the chief incidents of the story. Some of the drawings were entirely new. The plates were retouched by Findlay, not altogether to their improvement. The etchings naturally appear at their best in the *Miscellany*, and in some of them Cruikshank has used "roulette" work which enhances their appearance at the cost of their value as examples of pure etching. In the first cheap edition, issued in 1850, there is only a frontispiece by Cruikshank, showing Mr. Bumble and Oliver in Mrs. Mann's parlour.

In March 1892 the complete set of twenty-four working tracings of the original designs for the story were sold for £140 at Sotheby's. Cruikshank made water-colour replicas of all the subjects for Mr. F. W. Cosens in 1866, and in addition thirteen smaller drawings and a title-page, all reproduced in colour in the édition de luxe published in 1894 by Chapman & Hall.

The picture of Fagin in the condemned cell originated, says Mr. George Hodder (*Memories of My Time*), in a curious way. Cruikshank had been ruminating over the subject for some days, and sitting up in bed one morning thinking the task beyond his powers, his hand covering his chin and the tips of his fingers between his lips, disappointment and

despair on his face, he saw himself in a glass. "That's it!" he involuntarily exclaimed; "that's just the expression I want!" The artist many years afterwards stated to Mr. Austin Dobson that the story was exaggerated, but he admitted that he had made studies before his own glass for the subject.

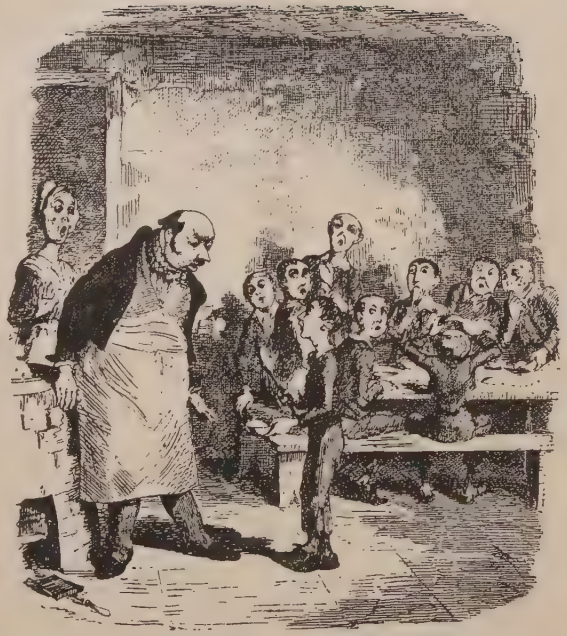
Further reference may be made here to the extraordinary claim put forward, at the death of Dickens, by Cruikshank, who asserted that he not only conceived the idea of the story, but that he also suggested the principal incidents and characters. In a letter to the *Times*, December 30, 1871, and in a pamphlet *Author and Artist — a Statement of Facts* (1872), Cruikshank said that he performed the character from which Fagin was derived in the presence of Ainsworth and Dickens. Dr. Mackenzie, in his account of his visit to the artist in 1847, relates that the famous artist told him that Dickens "dropped in here one day . . . and, while waiting until I could speak with him, took up that identical portfolio and ferreted out that bundle of drawings. When he came to that one which represents Fagin in the condemned cell, he silently studied it for half an hour, and told me that he was tempted to change the whole plot of his story. . . . I consented to let him write up as many of the designs as he thought would suit his purpose, and that was the way in which Fagin, Sikes, and Nancy were created. My drawings suggested them, rather than his strong individuality suggested my drawings." Although Forster very properly dismisses it as "a marvellous fable," there is little doubt that Cruikshank, with his extensive knowledge of London life, was able to suggest ideas to "Boz," and in after years, when his memory was no longer perfectly clear, these suggestions were magnified into suggestions for the whole story.

In his eulogy of the famous artist, Thackeray said: "We are not at all disposed to undervalue the works and genius of Mr. Dickens, and we are sure that he would admit as readily as any man the wonderful assistance that he has derived from the artist who has given us portraits of his ideal personages, and made them familiar to all the world. Once seen, these figures remain impressed on the memory, which otherwise would have had no hold upon them, and the Jew and Bumble, and the heroes and heroines of the Boz sketches, become personal acquaintances with each of us." And again, "The sausage scene at Fagin's: Nancy seizing the boy; that capital piece of humour, Mr. Bumble's courtship, which is even better in Cruikshank's version than in Boz's exquisite

account of the interview; Sikes' farewell to his dog; and the Jew—the dreadful Jew—that Cruikshank drew! What a fine touching picture of melancholy desolation is that of Sikes and the dog! . . . as for the Jew in the dungeon, let us say nothing of it—what can we say to describe it?"

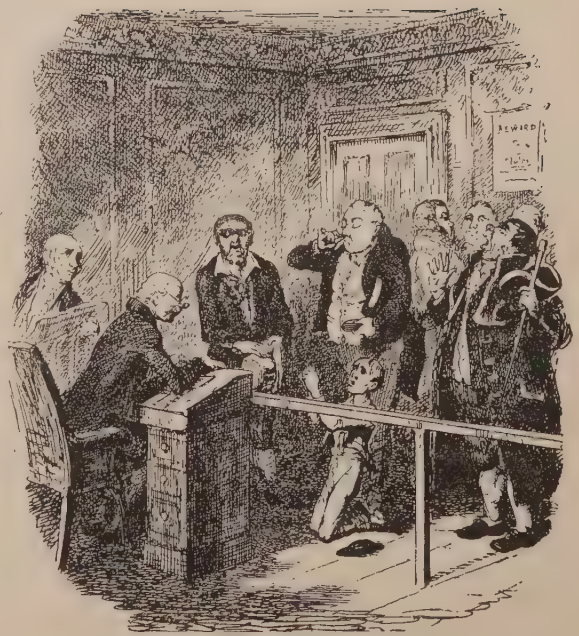
For the Library Edition (1858–59) Phiz designed "Mr. Bumble and Oliver," executed in water-colours and engraved on steel. In 1886, Robson and Kerslake published a series of twenty-one etchings by F. W. Pailthorpe.

All Cruikshank's twenty-four etchings to *Oliver Twist* are reproduced on a small scale in the following pages.



OLIVER ASKING FOR MORE

The master turned very pale; the assistants were paralysed with wonder; the boys with fear. "Please, sir," said Oliver, "I want some more."—*Twist, chap. ii*



OLIVER ESCAPES BEING BOUND TO A SWEEP

Oliver fell on his knees, and clasping his hands together, prayed that they would not send him away with that dreadful man.—*Twist, chap. iii*

OLIVER PLUCKS UP SPIRIT

A scream from Charlotte and a louder from Mrs. Sowerberry answered Noah's shouts, and Charlotte seized Oliver with her utmost force. *Twist, chap. vi*

OLIVER INTRODUCED TO THE RESPECTABLE OLD GENTLEMAN

The boys at the table, and the Jew, toasting-fork in hand, grinned. "This is my friend Oliver Twist, Fagin," said Jack Dawkins.—*Twist, chap. viii*

OLIVER AMAZED AT THE DODGER'S MODE OF "GOING TO WORK"

Oliver, his eyelids wide open, saw the Dodger plunge his hand into the pocket and draw out a handkerchief.—*Twist, chap. x*

OLIVER RECOVERING FROM FEVER

The tears came to Mr. Brownlow's eyes. "Poor boy, poor boy!" he said, "I'm rather hoarse this morning, Mrs. Bedwin."—*Twist, chap. xii*

OLIVER CLAIMED BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIENDS

Nancy appealed to the bystanders. A man burst out of a beer-shop, "Young Oliver! Come home at once."—*Twist*, *chap. xv*

OLIVER'S RECEPTION BY FAGIN AND THE BOYS

The Jew, taking off his nightcap, bowed to the bewildered boy, while the Artful rifled his pockets.—*Twist*, *chap. xvi*

MASTER BATES EXPLAINS A PROFESSIONAL TECHNICALITY

"The Dodger'll come to be scragged, won't he?" said Charley. "I don't know what that means," said Oliver. "Something in this way," replied Charley.—*Twist, chap. xviii*

THE BURGLARY

A vision of two half-dressed men swam before Oliver's eyes—a flash—a loud noise—a smoke—and he staggered back.—*Twist, chap. xxii*

MR. BUMBLE AND MRS. CORNEY TAKING TEA

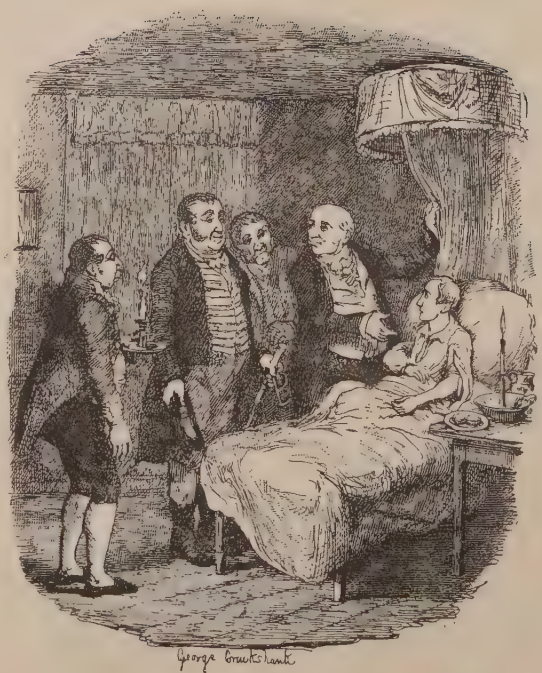
"Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble, "any cat, or kitten, that could live with you, and *not* be fond of its home, must be a ass."
Twist, chap. xxiii

MR. CLAYPOLE AS HE APPEARED WHEN HIS MASTER WAS OUT

Mr. Bumble saw him lolling in an easy-chair, and close beside him stood Charlotte, opening oysters from a barrel.—*Twist, chap. xxvii*

OLIVER AT MRS. MAYLIE'S DOOR

"A boy!" exclaimed Mr. Giles, pushing the tinker into the background. "Why—Brittles—look here—don't you know?"—*Twist, chap. xxviii*



OLIVER WAITED ON BY BOW STREET RUNNERS

The bewildered butler gazed from Messrs. Blathers and Duff towards Oliver, then towards Mr. Losberne, in fear and perplexity. *Twist, chap. xxxi*

MONKS AND THE JEW

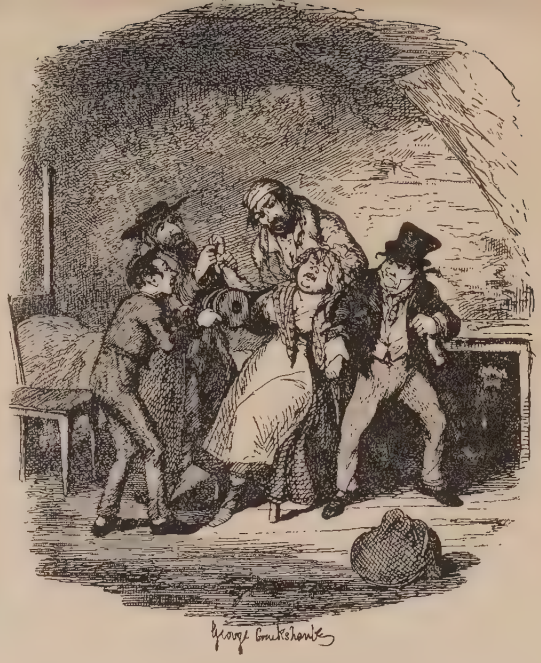
At the window, peering into the room, stood Fagin, and beside him the man who had accosted Oliver in the inn-yard.—*Twist, chap. xxxiv*

THE EVIDENCE DESTROYED

Mr. Bumble retired several paces from the trap-door. "Look down," said Monks to him and the matron, lowering the lantern.—*Twist, chap. xxviii*

MR. BUMBLE DEGRADED IN THE EYES OF THE PAUPERS

"Be off; come!" Mrs. Bumble had caught up a bowl of soap-suds. As he slunk away the paupers broke into a shrill chuckle.—*Twist, chap. xxxvii*



MR. FAGIN AND HIS PUPILS RECOVERING NANCY

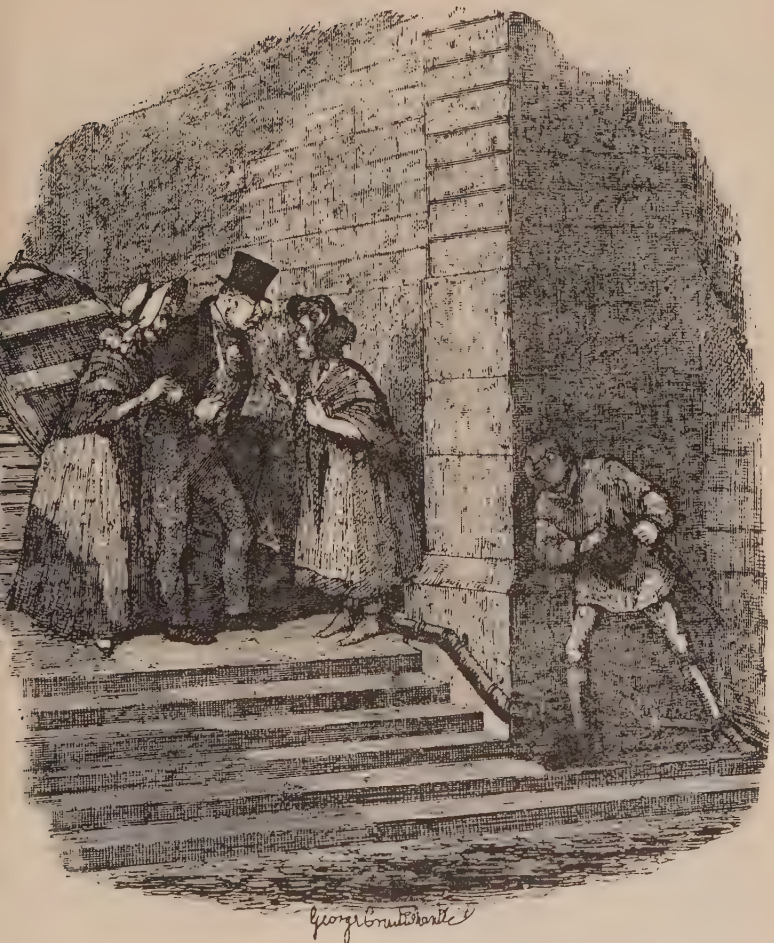
"Give her a whiff of fresh air with the bellows, Charley," said Mr. Dawkins; "slap her hands, Fagin, while Bill undoes the petticuts."
Twist, chap. xxxix

THE JEW AND MORRIS BOTH BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER

"Yer a sharp feller," said Noah. "Only hear him, Charlotte!" He attempted to imitate Fagin's gesture.—*Twist, chap. xlii*

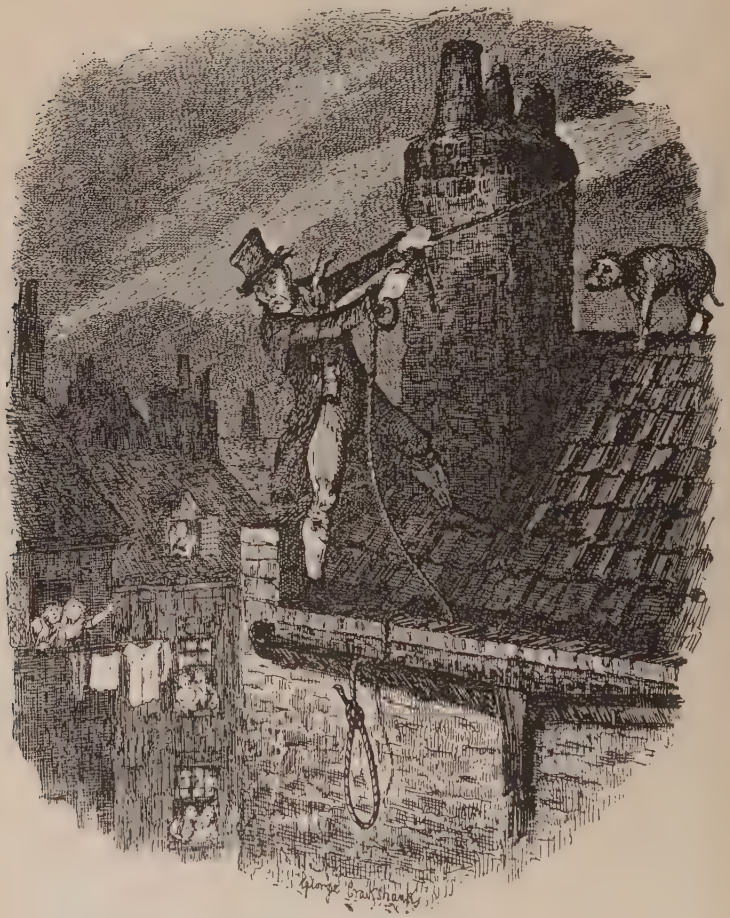
SIKES ATTEMPTING TO DESTROY THE DOG

The animal looked up into his master's face, skulked a little farther in the rear, and cowered down.—*Twist, chap. xlviii*



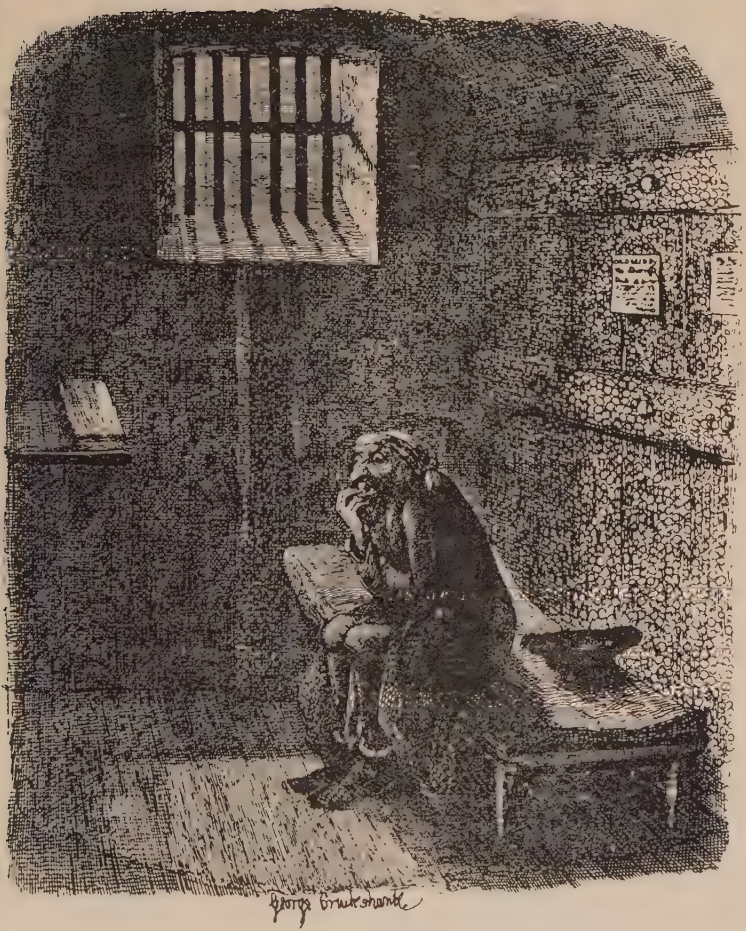
THE MEETING

The countryman drew close to the wall. "I will not suffer the young lady to go any farther," the gentleman said to Nancy.—*Twist, chap. xlvi*



THE LAST CHANCE

Sikes could let himself down with the cord, and he had his knife ready in his hand to cut it, and then drop.—*Twist, chap. i*



FAGIN IN THE CONDEMNED CELL

"I shan't be a man long," he said, his face retaining no human expression but rage and terror. "Strike them all dead! What right have they to butcher me?"—*Twist, chap. lii*

ROSE MAYLIE AND OLIVER

I believe that the shade of Agnes sometimes hovers round that solemn nook. I believe it none the less because that nook is in a church, and she was weak and erring.—*Twist, chap. liii*

XII.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

To the twenty parts of *Nicholas Nickleby*, published during 1838–39 by Chapman & Hall, Phiz supplied thirty-nine plates, the fortieth (as the frontispiece) being a portrait of Charles Dickens from the painting by D. Maclise, A.R.A. Sixty-three quarto plates for the thirty-nine illustrations were etched for the story, several of the designs being etched three or four times. These duplicate plates, however, are not so varied in detail as those of *Pickwick*. The original drawings, with the exception of that showing Nicholas as tutor to the Kenwigses, were sold on July 16, 1880, at auction for a little over £100. The wrapper of the monthly parts was also from a design by Phiz, and represents Justice, with cornucopia, etc., and Squeers crossing a river guided by imps carrying lanterns.

The novelist continuously made notes concerning the illustrations of his books, and the late F. W. Cosens possessed one for the plate entitled "Great Excitement of Miss Kenwigs at the Hairdresser's Shop" which is worth quoting. Dickens wished Phiz to show "a hairdresser's shop at night—not a dashing one, but a barber's. Morleena Kenwigs on a tall chair, having her hair dressed by an underbred attendant, with her hair parted down the middle and frizzed up into curls at the sides. Another customer, who is being shaved, has just turned his head in the direction of Miss Kenwigs, and she and Newman Noggs (who has brought her there, and has been whiling away the time with an old newspaper) recognise, with manifestations of surprise, and Morleena with emotion, Mr. Lillyvick, the collector. Mr. Lillyvick's bristly beard expresses great neglect of his person, and he looks very grim and in the utmost despondency."

To the Library Edition of *Nicholas Nickleby* (1858–59) Phiz provided two vignettes for the title-pages, the subjects being "The Nickleby Family" and "The Mad Gentleman and

Mrs. Nickleby." The originals of these were sold at Sotheby's in 1889 for £28.

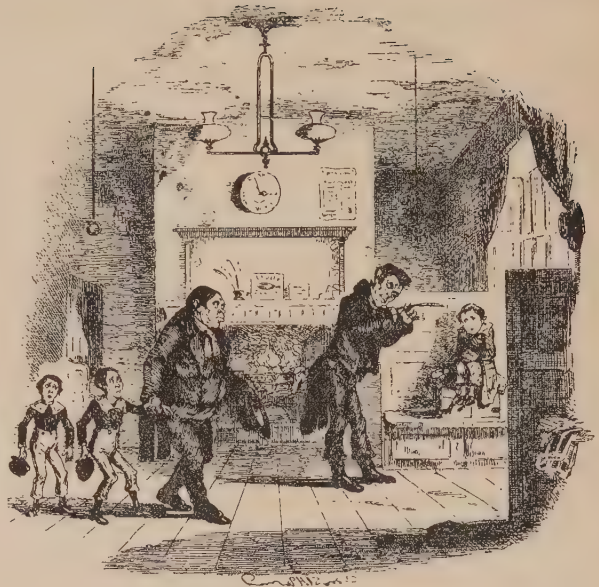
The first cheap edition of the story appeared in 1848 and had a frontispiece designed on wood, from a painting "Dotheboys Hall: The Brimstone and Treacle Scene," by T. Webster, R.A. The Household Edition was illustrated by Fred Barnard, the American issue of this edition containing drawings by C. S. Reinhart.

Frank Stone's portraits of Kate Nickleby and Madeline Bray, engraved on steel, were published in 1848 by Chapman & Hall, for insertion in the first cheap edition of the book. In 1839, Robert Tyas published portraits of twenty-four of the principal characters "from drawings by Miss La Creevy." These were designed by Kenny Meadows, and were published in six parts at 6d. each.

Reproductions of all Phiz's etchings for the early editions, as well as Webster's frontispiece to the cheap edition, are given in the present volume.

MR. RALPH NICKLEBY'S FIRST VISIT TO HIS POOR RELATIONS

"Put my hat down," said Ralph to Nicholas. "Well, ma'am," to Mrs. Nickleby, "how do you do?"—*Nickleby, chap. iii*



THE YORKSHIRE SCHOOLMASTER AT THE SARACEN'S HEAD

When Mr. Snawley entered, Mr. Squeers feigned to be intent upon mending a pen.—*Nickleby, chap. iv*

NICHOLAS STARTS FOR YORKSHIRE

Newman Noggs pushed into Nicholas's hand a dirty letter. "Hush!" he said, pointing to Mr. Ralph Nickleby and Squeers near by.—*Nickleby, chap. v*

THE FIVE SISTERS OF YORK

The monk descried the five sisters seated on the grass, with Alice in the centre, all busily embroidering.—*Nickleby, chap. vi*

THE INTERNAL ECONOMY OF DOTHEBOYS HALL

Mrs. Squeers at one of the desks presided over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, administering a large doze to each boy.—*Nickleby, chap. viii*

KATE NICKLEBY SITTING TO MISS LA CREEVY

Miss La Creevy raised her head occasionally to look with unspeakable satisfaction at some touch she had just put in.—*Nickleby, chap. x*

NEWMAN NOGGS LEAVES THE LADIES IN THE EMPTY HOUSE

Newman Noggs bowed to Kate Nickleby, placed his hand upon his breast, and quitted the room.—*Nickleby, chap. xi*

NICHOLAS ASTONISHES MR. SQUEERS AND FAMILY

He wrested the weapon from Squeers's hand, and pinning him by the throat, beat him till he roared.—*Nickleby, chap. xiii*

NICHOLAS ENGAGED AS TUTOR IN A PRIVATE FAMILY

The four Miss Kenwigses sat in a row, while Miss Petowker, Mrs. Kenwigs, and Mr. Lillyvick looked on.—*Nickleby, chap. xvi*

MADAME MANTALINI INTRODUCES KATE TO MISS KNAG

"Miss Knag," said Madame Mantalini to the over-dressed female, "this is the young person I spoke to you about."—*Nickleby, chap. xvii*

MISS NICKLEBY INTRODUCED TO HER UNCLE'S FRIENDS

"Sir Mulberry Hawk," said Ralph. "Otherwise the most knowing card in the pa-ack," said Lord Verisopht.—*Nickleby, chap. xix*

MR. RALPH NICKLEBY'S "HONEST" COMPOSURE

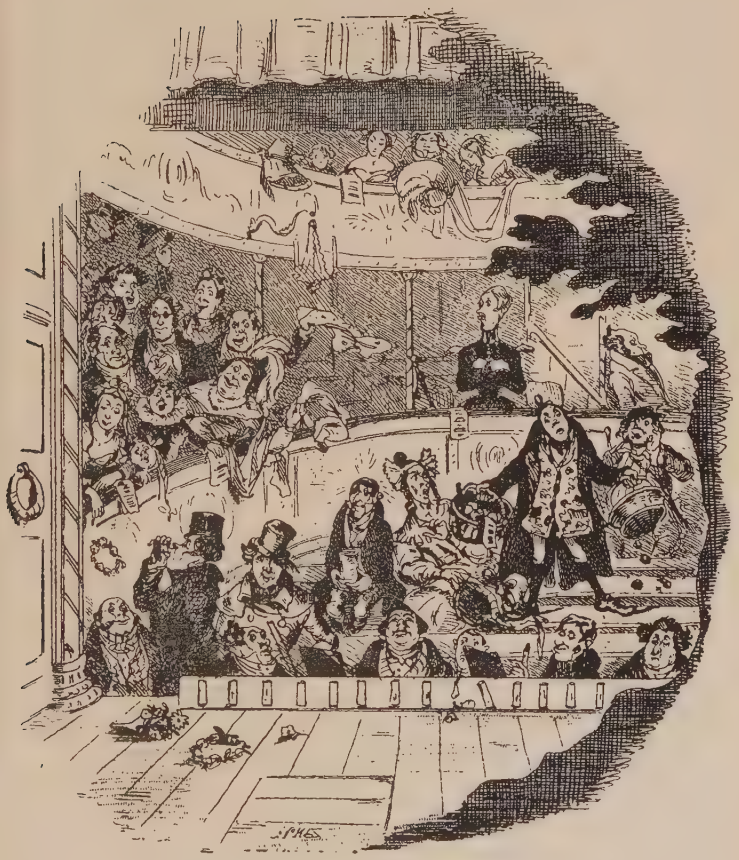
Ralph scowled at his nephew, while Kate and Miss La Creevy threw themselves between the two.—*Nickleby, chap. xx*

THE PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN AT MADAME MANTALINI'S

"What's the demd total?" Mr. Mantalini inquired of Mr. Scaley and Mr. Tix.—*Nickleby, chap. xxi*

THE COUNTRY MANAGER REHEARSES A COMBAT

The two combatants went to work afresh to the satisfaction of Mr. Crummles.
Nickleby, chap. xxii



THE GREAT BESPEAK FOR MISS SNEVELLICCI

The people in the Borum box rose as one man, waving hats and handkerchiefs.
Nickleby, chap. xxiv

NICHOLAS INSTRUCTS SMIKE IN THE ART OF ACTING

Smike, being the Apothecary, was unable to get more into his head than the idea that he was hungry.—*Nickleby, chap. xxv*

AFFECTIONATE BEHAVIOUR OF MESSRS. PYKE AND PLUCK

Mr. Pyke kissed Kate's picture a thousand times, while Mr. Pluck pressed Mrs. Nickleby's hand to his heart.—*Nickleby, chap. xxvii*

NICHOLAS HINTS AT THE PROBABILITY OF HIS LEAVING THE COMPANY

The phenomenon raised a loud cry, Miss Belvawney and Miss Bravassa shed tears, even the male performers echoed "Going!"
Nickleby, chap. xxix

THEATRICAL EMOTION OF MR. VINCENT CRUMMLES

Nicholas, clutched in a violent embrace, heard Mr. Crummles say, "It is he—my friend, my friend!"—*Nickleby, chap. xxx*

NICHOLAS ATTRACTED BY THE MENTION OF HIS SISTER'S NAME IN THE COFFEE-ROOM

"Little Kate Nickleby" were the words that caught his ear. He saw that two of the party had risen and were standing before the fire.
Nickleby, chap. xxxii

MR. AND MRS. MANTALINI IN RALPH NICKLEBY'S OFFICE

Mr. Mantalini, hearing the amount of the stipend, cast his hat and cane upon the floor, and drew out his pocket-handkerchief.
Nickleby, chap. xxxiv

EMOTION OF MR. KENWIGS ON HEARING THE FAMILY NEWS FROM NICHOLAS

"Mr. Lillyvick is married to Miss Petowker." Mr. Kenwigs started from his chair, and caught his second daughter by her flaxen tail.
Nickleby, chap. xxxvi

MR. LINKINWATER INTIMATES HIS APPROVAL OF NICHOLAS

The brothers Cheeryble looked on with smiling faces. Tim nodded in a grave and resolute manner, signifying, "He'll do."—*Nickleby, chap. xxxvii*

A SUDDEN RECOGNITION, UNEXPECTED ON BOTH SIDES

Mr. Squeers had hooked Smike in the coat-collar with the handle of his umbrella, and Master Wackford clung to him tenaciously. *Nickleby, chap. xxxviii*

NICHOLAS RECOGNISES THE YOUNG LADY UNKNOWN

Nicholas saw that the young lady at Mr. Cheeryble's feet was the lovely girl he had seen at the register-office.—*Nickleby, chap. xl*

THE GENTLEMAN NEXT DOOR DECLARES HIS PASSION FOR MRS. NICKLEBY

"I have estates, ma'am," he said, flourishing his right hand; "jewels, lighthouses, fish-ponds. Bless me with your heart and hand; after that, love, bliss, and rapture."
Nickleby, chap. xli

MR. MANTALINI POISONS HIMSELF FOR THE SEVENTH TIME

When Ralph Nickleby entered, Madame Mantalini was not weeping upon the body, but was scolding violently upon her chair.—*Nickleby, chap. xliv*

MR. SNAWLEY ENLARGES ON PARENTAL INSTINCT

Tucking Smike's head under his arm, and elevating his broad-brimmed hat, he exclaimed, "How little did I think of this here joyful meeting when I saw him last."—*Nickleby, chap. xlv*

NICHOLAS MAKES HIS FIRST VISIT TO MR. BRAY

Seated at a table was the beautiful girl who so engrossed his thoughts, and the sick man was propped up with pillows in an easy-chair.—*Nickleby, chap. xlvi*

THE CONSULTATION

Arthur Gride sat in a low chair looking up into the face of Ralph Nickleby. Newman Noggs had slipped into an empty closet in the room.—*Nickleby, chap. xlvii*

MYSTERIOUS APPEARANCE OF THE GENTLEMAN IN SMALL-CLOTHES

Mrs. Nickleby asked whether the mysterious limbs were clad in small-clothes. "Yes," cried Frank Cheeryble. "Do you know him, ma'am?"—*Nickleby, chap. xlix*

THE LAST BRAWL BETWEEN SIR MULBERRY AND HIS PUPIL

Those who had kept themselves cool threw themselves upon the combatants, and forced them asunder.—*Nickleby, chap. l*

GREAT EXCITEMENT OF MISS KENWIGS AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S SHOP

She uttered a shrill little scream, and Newman, raising his eyes, saw there Mr. Lillyvick the collector.—*Nickleby, chap. lii*

NICHOLAS CONGRATULATES ARTHUR GRIDE ON HIS WEDDING MORNING

Nicholas confronted Ralph and Gride, holding Madeline's hand in his. "Wretches," he said, "I defy you to do your worst!"
Nickleby, chap. liv

MR. SQUEERS AND MRS. SLIDERSKEW UNCONSCIOUS OF VISITORS

Of the stealthy comers, Frank Cheeryble was one, and Newman Noggs the other.—*Nickleby, chap. lvii*

THE RECOGNITION

"Just now," said Smike to Nicholas, "the man who took me to school stood there leaning on his stick!"—*Nickleby, chap. lviii*

REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES OF MR. MANTALINI

Endeavouring to mollify the wrath of the proprietress, and grinding as if for life at the mangle, was Mantalini.—*Nickleby, chap. lxiv*

THE BREAKING-UP AT DOTHEBOYS HALL

The stoutest boy compelled Mrs. Squeers to take a dose of the mixture; Master Wackford's ducking was entrusted to another rebel.—*Nickleby, chap. lxiv*

THE CHILDREN AT THEIR COUSIN'S GRAVE

Through all the spring and summer-time, garlands of fresh flowers, wreathed by infant hands, rested on the stone of Smike's grave.—*Nickleby, chap. lxv*

XIII.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

ILLUSTRATED by Phiz, Cattermole, and Maclise, this story, originally published in *Master Humphrey's Clock*, had sixty-one woodcuts by Phiz. The illustrations on the whole are spirited and effective, but too often there is an exaggeration to the point of grotesqueness. Some of the illustrations, Kitton points out, do not agree with the text, as in that of Quilp in chapter twenty-seven. He should be leaning upon his stick while he beckons to the boy carrying his trunk; but the artist shows him with his stick raised.

George Cattermole provided fourteen drawings to the story of Little Nell. Dickens was very much pleased with Cattermole's work, and wrote: "I have so deeply felt your hearty and most invaluable co-operation in the beautiful illustrations you have made for the last story, that I look at them with a pleasure I cannot describe to you in words, and that it is impossible for me to say how sensible I am of your earnest and friendly aid. Believe me that this is the very first time that any designs for what I have written have touched and moved me, and caused me to feel that they expressed the idea I had in my mind. I am most sincerely and affectionately grateful to you, and am full of pleasure and delight."

The first cheap edition was published in 1848, and contained a frontispiece by Cattermole showing "Little Nell in the Church." For this edition Phiz made four new designs as "extra illustrations," which were "Little Nell and her Grandfather," "The Marchioness," "Barbara," and "The Death of Little Nell." He also contributed two vignettes for the Library Edition (1858–59), the subjects being "Little Nell and her Grandfather" and "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness." "Little Nell," and "Mrs. Quilp," engraved by Finden from drawings by W. Maddox and H. Warren respectively, together with a portrait of "Barbara" by Kenny

Meadows, were also designed as extra illustrations for the cheap edition.

The single contribution by Maclise was a design representing Little Nell and the Sexton.

Charles Green contributed thirty-two illustrations to the Household Edition of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and these illustrations have not that exaggeration in them which spoilt those of Phiz. The Household Edition, which was simultaneously published in London and New York, has a number of new designs by Thomas Worth in the American issue.

The numerous paintings of subjects from the life of Little Nell are chronicled in an earlier chapter and need not be here repeated.

The whole original series of woodcuts to *The Old Curiosity Shop* is given in the following pages, the majority, of course, being greatly reduced in size on account of the limited space at our disposal. The fourteen by Cattermole are specially indicated, but the sixty-one by Browne are given without the artist's name, and most of them bear his initials.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP [*By G. Cattermole*

The door being opened, the child addressed the old man as her grandfather, and told him the little story of our companionship.—*Curio. Shop, chap. i*

THE CHILD IN HER GENTLE SLUMBER [*By G. Cattermole*

Alone in the midst of all this lumber and decay and ugly age, the beautiful child lay asleep, smiling through her light and sunny dreams.—*Curio. Shop, chap. i*

MR. SWIVELLER SEEKS TO GAIN ATTENTION

"Why should a grandson and grandfather peg away at each other when all might be bliss and concord?" he asked.—*Curio. Shop, chap. ii*

QUILP INTERRUPTS AT TEA

"Go on, ladies, go on," said Daniel. "Mrs. Quilp, pray ask the ladies to stop to supper too."—*Curio. Shop, chap. iv*

QUILP IN A SMOKING HUMOUR

All night Mrs. Quilp sat patiently on her chair, while her dwarfish spouse smoked his cigar and drank his rum.—*Curio. Shop, chap. v*

QUILP'S WHARF [*By G. Cattermole*

Directly Quilp had shut himself in, the boy stood on his head before the door, then walked about on his hands.—*Curio. Shop, chap. v*

LITTLE NELL IS ANXIOUS

She stood timidly by, with her eyes raised to the countenance of Mr. Quilp, as he read the letter.—*Curio. Shop, chap. vi*

A COOL PROPOSAL

"You saw my sister Nell?" said Fred to Dick Swiveller. "What's to prevent your marrying her?"—*Curio, Shop, chap. vii*

MR. CHEGGS'S JEALOUSY

"Quite delightful is he?" muttered Dick to Sophy. "Quite delighted too, from the manner in which he's looking this way."—*Curio. Shop, chap. viii*

LITTLE NELL AS COMFORTER [*By G. Cattermole*

Mr. Daniel Quilp, having entered unseen, was looking on with his accustomed grin. *Curio. Shop, chap. ix*

KIT AT HOME

The room was a poor and homely place, but with an air of comfort about it. Kit, his mother, and the children were all strongly alike.—*Curio. Shop, chap. x*

THE LEGAL GENTLEMAN NAMED BRASS

His chair was uncomfortable, and tobacco-smoke always caused him annoyance, but he was a creature of Quilp's and tried to smile.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xi*

THE PILGRIMAGE BEGINS

They opened the door, and passing into the street, stood still. "Which way?" said the child. The old man was irresolute and helpless, and Nell knew that henceforth she was his guide and leader.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xii*

MR. SWIVELLER'S PUGILISTIC SKILL

Mr. Quilp had no sooner attacked the individual whom he had taken for his wife, than he became convinced he was in skilful and experienced hands.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xiii*

KIT MAKES AN APPOINTMENT

"I'm coming here again next Monday at the same time, and mind you're here, my lad, to work the shilling out," said Mr. Garland.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xiv*

A REST BY THE WAY

Looking back at old Saint Paul's they felt that they were clear of London, and sat down to rest.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xv*

PUNCH IN THE CHURCHYARD

As they passed the church, they saw two showmen, exhibitors of the freaks of Punch, sitting on the grass.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xvi*

GRINDER'S LOT

"It comes either to walkin' in 'em or carryin' of 'em," said Grinder to Short, "and they like walkin' in 'em best."—*Curio. Shop, chap. xvii*

AT THE JOLLY SANDBOYS

Mr. Codlin sat in the chimney-corner, eyeing the landlord as he held the cover in his hand, and suffered the delightful steam to tickle the nostrils of his guest. "What is it?" he murmured.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xviii*

THE GIANTS WAITING ON THE DWARFS

"Old Maunders had in his cottage eight male and female dwarfs, setting down to dinner, who was waited on by eight old giants."—*Curio. Shop, chap. xix*

LITTLE NELL'S ANXIETY

She was seated beside the old man in one corner of the tent, while Codlin and Short dozed in another, and she glanced nervously at them.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xix*

QUILP DEFIES THE DOG

"Why don't you tear me to pieces, you coward?" said Quilp.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxi*

THE KITCHEN AT ABEL COTTAGE

Kit sat down to eat cold meat, and drink small ale, with Barbara looking on and observing him.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxii*

QUILP'S DISCOVERY

"Go, Sir," said Dick, leaning against a post; "some day p'r'aps you'll waken, from pleasure's dream, to know the grief of orphans forsaken."—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxiii*

AT THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PORCH

He looked earnestly at Nell as she spoke, and rose up. "If you could direct us anywhere for the night, we should take it very kindly," said the child. *Curio. Shop, chap. xxiv*

THE DUNCE IMPROVES THE OCCASION

Noticing his abstraction, the puzzled dunce no longer looked at the ceiling for forgotten words, but boldly cast his eyes on the page.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxv*

THE LADY OF THE CARAVAN

At the door sat a Christian lady, stout and comfortable to look upon, who wore a large bonnet trembling with bows; she was engaged in taking tea.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxvi*

NELL HIDES FROM QUILP

He had a stick in his hand with which, when he got clear of the gateway, he beckoned to a boy who carried on his back a trunk.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxvii*

MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORK

Mrs. Jarley sat in an arm-chair, and having formally invested Nell with a willow wand, instructed her in her duties.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxviii*

PRODUCING A SENSATION

The preparations without doors had not been neglected, and a brigand was going round in a cart, consulting the miniature of a lady.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxviii*

A GAME OF CARDS

The old man took his seat at the table with the landlord, Isaac List, and Jemmy Groves, while Nell watched the game with a troubled mind.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxix*

MISS MONFLATHERS CHIDES NELL

"Don't you think," she said, "you are very wicked to be a waxwork child?"—*Chap. xxxi*

MRS. JARLEY AT THE PAY-PLACE.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxxii*

A COLLEAGUE FOR MISS BRASS

"Open the door," said Quilp to Sampson Brass. "I've got him here. Such a clerk for you, such a prize, such an ace of trumps."—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxxiii*

TAKEN BY A SINGLE GENTLEMAN

"Brass is a good name for a lawyer," he said. "Coachman, you may go. So may you, Sir"—to Dick Swiveller. He then unwound the shawl from his neck.

Curio. Shop, chap. xxxiv

MR. BRASS AT THE KEYHOLE

Miss Brass rang the hand-bell without producing any effect on the lodger. "I can't see anything but the bed-curtain. Is he a strong man, Mr. Richard?" asked Brass.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxxv*

THE SMALL SERVANT'S DINNER

"Do you see this?" said Miss Brass, holding up about two square inches of mutton on a fork. The small servant eyed it hungrily, and answered "Yes."—*Chap. xxxvi*

AN INTERVIEW WITH CODLIN AND SHORT

The single gentleman filled their glasses from a bottle on the table. "You're pretty well browned by the sun," he said. "Have you been travelling?"—*Chap. xxxvii*

JERRY'S DANCING DOGS

"A man of the name of Jerry, wot keeps a company of dancing dogs, had seen the old gentleman in connexion with a travelling waxwork."—*Curio. Shop. chap. xxxvii*

MR. SWIVELLER'S LIBATION

He poured the few remaining drops as a libation upon the gravel, and bade the small boy above all things to lead a sober and temperate life.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxxviii*

AT ASTLEY'S.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xxxix*

MR. GARLAND AND KIT

Kit mounted half-way up a short ladder to trim the grape-vine, while the old gentleman handed up the nails and the old lady looked on.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xl*

KIT'S MOTHER ON A JOURNEY

She hung out of the window of the post-chaise, waving a damp handkerchief, and screaming out many messages which nobody heard.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xli*

A PARLEY WITH THE CARD-SHARPERS

"You keep me poor, and plunder me, and make a sport of me besides," said the old man. "Ye'll drive me mad among ye."—*Curio. Shop, chap. xlii*

FLIGHT BY WATER

Nell sat in the open air with the old man by her side, and as she listened to her boisterous hosts, wished herself safe on shore again.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xlii*

WATCHING THE FURNACE FIRE

"That's *my* friend," said the man. "The fire?" asked Nell. "It has been alive as long as I have," he said, "and we talk and think together all night long."—*Curio., chap. xliv*

A PROCESSION OF THE UNEMPLOYED

Maddened men, armed with sword and fire-brand, spurning the prayers of the restraining women, rushed forth on errands of terror and destruction.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xlv*

NELL IN A FAINT

The landlady brought hot brandy and water, and at last she was able to thank them, and to extend her hand to the poor schoolmaster.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xlvi*

A VERY AGED, GHOSTLY PLACE [*By G. Cattermole*

The church had been built hundreds of years ago; arches in ruins, remains of oriel windows, and fragments of blackened walls were yet standing.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xlvi*

A GRACIOUS INVITATION

"*Would* you like this room?" said Quilp to the single gentleman. "Honour me by walking in." "Only think of this!" said Kit's mother.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xlviii*

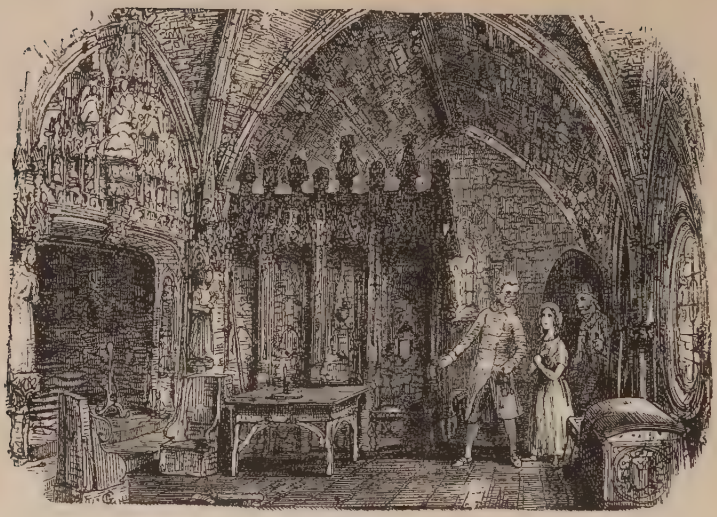
A DESCRIPTIVE ADVERTISEMENT

"A question now arises with relation to his nose," said Brass to Mrs. Quilp. "Flat," said Mrs. Jiniwin. "Aquiline!" cried Quilp, thrusting in his head.—*Curio. Shop, chap. xlix*

MRS. QUILP VISITS BACHELOR'S HALL.—*Curio. Shop, chap. l*

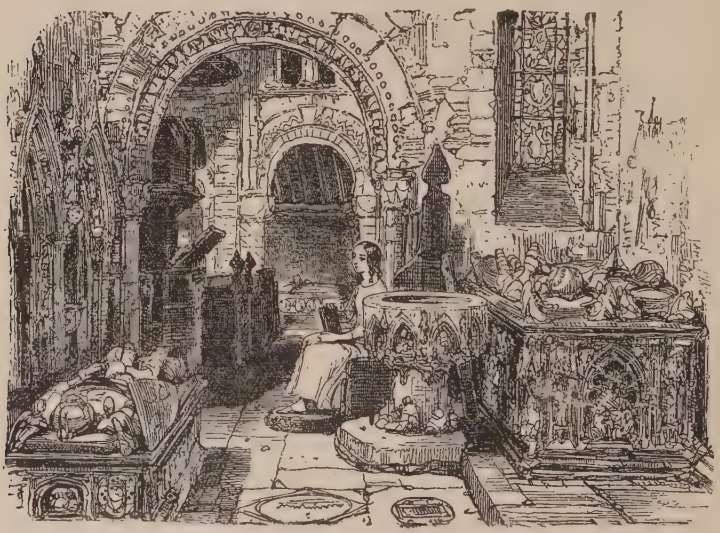
UPROARIOUS HOSPITALITY

Mr. Quilp seated himself on an empty beer-barrel; Mr. Brass attempted to appear at ease; Tom Scott was under an old umbrella, and Miss Sally sat placidly behind the tea-board.—*Curio. Shop, chap. li*



NELL'S NEW HOME [*By G. Cattermole*

"It is a very beautiful place!" said Nell, in a low voice.—*Curio. Shop, chap. lii*



RESTING AMONG THE TOMBS [*By G. Cattermole*

Nell sat down in the old, silent place, among the stark figures on the tombs, and feeling happy and at rest, took a Bible from the shelf and read.—*Curio, Shop, chap. liii*

NELL'S GARDEN

The bachelor, sitting on the stile close by, watched Nell and her grandfather as they plucked the long grass and nettles from the tombs.—*Curio. Shop, chap. liv*

KIT BRINGS A LETTER

Mr. Swiveller, causing his stool to revolve on one leg, cried out, "Come in," and the theme of Mr. Chuckster's wrath presented himself.—*Curio. Shop, chap. li*

A BLACK AND DREADFUL PLACE

The child gazed down into the pit. "I have often had the fancy," said the sexton, "that it might have been dug at first to make the old place more gloomy, and the old monks more religious."—*Curio. Shop, chap. lv*

THE MARCHIONESS AT CARDS

Holding her cards very tight, she considered which to play, while Mr. Swiveller took another pull at the tankard.—*Curio. Shop, chap. lvii*

MR. SWIVELLER PLAYING THE FLUTE

He drew a little table to his bedside, arranged the light and a small music-book to the best advantage, and played "Away with melancholy!"—*Curio. Shop, chap. lviii*

QUILP'S GROTESQUE POLITENESS

The dwarf so spread himself out of the open tavern window, with his elbows on the sill, that he looked puffed and bloated into twice his usual breadth.—*Curio. Shop, chap. lx*

KIT IN JAIL

He saw his mother with the baby, Barbara's mother with her umbrella, and little Jacob staring at him as though he were a wild beast.—*Curio. Shop, chap. lxi.*

REVENGE IS SWEET

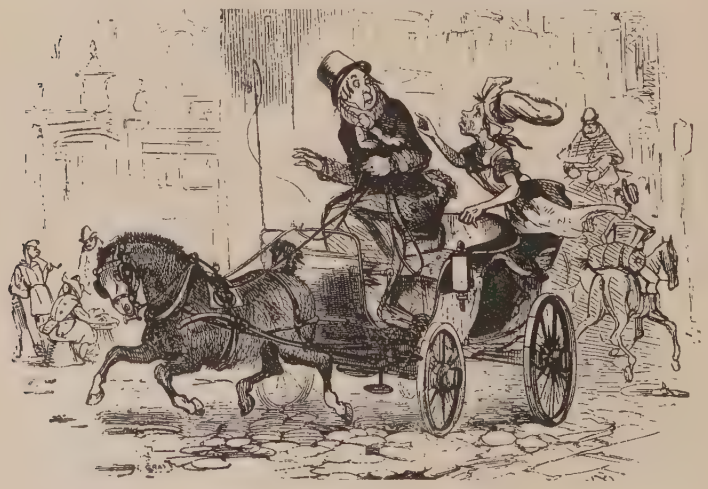
Sampson watched with surprise the dwarf as he aimed a shower of blows at the old figure-head, which he said was the very image of Kit.—*Curiosity Shop, chap. lxii*

MR. SWIVELLER TO THE RESCUE

Richard Swiveller took Kit's mother over his arm, after the manner of theatrical ravishers, and commanded Barbara's mother to follow.—*Curio. Shop, chap. lxiii*

A QUIET GAME AT CRIBBAGE

Dick awoke from his fever, and sitting up in bed, looked out and saw the Marchioness playing cribbage with herself at the table.—*Curio. Shop, chap. lxiv*



THE MARCHIONESS IN THE CHAISE

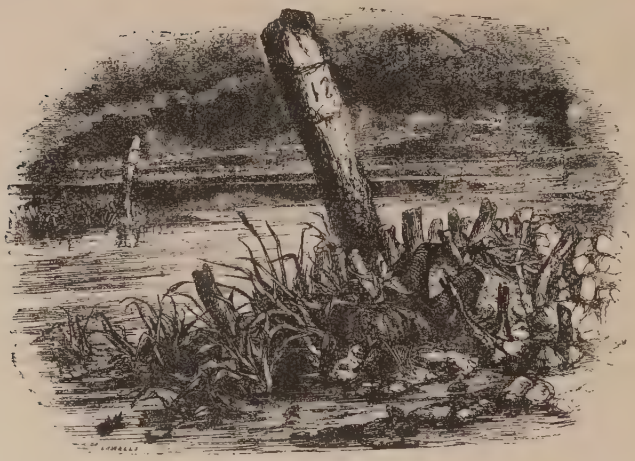
She clambered into the hinder seat, and so lost one shoe for ever. Mr. Abel turned quickly as he heard her utter the words, "I say, Sir——"—*Curio. Shop, chap. lxv*

DELICACIES FOR MR. SWIVELLER

The Marchioness stood rooted to the spot, her power of speech gone, while Mr. Abel, the strong man, and the nice old lady unloaded the hamper.—*Curio. Shop, chap. lx x*

MR. BRASS UNEXPECTEDLY APPEARS

In the midst of the interview of the single gentleman, the notary, and Mr. Garland, with Miss Brass, Sampson crept in, and kissed his glove servilely.—*Curio. Shop, chap. lxvi*



THE END OF QUILP

KIT'S VISIT TO THE STABLE

Kit fairly puts his arm round Whisker's neck and hugs him. Barbara, not dreaming that Christopher was there, has come upon him unawares.—*Curio. Shop, chav. lxviii*

FAREWELL TO THE TRAVELLERS

The single gentleman and Mrs. Garland were there, Mr. Abel, Kit's mother and little Jacob, and Mr. Chuckster, and Barbara was saying good-bye to Kit. —*Curio. Shop, chap. lxix*

THE JOURNEY'S END [*By G. Cattermole*

Kit darted off, the birdcage in his hand, towards the spot where the light was shining in the parsonage.—*Curio. Shop, chap. lxx*

AT REST [*By G. Cattermole*

WAITING AT THE GRAVE [*By G. Cattermole*

THE SPIRIT'S FLIGHT

XIV.

BARNABY RUDGE.

During the serial appearance of this novel in *Master Humphrey's Clock*, Phiz provided sixty-one illustrations and George Cattermole fifteen. The latter's signature "G. C." is sometimes mistaken for George Cruikshank, to whom a few of the drawings have been incorrectly assigned, and with whose work they have nothing in common. Cattermole is seen to advantage in architectural subjects, his "Maypole Inn" being very characteristic. This woodcut, by the way, is not intended to represent the inn opposite Chigwell churchyard, Dickens's original, but is entirely a work of fancy. The novelist was so pleased with it that he wrote to Cattermole: "Words cannot say how good it is. I can't bear the thought of its being cut, and should like to frame and glaze it *in statu quo* for ever and ever."

Cattermole was also responsible for ten illustrations for the *Clock* chapters, distinct from those for *Barnaby Rudge*.

The first cheap edition of *Barnaby Rudge* was published in 1849, and to this Phiz supplied a frontispiece—a drawing on wood engraved by W. T. Green, showing Dolly Varden hiding from Hugh in the bushes. For the two-volume Library Edition (1858–59) he designed the vignettes on the title-pages, the subjects being "Dolly Varden and Joe Willet" and "Barnaby and Hugh." As already noted, he also supplied four plates as extra illustrations for the cheap edition, namely, "Emma Haredale," "Dolly Varden," "Mrs. Varden and Miggs," and "Hugh and Barnaby." The original drawing of Dolly Varden is in the possession of her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans, and is generally recognised as one of the best conceptions of Phiz. Two sketches by J. Absolon and two by F. Corbeaux were engraved on steel by Finden to accompany the first cheap edition. Fred Barnard furnished the illustrations to the Household Edition published by Chapman & Hall.

The novel has also supplied a very large number of subjects

to painters of note, a record of which has been given in the chapter on "Dickens in Art" in the present volume. Several of these famous paintings are also reproduced in this work; notably Frith's "Dolly with the Bracelet" and his "Laughing Dolly," and Mr. Edgar Bundy's most admirable composition entitled "Barnaby Rudge at the County Justice's."

The entire series of *Barnaby* illustrations is reproduced in the succeeding pages, the fifteen from the pencil of Cattermole being specially indicated, and the sixty-one by Phiz, most of which are initialed "H.K.B." printed without the artist's name. A selection of the designs for the *Clock* chapters, other than the *Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby*, is also included in the following pages.

THE MAYPOLE [*By G. Cattermole*

Built in the days of King Henry the Eighth; it had many gable ends, huge zig-zag chimneys, and its windows were diamond-pane lattices.—*Barnaby, chap. i*

AN UNSOCIABLE STRANGER

The cronies, Cobb, Parkes, Daisy, and John Willet stared at the stranger who sat opposite to Mr. Chester, shading his face with his hand.—*Barnaby, chap. i*

A ROUGH PARTING

"Use the sharpness of your eyes for your sweetheart, boy," said the stranger to Joe, and striking him with the butt end of his whip, galloped away.—*Barnaby, chap. ii*

SUCCOURING THE WOUNDED

Gabriel Varden examined the prostrate form, while Barnaby, holding the torch looked on in silence, fascinated yet repelled.—*Barnaby, chap. iii*

IT'S A POOR HEART THAT NEVER REJOICES

Dolly passed Toby to her father, and Sim Tappertit screwed and twisted his face as he looked at the locksmith's daughter.—*Barnaby, chap. iv*

MR. TAPPERTIT'S JEALOUSY [*By G. Cattermole*

"I eyed her while he talked of that fellow," he said. "Joe! Grinding will suit my present humour well to-day."—*Barnaby, chap. iv*

EDWARD CHESTER RELATES HIS ADVENTURES

He reclined in an easy-chair before the fire, and Barnaby made puzzles with a skein of string. "Tell me, sir," said Varden, "what happened last night."—*Barnaby, chap. vi*

THE SECRET SOCIETY OF 'PRENTICE KNIGHTS

The long comrade sat on a lower chair than Mr. Tappertit's, and placing a large book on the shoulders of another, prepared to make entries therein.—*Barnaby, chap. viii*

BARNABY'S DREAM

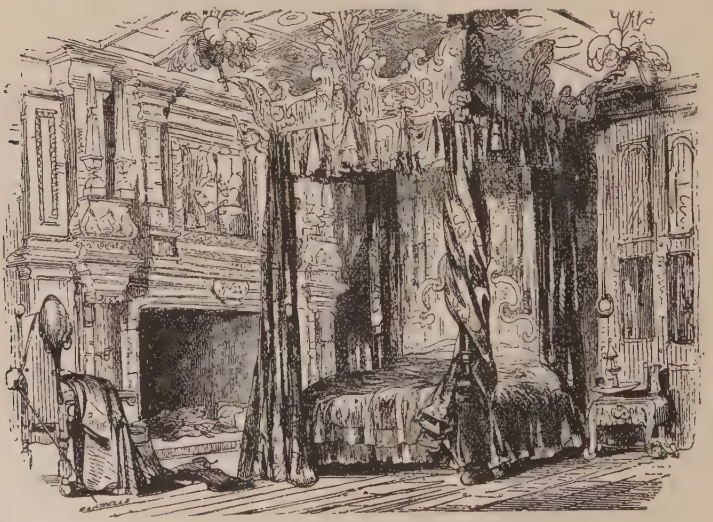
Barnaby was wrapped in phantom-haunted dreams.—*Barnaby, chap. vii*

MIGGS IN THE SANCTITY OF HER CHAMBER

Wrapping herself in a shawl, flouncing down on one chair and putting her feet on another, she said viciously, "I don't go to bed this night till you come home, my lad!" *Barnaby, chap. ix*

THE BEST APARTMENT AT THE MAYPOLE [*By G. Cattermole*

Having raked the crackling logs together, Mr. Chester wheeled his chair into the warmest place, and began to warm his hands.—*Barnaby, chap. x*



THE MAYPOLE'S STATE COUCH [*By G. Cattermole*

"Such a bed as few, even of the gentry's houses, own. I've heard say that bedstead is nigh two hundred years of age."—*Barnaby, chap. x*

HUGH

THE WARREN [*By G. Cattermole*

The terrace-garden, dark with the shade of overhanging trees, had an air of melancholy, and the mansion seemed the very ghost of a house.—*Barnaby, chap. xiii*

MR. HAREDALE INTERRUPTS THE LOVERS

With one hand he clasped his niece, and with the other, which held his riding-whip, he motioned Edward towards the door.—*Barnaby, chap. xiv*

MR. CHESTER TAKES HIS EASE AT HIS INN

In a broad old-fashioned window-seat he lounged over a well-furnished breakfast-table in a state of perfect complacency, indolence, and satisfaction.—*Barnaby, chap. xv*

THE WATCH CRYING THE HOUR [*By G. Cattermole*

The watch with staff and lantern cried the hour, and the kind of weather; and those who woke up at his voice, and turned them round in bed, were glad to hear it rained, or snowed, or blew, or froze, for very comfort's sake.
Barnaby, chap. xvi

BARNABY GREETS HIS MOTHER

"How pale you are to-night!" he said. "We have been cruel, Grip, and made her anxious!" The listener held the door of his hiding-place open with one hand, and watched him.—*Barnaby, chap. xvii*

BARNABY AND GRIP

Barnaby stretched himself on a mat; Grip, perched upon his leg, divided his time between dozing and endeavouring to recall a new accomplishment he had been studying all day.—*Barnaby, chap. xvii*

LIGHTING THE NOBLE CAPTAIN

Mr. Tappertit's obsequious follower stood with the torch above his head, and then the observer noticed that he was blind.—*Barnaby, chap. xviii*

READING THE LOVE-LETTER

As Emma Haredale became absorbed in the contents of her letter, Dolly's eyes unaccountably wandered to the glass again.—*Barnaby, chap. xx*

HUGH ACCOSTS DOLLY VARDEN

There was something of coarse, bold admiration in his look which terrified her. She glanced timidly towards him, and he stood gazing at her like a handsome satyr.—*Barnaby, chap. xxi*

HUGH CALLS ON HIS PATRON

"Fill high," he said to Mr. Chester, and added as he tossed it down his hairy throat, "Give me enough of this, and I'll do murder if you ask me!"—*Barnaby, chap. xxiii*

PURIFYING THE ATMOSPHERE

"Here, Peak, bring some scent and sprinkle the floor. I am stifled!" The man obeyed, and Mr. Chester then demanded his hat, folded it jauntily under his arm, and took his seat in his chair.—*Barnaby, chap. xxiii*

A PAINFUL INTERVIEW

The widow with downcast eyes, Mr. Haredale, stern and despondent, his niece beside him, Barnaby with his vacant look, were all in keeping with the place. "I scarcely know," said the widow, "how to begin."—*Barnaby, chap. xxv*

OLD JOHN ASLEEP IN HIS COSY BAR [*By G. Cattermole*

He made a point of going to sleep at the coach's time. He despised gadding about; and looked upon coaches as beneath the dignity of men.—*Barnaby, chap. xxv*

MR. CHESTER MAKING AN IMPRESSION

He gently took the Manual from Mrs. Varden's hand, saying, "My favourite book, dear madam. How often have I deduced morals from its pages for my dear son Ned!"—*Barnaby, chap. xxvii*

MISS HAREDALE ON THE BRIDGE [*By G. Cattermole*

A glimpse of the form and dress as she crossed a little wooden bridge, satisfied Mr. Chester that it was Miss Haredale.—*Barnaby, chap. xxix*

OLD JOHN RESTRAINS HIS SON

Mr. Chester was scarcely in the saddle, and Joe in the act of making his best bow, when old John dived out of the porch. "How dare you come out of the door without leave?"—*Barnaby, chap. xxx*

JOE BIDS DOLLY GOOD-BYE

"I have come," said Joe, "to say good-bye; perhaps for ever." Dolly said "Indeed!" remarked that it was a fine night, and betrayed no more emotion than the forge itself.—*Barnaby, chap. xxxi*

MR. CHESTER'S DIPLOMACY

"You have had a cool dismissal, have you?" said his father. "Poor Ned! I told you what would happen. May I ask you for the nut-crackers?"—*Barnaby, chap. xxxii*

SOLOMON FRIGHTENED BY A GHOST

Mr. Willet had just finished speaking to Messrs. Parkes and Cobb when Solomon dashed into the room, as complete a picture of terror as can be imagined
Barnaby, chap. xxxiii

OLD JOHN'S BODYGUARD

"Willet," said Mr. Haredale, "why do you bring that fellow here?" "Why, sir," returned Joe, "Hugh's a good guard, you see."—*Barnaby, chap. xxxiv*

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AT THE MAYPOLE

Old John Willet advanced towards Lord George Gordon and his tall and angular secretary, Gashford, with a state candlestick in each hand.—*Barnaby, chap. xxxv*

ANOTHER PROTESTANT

"I'd lead them, Muster Gashford——" began Dennis the hangman, when in walked a new visitor, giving to view the form and features of Hugh.—*Barnaby, chap. xxxvii*

A NO-POPERY DANCE

Hugh and Dennis rose from their seats in The Boot as by previous concert, and performed an extemporaneous No-Popery Dance.—*Barnaby, chap xxxviii*

MR. TAPPERTIT FINDS AN OLD FRIEND

"You may have seen me before," said Hugh; "I shouldn't wonder." "It's easily settled," returned Sim. "Look at me. Did you ever see *me* before?"—*Barnaby, chap. xxxix*

MR. TAPPERTIT'S HARANGUE

Hugh, grinning from ear to ear, placed himself beside the orator, as he mounted on an empty cask which stood by way of rostrum in the room.—*Barnaby, chap. xxxix*

THE LOCKSMITH DRESSING FOR PARADE

Dolly helped Gabriel in all kinds of graceful winning ways, while Mrs. Varden stood by with folded arms, and Miggs held his sword at arm's length.—*Barnaby, chap. xli*

MR. HAREDALE'S LONELY WATCH [*By G. Cattermole*

Haggard and careworn, he listened in the solitary house to every sound that stirred, until the day should come and end his nightly watching.—*Barnaby, chap. xlii*

A CHANCE MEETING IN WESTMINSTER HALL [*By G. Cattermole*

Sir John Chester lifted his hat, stopped short in his walk with Gashford, and cried, "Haredale! Gad bless me, this is strange indeed!"—*Barnaby, chap. xliii*

MR. HAREDALE DEFIES THE MOB

He threw himself on Gashford and hurled him to the ground. Some of the crowd laid hands upon him, but his sword was out, and they fell off again. "Lord George—Sir John,"—he cried, "draw, one of you—you are responsible for this outrage, and I look to you."—*Barnaby, chap. xliv*

THE RUDGES' PEACEFUL HOME

Their hut—for it was little more—stood on the outskirts of the town, at a short distance from the high road, but in a secluded place.—*Barnaby, chap. xlv*

STAGG'S DEMAND

"My friend has pressing necessity for twenty pounds," said the blind man to Mrs. Rudge. "Twenty pounds, widow, is a moderate demand."—*Barnaby, chap. xlv*

GRIP'S PERFORMANCE

The lady sat at a little distance from her husband, and glanced at Barnaby with a look of pity. The corks, and the never say die, afforded the justice much delight.
Barnaby, chap. xlvii

BARNABY IS ENROLLED

"You desire to make one of this great body, do you?" said Lord George. "Yes—yes," said Barnaby. "To be sure! I told my mother so myself."—*Barnaby, chap. xlviii*

LORD GEORGE BRINGS NEWS OF THE DEBATE

On the stairs which led to the strangers' gallery of the House of Commons, Lord George appeared. On the other flight of stairs running parallel to it, Barnaby, Hugh, and Dennis were posted "Order!" cried Hugh. "News! News from my lord!"—*Barnaby, chap. xlix*

THE RIOTERS' HEAD-QUARTERS [*By G. Cattermole*

The Boot was a lone house of public entertainment, situated in the fields at the back of the Foundling Hospital, a very solitary spot standing at some distance from any high road.—*Barnaby, chaps. xxxviii and lii*

THE RIOTERS WITH THEIR SPOILS

They marched to the place of rendezvous agreed upon, made great fires in the fields, and reserving the most valuable of their spoils, burnt the rest.—*Barnaby, chap. lii*

THE SECRETARY'S WATCH

Gashford stole upstairs to the top of the house, and coming out upon the roof sat down, with his face towards the east. As the darkness deepened he strained his gaze, and grew more eager yet. "Nothing but gloom in that direction still!" he muttered. "Dog! where is the redness in the sky you promised me?"

Barnaby, chap. liii

A RAID ON THE BAR [*By G. Cattermole*

While John Willet looked on at this bewildering scene, Hugh kept near him; and though he was the wildest villain there, saved his old master's bones a score of times.

Barnaby, chap. liv

OLD JOHN AT A DISADVANTAGE

Left alone in his dismantled bar, he continued to sit staring about him. By-and-bye he heard a footstep, and a deep voice said: "Are you alone in this house?"

Barnaby, chap. lv

THE MURDERER ARRESTED [*By G. Cattermole*

"Villain!" cried Mr. Haredale. "You, Rudge, double murderer and monster, I arrest you in the name of the God who has delivered you into my hands."—*Barnaby, chap. lvi*

BARNABY TAKEN PRISONER

He was dealing blows about him like a madman.—*Barnaby, chap. lvii*

BARNABY IN NEWGATE

They conducted him to a strong stone cell, and left him there well secured; having first thrust in Grip, who with his head drooping and his deep black plumes rough and rumpled, appeared to comprehend and to partake of his master's fallen fortunes.—*Barnaby, chap. lviii.*

THE LADIES' ESCORT [*By G. Cattermole*

Hugh took his seat upon the bar, and Mr. Tappertit, mounting the steps and hanging on by the door, issued his directions to the driver.—*Barnaby, chap. lix*

DOLLY IN HUGH'S ARMS

"Carry her into the next house!" commanded Simon Tappertit. Hugh had her in his arms directly, and Miss Haredale and Dennis looked on.—*Barnaby, chap. lix*

THE MURDERER'S CONFESSION

"This is bad, Rudge, this is bad," said the blind man. "Where were you taken?" "At Chigwell," he answered, "driven there by Fate."—*Barnaby, chap. lxii*

FATHER AND SON

What was this! His son! Rudge, shrinking and cowed, recognised him; and Barnaby wondered where he had seen that face before.—*Barnaby, chap. lxii*

THE LOCKSMITH UNDAUNTED

The mob forced Gabriel Varden close up to the door of Newgate, and laid the basket of tools before him to pick the lock. "No," he said, "I will not!"—*Barnaby, chap. lxiv*

THE HANGMAN'S BADINAGE

Having rapped each set of knuckles, Dennis resumed his seat with a cheerful countenance. "Worse manners," he said, "I never see in this place before. You're a disgrace to the Bailey."—*Barnaby, chap. lxv*

THE RIOTERS AT WORK

There were now a great many parties in the street, and each went to work according to its humour.—*Barnaby, chap. lxvi*

TO THE RESCUE

Mr. Haredale saw before him Edward Chester, and then, when the vintner gasped his name, Joe Willet.—*Barnaby, chap. lxvii*

THE RABBLE'S ORGY

Round the fearful pond of scorching spirit, husbands and wives, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, lay in heaps and drank until they died.—*Barnaby, chap. lxviii*

CARRYING OFF THE PRISONERS [*By G. Cattermole*

Barnaby and his father went off by one road, and Hugh, fast bound upon a horse, and strongly guarded by a troop of cavalry, went by another.—*Barnaby, chap. lxix*

"YOU *ARE* WENUS, YOU KNOW"

Dennis spoke to Miggs apart concerning Miss Haredale and Dolly. "You *are* Wenus, you know," he said to her.—*Barnaby, chap. lxx*

A JOYFUL MEETING

Emma was clasped in her uncle's embrace, and Dolly fell into the arms of her father and mother. Then they saw Edward Chester and Joseph Willet.—*Barnaby, chap. lxxi*

LORD GEORGE GORDON IN THE TOWER [*Ly G. Cattermole*

Of all his forty thousand men, not one remained to bear him company. He whose weakness had been goaded on by so many for their own purposes, was desolate and alone.
Barnaby, chap. lxxiii

THE HANGMAN IN DIFFICULTIES

Dennis entrenched himself behind the chair, watching the sleeping Hugh with the utmost vigilance — *Barnaby, chap. lxxiv*

INTRUDING UPON THE PRIVACY OF A GENTLEMAN

"My business, Sir John, is not of a common kind," said Gabriel. "If I have taken any uncommon course to get admission to you, I hope I shall be pardoned on that account."—*Barnaby, chap. lxxv*

IN THE CONDEMNED CELL

On this last day he was elated and proud, and was busy folding a piece of black crape about his hat, when his mother dropped her book and fell upon his neck. Grip uttered a feeble croak, and lapsed into silence.—*Barnaby, chap. lxxvi*

HUGH'S CURSE

Barnaby stood beckoning him to follow. Hugh raised his right arm aloft, looking like a savage and inspired prophet, and cried, "Upon these human shambles I, who never raised his hand in prayer till now, call down the wrath of God! I leave the wish that that man who, in his conscience, owns me for his son, may die a violent death as I do now, and have the night-wind for his only mourner."—*Barnaby, chap. lxxvii*

DOLLY EMBRACES JOE

Mr. Willet took his pipe from his mouth and stared at his son, as Dolly threw herself on Joe's breast and clasped her arms round his neck.—*Barnaby, chap. lxxviii*

MR. HAREDALE BESTOWS HIS NIECE'S HAND

"Her father had a generous nature, and you would have pleased him well. I give her to you in his name, and with his blessing." With these words he placed Emma in Edward's arms.—*Barnaby, chap. lxxix*

MIGGS'S SHORT-LIVED JOY

The locksmith looked from his wife to Dolly, then to Joe, then his eyes rested, fascinated, on Miggs. "Can I restrain my feelings in these here once agin united moments!" she cried.—*Barnaby, chap. lxxx*

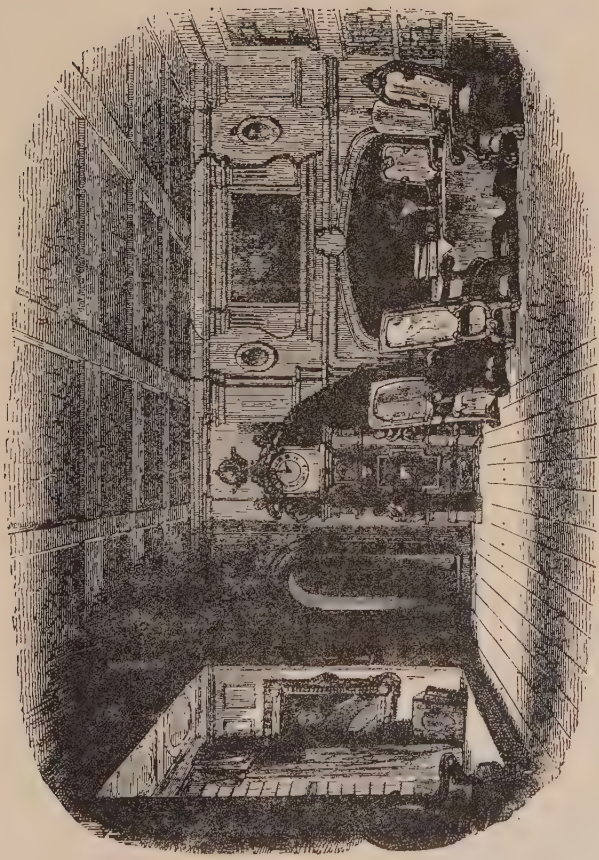
SIR JOHN CHESTER'S END [*By G. Cattermole*

He gazed with scorn and hatred at Mr. Haredale, then tried to smile that the expression would not distort his features after death, and fell back dead.—*Barnaby, chap. lxxi*

FRONTISPIECE TO FIRST VOLUME OF "MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK"

FRONTISPIECE TO SECOND VOLUME OF "MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK"

FRONTISPIECE TO THIRD VOLUME OF "MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK."



THE CLOCK-SIDE IN THE CHIMNEY-CORNER

GOG AND MAGOG

"Why did you laugh?" said Giant Gog, leaning his staff in the window-corner. "To think," replied Giant Magog, laying his hand upon the cask, "that the owner kept this wine in a cellar for thirty years."—*Humphrey's Clock, chap. i*

THE TWO FRIENDS

I can call up the figure of the deaf gentleman now, seated in the chimney-corner. As he puffs out the smoke from his favourite pipe, he casts a look on me brimful of cordiality and friendship.—*Humphrey's Clock, chap. ii*

A CHARMING FELLOW

He has broken all the lamps on the right-hand side of Oxford Street, and carried away every bell-handle in Bloomsbury Square.—*Humphrey's Clock, chap. ii*

MR. PICKWICK INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO MASTER HUMPHREY

When he came towards me with his hat in his hand, the sun shining on his bald head, his bland face, his bright spectacles, his fawn-coloured tights, and his black gaiters,—I felt certain that it was Mr. Pickwick.—*Humphrey's Clock, chap. iii*

TONY WELLER AND HIS GRANDSON

"That 'ere Tony is the blessedest boy," said Mr. Weller. "To see him a settin' down on the doorstep pretending to drink, and smoking a bit of firewood and sayin', 'Now I'm grandfather,' is better than any play as wos ever wrote."—*Humphrey's Clock, chap. iii*

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB

Master Humphrey flattens the paper on the table, Jack Redburn and Mr. Miles look on with approval; the deaf gentleman draws in his chair, and Mr. Pickwick beats time.—*Humphrey's Clock, chap. iv*

A RIVAL CLUB

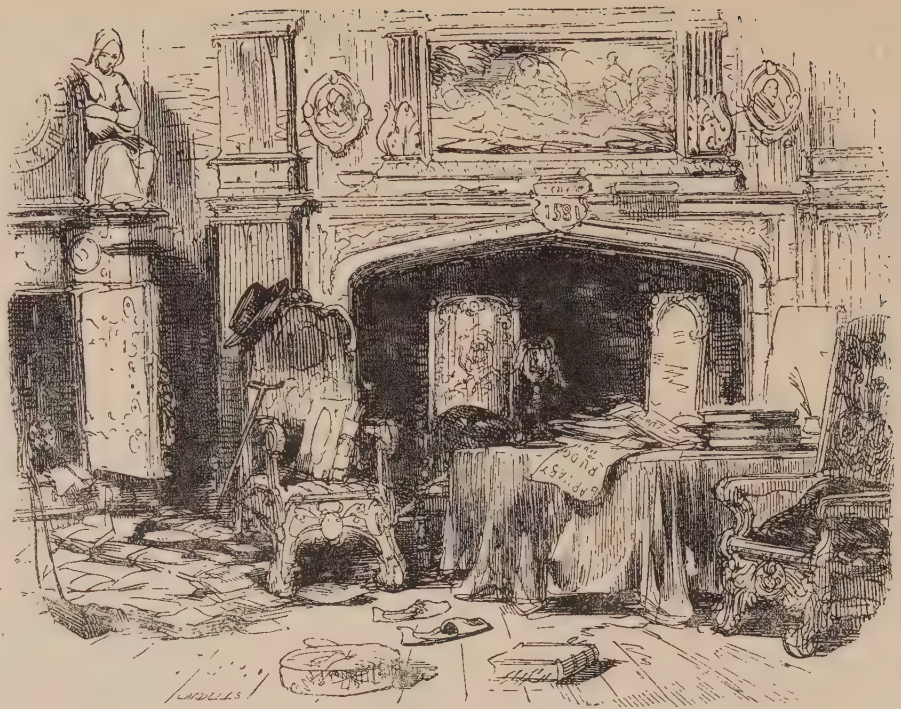
"That," said Mr. Weller, laying his watch on the table face upwards, "is the title and emblem o' this here society. Ladies and gen'lmen, Mr. Weller's Watch is wound up and now a-goin'. Order!"—*Humphrey's Clock, chap. v*

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK

He had a very round face strongly resembling Mr. Weller's, a stout little body of exactly his build. Standing with his little legs very wide apart, he winked upon the housekeeper.—*Humphrey's Clock, chap. vi*

MASTER HUMPHREY'S VISIONARY FRIENDS

Though I am the sole tenant of this chimney-corner, though I am childless and old, I am the centre of a silent group whose company I love.—*Humphrey's Clock, chap. vi*



THE DESERTED CHAMBER

Our seats are placed about the table: Master Humphrey's easy-chair, his desk, his crutch, his footstool, hold their accustomed places, and the clock stands in its familiar corner.—*Humphrey's Clock, chap. vi*

TOM PINCH AT THE ORGAN

XV.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT was published in twenty parts by Chapman & Hall, 1843–44. The design on the green wrapper was by Phiz, who also contributed forty etchings to the text. These illustrations were etched on quarto plates, two on each plate, the first six in the book, the frontispiece, vignette title, " Mr. Pinch Departs to Seek his Fortune," and " Mr. Nadgett Breathes, as Usual, an Atmosphere of Mystery," being etched three times. There is a distinct improvement in these illustrations as compared with the two preceding works. Here Phiz returns to the etching needle, the use of which seems to have a chastening effect on him after his exploits with the pencil in the *Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby*, where some of his worst examples of grotesque and untruthful outline are to be found. His plates for *Chuzzlewit* are, for the most part, effective illustrations, restrained in their humour, and at times inclined a little to dulness of treatment. Pecksniff, fortunately, is not burlesqued unduly. The plate of Sairey Gamp " propoging " a toast has been particularly commended for its faithfulness to the text.

The original designs for the book were sold at Sotheby's in 1889 for ever £430, " Mrs. Gamp ' Propoges ' a Toast " realising £35, 10s.

Phiz supplied a vignette to each of the two volumes of the Library Edition of *Chuzzlewit*, engraved on steel from water-colour drawings. The subjects of these vignettes are " Meekness of Mr. Pecksniff and his Charming Daughters " and " Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig " at the moment when the latter questions the existence of Mrs. Harris.

The first cheap edition, published in 1849, contained a frontispiece by F. Stone, engraved on wood by T. Bolton. This illustration shows Mark Tapley on the sick-bed. The Household Edition had sketches by Fred Barnard.

The extra illustrators seem to have collapsed with the

appearance of *Chuzzlewit*. Kitton records one attempt only; this consisting of four woodcuts in a green wrapper, price sixpence. The thing was a failure, both in the artistic and monetary sense.

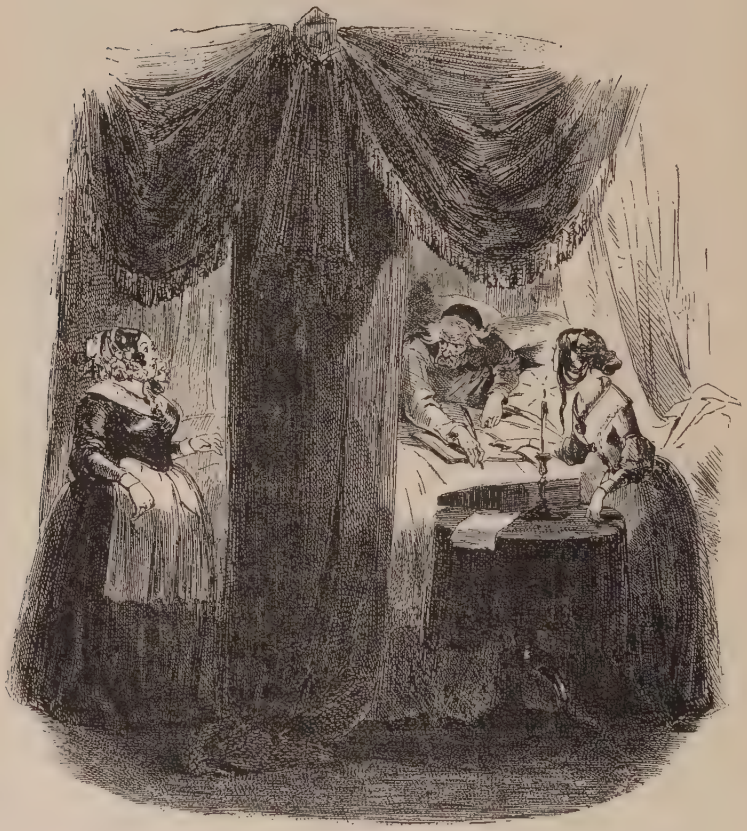
The entire series of drawings by Phiz will be found in the succeeding pages, and, though reduced in size, and not to be studied for the technique of the originals, these serve to give a good general idea of the more popular qualities of the illustrator's work.

A NEW PUPIL

Mr. Pecksniff's professional engagements were confined to the reception of pupils; his genius lay in pocketing premiums.—*Chap. ii*

MEEKNESS OF MR. PECKSNIFF AND HIS CHARMING DAUGHTERS

Tom Pinch glanced from Mr. Pecksniff to Mercy, from Mercy to Charity, but none of them took any notice of him.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. ii*



MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT SUSPECTS THE LANDLADY WITHOUT ANY REASON

"You do your errand, and you earn your fee. Now, who may be *your* client?" said Martin. Mrs. Lupin looked at her whom he called Mary in astonishment.
Chuzzlewit, chap. iii

PLEASANT LITTLE FAMILY PARTY AT MR. PECKSNIFF'S

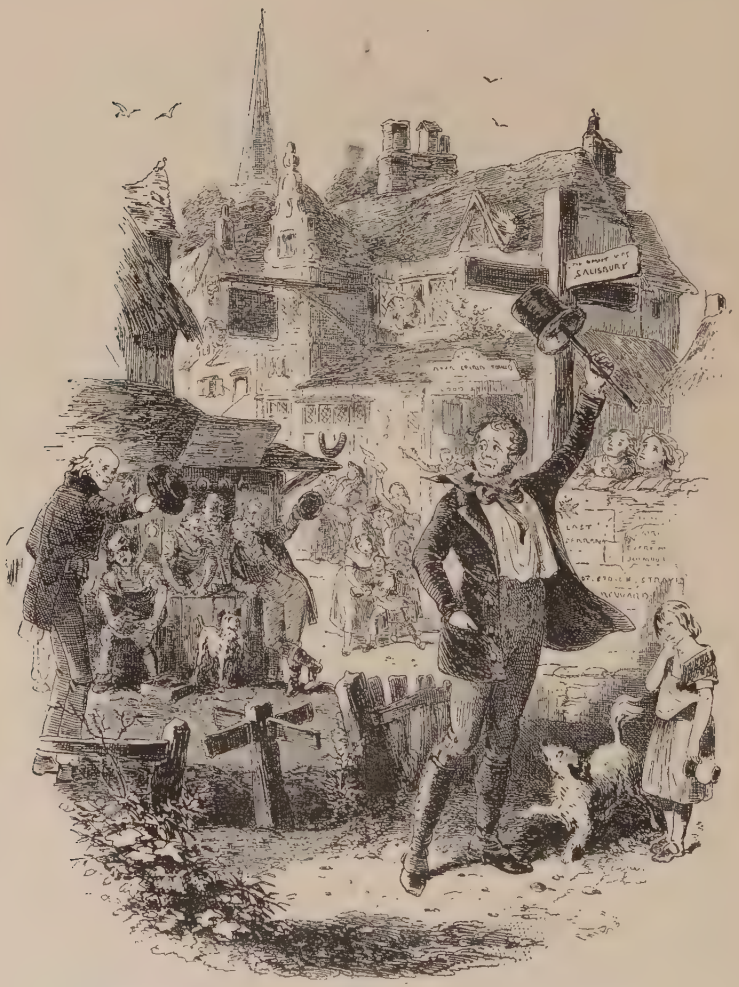
The two Miss Pecksniffs were a good match for the three Miss Chuzzlewits; the strong-minded woman taunted Mrs. Spottletoe, who shed tears, and Mr. Spottletoe held his fist to Mr. Pecksniff's eyes.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. iv*

PINCH STARTS HOMEWARD WITH THE NEW PUPIL

By interposing a perfect wall of box and man between the cold air and the new pupil, Tom shielded that young gentleman effectually.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. v*

MR. PINCH AND THE NEW PUPIL ON A SOCIAL OCCASION

Martin Chuzzlewit, after stirring the fire into a blaze, sat moodily down before it in the most comfortable chair. Mr. Pinch took up his position on Miss Mercy Pecksniff's stool, and, putting his plate upon his knees, began to enjoy himself.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. vi*



MARK BEGINS TO BE JOLLY UNDER CREDITABLE CIRCUMSTANCES

"Good-by'e one, good-by'e all!" cried Mark, waving his hat on the top of his walking-stick. "Hearty chaps them wheelwrights—hurrah! And Mr. Pinch a-going to his organ—good-by'e, sir! I'm uncommon jolly. Not quite as jolly as I could wish to be, but very near."—*Chuzzlewit, chap. vii*

MRS. TODGERS AND THE PECKSNIFFS CALL UPON MISS PINCH

Mrs. Todgers, leaning on Mr. Pecksniff's arm, preserved a kind of genteel grimness.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. ix*

TRUTH PREVAILS, AND VIRTUE IS TRIUMPHANT

The two Miss Pecksniffs, hearing that their father and Mr. Chuzzlewit were friends, embraced him and grouped themselves about his chair.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. x*

MR. JONAS CHUZZLEWIT ENTERTAINS HIS COUSINS

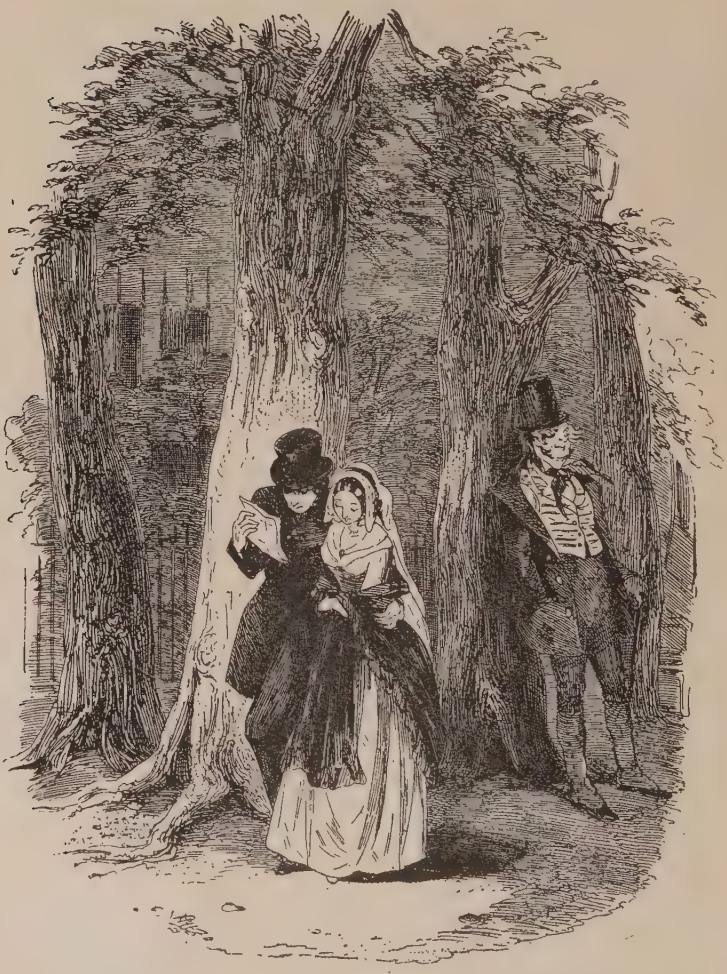
Chuffey fell back into a corner of the fireplace; Miss Mercy yawned over a newspaper; Anthony went to sleep, so Jonas and Cherry had a clear stage to themselves.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xi*

MR. PECKSNIFF RENOUNCES THE DECEIVER

Pinch caught Martin in his arms, and Mr. Pecksniff tumbled over a chair, and fell in a sitting posture on the ground.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xii*

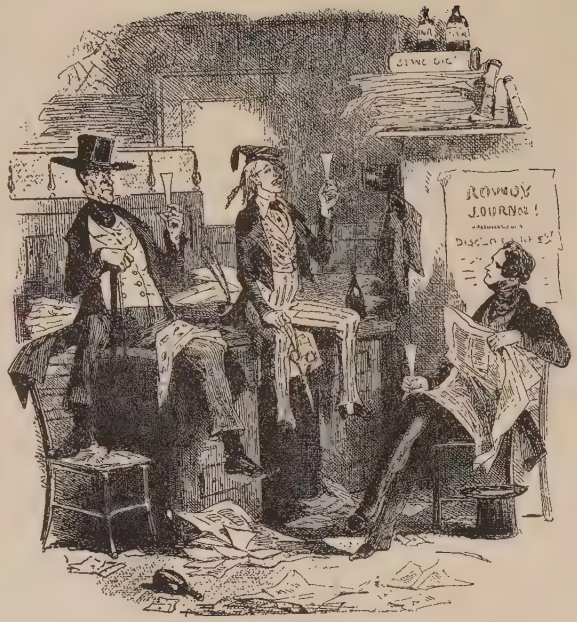
MARTIN MEETS AN ACQUAINTANCE AT THE HOUSE OF A MUTUAL RELATION

"I have removed my town establishment from thirty-eight Mayfair, to number fifteen-hundred-and-forty-two Park Lane," said Mr. Tigg; desiring to see how the occupant of the next box received his pleasantry, he glanced round the partition and recognised Martin.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xiii*



MARK TAPLEY ACTS THIRD PARTY WITH GREAT DISCRETION

Mark was intent upon the fog when Martin took the letter he had written from his pocket, and read it to Mary. "'My dear Tom Pinch.' That's rather familiar perhaps, but I call him my dear Tom Pinch, because he likes it, and it pleases him."—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xiv*



MR. JEFFERSON BRICK PROPOSES AN APPROPRIATE SENTIMENT

"I will give you," he said to Colonel Diver and Martin, "'The Rowdy Journal' and its brethren; the well of Truth, whose waters are black from being composed of printers' ink."—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xvi*

MR. TAPLEY SUCCEEDS IN FINDING A JOLLY SUBJECT FOR CONTEMPLATION

Having decorated the "Rowdy Journal" door with his own initials, he was whistling "Rule Britannia" for the gratification of a black man who stared intently at him.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xvii*

THE DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

A scream from Chuffey, and Jonas and Pecksniff saw Anthony extended on the floor, with the old clerk upon his knees beside him

Chuzzlewit, chap. xviii

MR. PECKSNIFF ON HIS MISSION

At the first double knock at Mrs. Gamp's door, troops of married ladies flocked round, crying out, "Knock at the winder, sir!"

Chuzzlewit, chap. xix

THE THRIVING CITY OF EDEN AS IT APPEARED ON PAPER

"I suppose," said Martin, feigning to look narrowly at the plan. "there are—several architects there?" "There ain't a single one," said Scadder.– *Chuzzlewit, chap. xxi*

THE THRIVING CITY OF EDEN AS IT APPEARED IN FACT

Mark displayed their placard on their premises, and said to Martin, "Now, if any gentleman wants a house built, he'd better give his orders, afore we're bespoke."—*Chuzzlewit, chap, xxiii*

BALM FOR THE WOUNDED ORPHAN

Mercy laved Jonas's wound, while Pecksniff held his head between his hands, and Tom Pinch shook a bottle of Dutch Drops; Charity rendered not the least assistance.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xxiv*

MRS. GAMP HAS HER EYE ON THE FUTURE

"Still in the land of the living, Chuff?" said Jonas. Mrs. Gamp gave Merry a printed card on which was the inscription copied from her signboard.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xxvi*

THE BOARD

The resident Director gave a start as the doctor laid his leg across his own. "In Mr. Crimple's leg, Mr. Montague," he said, "there is some animal oil."—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xxvii*

EASY SHAVING

"Go *with* the grain, Poll, all round, please," said Mr. Bailey, screwing up his face for the lather. "You may do wot you like with the whisker."
Chuzzlewit, chap. xxix

MR. PECKSNIFF DISCHARGES A DUTY WHICH HE OWES TO SOCIETY

At the outer door stood Jane, crying with all her might; and outside was Mrs. Lupin, sobbing bitterly, and putting out her hand for Tom to shake. Mr. Pecksniff appeared on the top of the steps, and kept his hand stretched out as though he said, "Go forth!"

Chuzzlewit, chap. xxxi

MR. MODDLE IS BOTH PARTICULAR AND PECULIAR IN HIS ATTENTIONS

After plighting his troth to Miss Pecksniff, he sobbed, and said, "Oh, what a trying day this has been, good gracious!"—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xxxii*

MR. TAPLEY IS RECOGNISED BY SOME FELLOW-CITIZENS OF EDEN

He recognised as his fellow-passengers on the Screw, the man and the two boys, the woman nursing her daughter.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xxxii*

MARTIN IS MUCH GRATIFIED BY AN IMPOSING CEREMONY

"I hope my Honourable Friend," said the Gentlemanly Member, of Mr. Pecksniff, "will give me many opportunities of cultivating the knowledge of him, and I may lay to-day two first stones, both belonging to structures which shall last my life!"

Chuzzlewit, chap. xxxv

MR. PINCH DEPARTS TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE

Mrs. Lupin was waiting at the finger-post in her own chaise-cart. "This is kind indeed!" said Tom, bending down to shake hands with her.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xxxvi*

MR. NADGETT BREATHES, AS USUAL, AN ATMOSPHERE OF MYSTERY

"Of all the precious old dummies in appearance," said Jonas, "he's about the worst." "I believe you're Poison to him," said Tigg.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xxxviii*

MR. PINCH AND RUTH DISCOVER OF A VISITOR

Tom pretending to be incredulous of the pudding, Ruth returned to the composition of the top crust, when John Westlock entered the room *Chuzzlewit, chap. xxxix.*

MYSTERIOUS INSTALLATION OF MR. PINCH

Mr Pips walked out Tom, standing there among the books with his hat in his hand, was so confounded that John laughed heartily at him *Chuzzlewit, chap. xxxix*

MR. JONAS EXHIBITS HIS PRESENCE OF MIND

Montague was lying senseless on the road when Jonas ran to the horses' heads; and, pulling at their bridles, set them struggling and plunging with such violence as brought their hoofs at every effort nearer to the skull of the prostrate man

Chuzzlewit, chap. xlii

MR. PECKSNIFF ANNOUNCES HIMSELF AS THE SHIELD OF VIRTUE

He interposed between them as Martin advanced to seize his grandfather's hand. "No, sir, none of that. Launch your arrows at me; not at Him!"—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xliii*

MR. MODDLE IS LED TO THE CONTEMPLATION OF HIS DESTINY

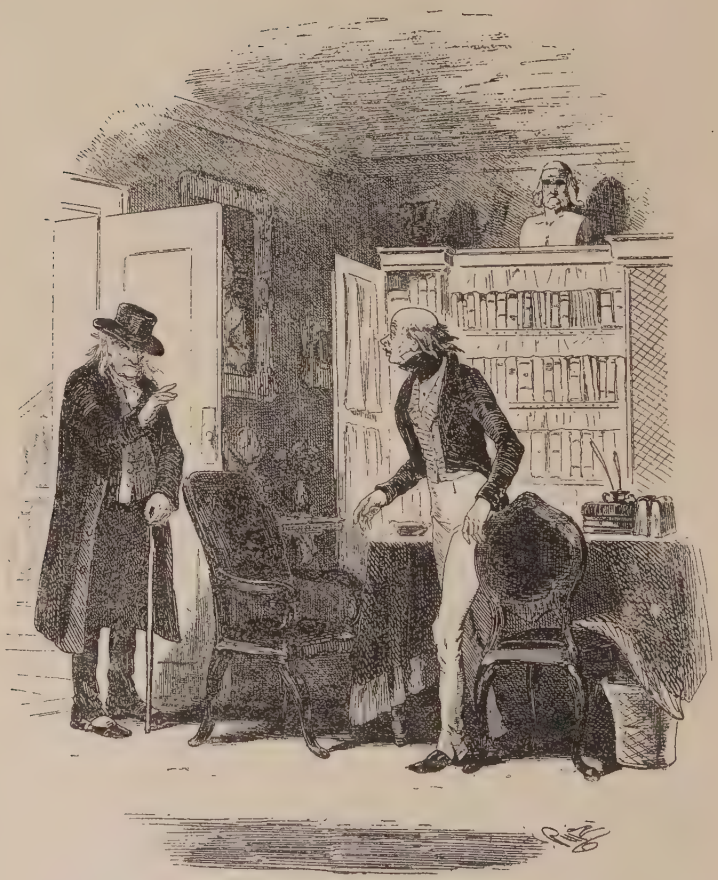
"Miss Pecksniff and the young gentleman to whom she is to be married," said Tom to Ruth. "We had better avoid speaking to them."—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xlvi*

MRS. GAMP MAKES TEA

Miss Pecksniff sat beside her Augustus; Mrs. Todgers was knitting; Merry was holding Ruth's hand; while Mrs. Gamp discharged her duties with affability.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xlvi*

MRS. GAMP PROPOGES A TOAST

"Betsey," said Mrs. Gamp. "I will now propoge a toast. My frequent pardner, Betsey Prig!" "Which, altering the name to Sairah Gamp, I drink," said Mrs. Prig.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. xlix*



MR. PINCH IS AMAZED BY AN UNEXPECTED APPARITION

He rose from his chair and half believed he saw a spirit. Old Martin Chuzzlewit, whom he had left at Mr Pecksniff's, weak and sinking! Not the same, for this old man, though old, was strong, and leaned upon his stick with a vigorous hand, while with the other he signed to Tom to make no noise.—*Chuzzlewit, chap. l*

WARM RECEPTION OF MR. PECKSNIFF BY HIS VENERABLE FRIEND

Old Martin, with his burning indignation crowded into one vehement burst, struck him down upon the ground with a well-directed blow.
Chuzzlewit, chap. lii

THE NUPTIALS OF MISS PECKSNIFF RECEIVE A TEMPORARY CHECK

The guests read Mr. Moddle's farewell letter greedily, while in the bitterness of her mortification, Miss Pecksniff fainted away.
Chuzzlewit, chap. liv

FRONTISPIECE TO "DOMBEY AND SON"

XVI.

DOMBEY AND SON.

PUBLISHED in twenty monthly parts by Bradbury & Evans in 1846–48, the green wrapper of *Dombey and Son* bears a design by Phiz, and the same artist contributed forty etchings to the letterpress. Kitton chronicles the fact that all the plates were etched in duplicate, and the greater number were drawn on quarto plates with two subjects on each. In *Dombey* Phiz first made use of the oblong form of illustration, all his earlier plates having been designed as uprights, often to the ruin of the subject.

Dickens, who was staying at Lausanne, and who had the sketches sent to him for his approval, was "excessively anxious" about them, and was always giving a hint here and a suggestion there with regard to them. "The man for Dombey," he wrote, "if Browne could see him, the class man to a T, is Sir A—— E——, of D——'s; great pains will be necessary with Miss Tox. The Toodle family should not be too much caricatured, because of Polly. I should like Browne to think of Susan Nipper, who will be wanted in the first number. After the second number, they will be all nine or ten years older, but this will not involve much change in the characters, except in the children and Miss Nipper." He was very disappointed, however, on first seeing the etching of Paul, Mrs. Pipchin and the Cat by the fire. Writing to Forster, he said, "I am really *distressed* by the illustration of Mrs. Pipchin and Paul. It is so frightfully and wildly wide of the mark. Good Heaven! in the commonest and most literal construction of the text it is all wrong. She is described as an old lady, and Paul's 'miniature arm-chair' is mentioned more than once. He ought to be sitting in a little arm-chair down in the corner of the fireplace, staring up at her. I can't say what pain and vexation it is to be so utterly misrepresented. I would cheerfully have given a hundred pounds to have kept this illustration out of the book."

Dickens seems to have been more than usually difficult to please with this book. Forster gives two pages of suggested heads for Mr. Dombey, sketched by Phiz—all showing very slight divergencies from the type finally adopted. The novelist supplied very elaborate notes for most of the plates, and took immense pains to keep Phiz in reasonable touch with the spirit and letter of the text, but not always with success.

The first cheap edition of *Dombey* appeared in 1858, with a frontispiece by Phiz, showing the flight of Carker. For the Library Edition the same artist supplied a vignette to each of the two volumes, the subjects of these being "Mr. Dombey and Mrs. Edith Dombey" and "Paul and Florence" at the seaside. Fred Barnard illustrated the Household Edition published by Chapman & Hall, the American issue of this edition containing drawings by W. L. Sheppard.

Phiz, as already noted, was also responsible for four charming extra plates of Paul, Florence, Edith, and Alice, engraved on steel. In addition he etched eight other plates, giving full-length portraits of Dombey and Carker, Miss Tox, Mrs. Skewton, Mrs. Pipchin, Old Sol and Captain Cuttle, Major Bagstock, Miss Nipper, and Polly.

A glance at the list of paintings given in the chapter on "Dickens in Art" will show how popular the subject of little Paul asking Florence "What are the wild waves saying?" has been with artists.

The whole of Phiz's etchings to the early edition of *Dombey* are here reproduced on a larger scale than the other examples, except those of *Pickwick*, together with the four beautiful steel plates above mentioned.

MISS TOX INTRODUCES "THE PARTY"

Miss Tox escorted a plump rosy-cheeked wholesome apple-faced young woman, with an infant in her arms; a younger woman, not so plump, but apple-faced also, who led a plump and apple-faced child in each hand; another plump and also apple-faced boy who walked by himself; and finally, a plump and apple-faced man, who stood down on the floor another plump and apple-faced boy whom he was carrying.—*Dombey, chap. ii*

THE DOMBEY FAMILY

Mr. Dombey saw her pause irresolutely at the door and look towards him. "Come in," he said, "come in: what is the child afraid of?" Florence came in; and stood pressing her small hands hard together, close within the door.—*Dombey, chap. iii*

THE CHRISTENING PARTY

Mr. Dombey stood frigidly watching his little daughter, who, clapping her hands, and standing on tiptoe before the throne of his son and heir, lured him to bend down from his high estate, and look at her.—*Dombey, chap. v*

POLLY RESCUES THE CHARITABLE GRINDER

A small party of boys, headed by a ferocious young butcher, finding a Charitable Grinder in the midst of them, set up a yell, and rushed upon Biler. Polly at once started to the rescue of her unhappy little son.—*Dombey, chap. vi*

PAUL AND MRS. PIPCHIN

Mrs. Pipchin would make Paul move his chair to her side of the fire, and there he would remain in a nook between her and the fender, studying every line and wrinkle of her countenance. Mrs. Pipchin had an old black cat, and the good old lady might have been a witch, and Paul and the cat her familiars, as they all sat by the fire together.

Dombey, chap. viii

CAPTAIN CUTTLE CONSOLES HIS FRIEND

"Lay your head well to the wind," said Captain Cuttle to old Sol, "and we'll fight through it." He then put down upon the table the two tea-spoons and the sugar-tongs, the silver watch, and the ready money.—*Dombey, chap. ix*

DOCTOR BLIMBER'S YOUNG GENTLEMEN AS THEY APPEARED WHEN ENJOYING THEMSELVES

The young gentlemen all went out for a walk Doctor Blimber accompanied them; and Paul had the honour of being taken in tow by the Doctor himself: a distinguished state of things, in which he looked very little and feeble.—*Dombey, chap. xii*

PAUL'S EXERCISES

After her own daily lessons were over, Florence sat down at night to track Paul's footsteps through the thorny ways of learning. Miss Nipper, with her hair in papers and herself asleep in an uncomfortable attitude, reposed unconscious by her side.—*Dombey, chap. xii*

PAUL GOES HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

There was a general move after Paul and Florence down the staircase and into the hall, in which the whole Blimber family were included. The servants, with the butler at their head, had all an interest in seeing Little Dombey go.—*Dombey, chap. xiv*

PROFOUND COGITATION OF CAPTAIN CUTTLE

"When you see Ned Cuttle bite his nails, Wal'r, then you may know that Ned Cuttle's aground." Thereupon the Captain put his iron hook between his teeth, as if it were a hand, and with an air of wisdom and profundity applied himself to the consideration of the subject.—*Dombey, chap. xv*

POOR PAUL'S FRIEND

When Diogenes dived under all the furniture, wound a long iron chain, that dangled from his neck, round legs of chairs and tables, Florence was as pleased with him as if he had been a miracle of discretion.—*Dombey, chap. xviii*

THE WOODEN MIDSHIPMAN ON THE LOOK-OUT

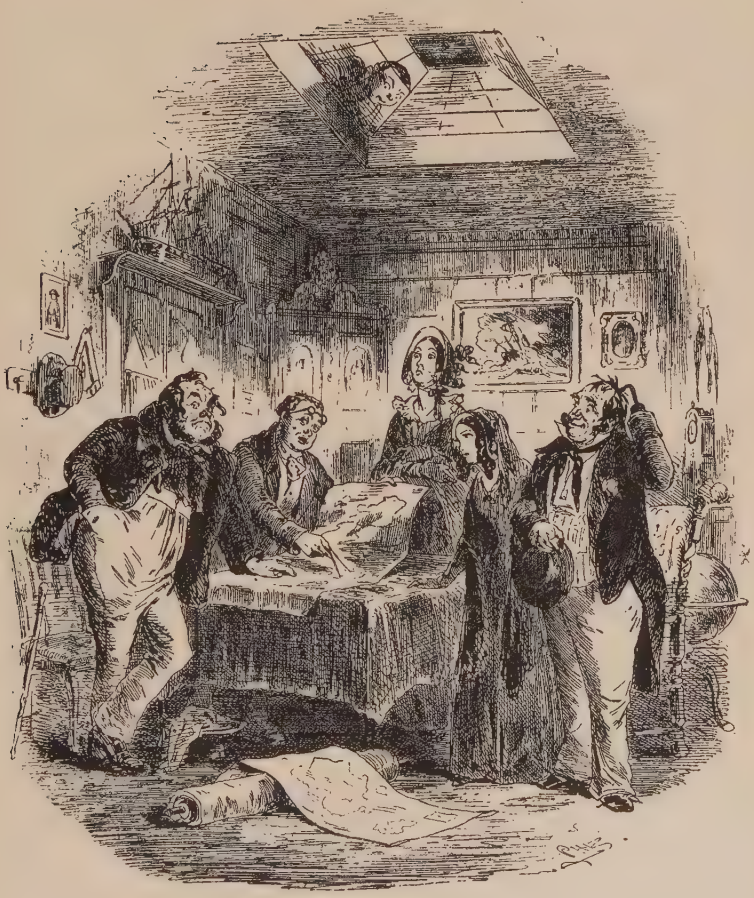
Under the eye of the Midshipman, coming full into the sphere of his startled and intensely wide-awake look-out, were Florence and Susan Nipper: Florence looking up into his face, half timidly, and receiving the whole shock of his wooden ogling.—*Dombey, chap xix*

MAJOR BAGSTOCK IS DELIGHTED TO HAVE THAT OPPORTUNITY

"Mr. Dombey, Mrs. Skewton." The lady in the chair was gracious. "Mr. Dombey, Mrs. Granger." The lady with the parasol was faintly conscious of Mr. Dombey's taking off his hat. "I am delighted, Sir," said the Major, "to have this opportunity." *Dombey, chap. xxi*

MR. TOOTS BECOMES PARTICULAR—DIOGENES ALSO

The bold Toots made an awkward plunge at Susan when the door was shut, and, embracing that fair creature, kissed her on the cheek. Diogenes rushed down the stairs to the rescue, and seized Mr. Toots by the leg.—*Dombey, chap xxii*



SOLEMN REFERENCE IS MADE TO MR. BUNSBY

Uncle Sol roamed over the great sheet before him with a pair of compasses; Bunsby continued to address his gaze to somewhere about the half-way house between London and Gravesend; Miss Nipper had withdrawn herself to the opposite side of the table; Captain Cuttle had Florence on his arm; Rob the Grinder was listening at the skylight in the roof.

Dombey, chap. xxiii

MR. CARKER INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO FLORENCE AND THE SKETTLES FAMILY

Lady Skettles and Sir Barnet, in a state of perfect complacency and high gratification, were following their eldest son with Florence on his arm, when a gentleman on horseback drew in his rein and addressed Florence, hat in hand. "I have the honour to address Miss Dombey, I believe? My name is Carker."—*Dombey, chap. xxiv*

"JOE B. IS SLY, SIR, DEVILISH SLY"

"Fill this to the brim, you scoundrel," said the Major, holding up his glass to the Native. "Fill Mr. Carker's to the brim too. And Mr. Dombey's too. By Gad, gentlemen, we'll consecrate this glass of wine to a Divinity whom Joe is proud to know,—Edith is her name angelic Edith."—*Dombey, chap. xxvi*

MR. DOMBEY INTRODUCES HIS DAUGHTER FLORENCE

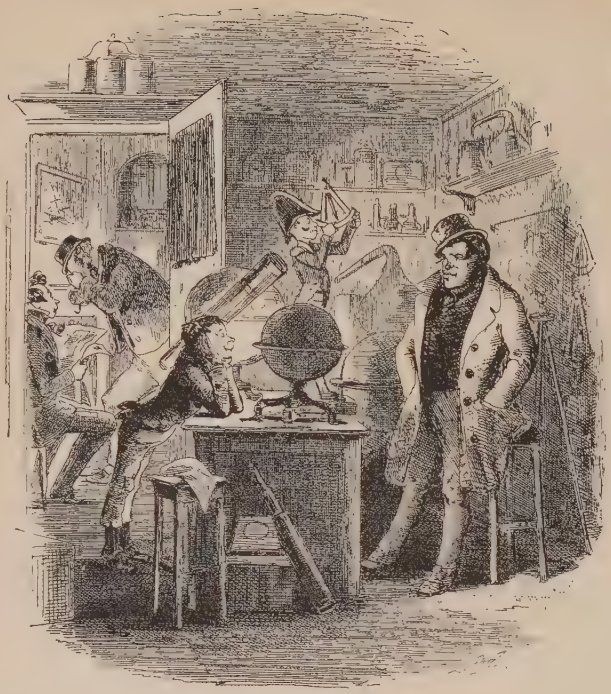
Florence saw that the lady who was seated was old, and that the other was very beautiful, and of an elegant figure. "Mrs. Skewton," said Mr. Dombey, turning to the first, "this is my daughter Florence." Then turning to the other lady, "Edith, this is my daughter Florence. Florence, this lady will soon be your mama."—*Dombey, chap. xxviii*

THE EYES OF MRS. CHICK ARE OPENED TO LUCRETIA TOX

The expatriated Native had arrived in the very nick of time to catch the delicate burden in his arms, and to receive the contents of the little watering-pot in his shoe; the Major watched them from his window over the way, and Mrs. Chick drew off as from a criminal. "Lucretia Tox," she said, "my eyes are opened to you all at once."—*Dombey, chap. xxix*

COMING HOME FROM CHURCH

The carriages arrived at the Bride's residence, the players on the bells began to jingle, the band struck up, and Mr. Punch sa uted his wife. The people ran, and pushed, and pressed around, while Mr. Dombey, leading Mrs. Dombey



ROB THE GRINDER ADMIRES THE NOBBY SHROPSHIRE ONE

Dombey, chap. xxxii

ROB THE GRINDER READING WITH CAPTAIN CUTTLE

Dombey, chap. xxxix

REJECTED ALMS

Alice threw the money down upon the ground, and spurned it with her foot. "I tread it in the dust: I wouldn't take it if it paved my way to heaven!" Harriet restrained her brother, suffering her to speak, while Alice's mother plucked at her skirts again and again.
Dombey, chap. xxxiv

MR. DOMBEY AT HOME

The throng in the state room increased every minute; but still Mr. Dombey's list of visitors appeared to have some native impossibility of amalgamating with Mrs. Dombey's list, and no one could have doubted which was which.—*Dombey, chap. xxxvi*

MISS TOX PAYS A VISIT TO THE TOODLE FAMILY

Mr. Toodle, in the midst of his family group, was conveying the two young Toodles on his knees to Birmingham by special engine, when Rob the Grinder presented himself. To Polly's surprise, another visitor appeared at the door. "How do you do, Mrs. Richards?" said Miss Tox. "May I come in?"—*Dombey, chap. xxxviii*

THE MIDSHIPMAN IS BOARDED BY THE ENEMY

The moment the fell MacStinger dashed into the parlour, Captain Cuttle darted at the little door which opened on the steep little range of cellar-steps. But Juliana and Chowley pinned him by the legs, and Mrs. MacStinger, having deposited Alexander on the floor, made at him with a strength of purpose that appeared to threaten scratches to the interposing Bunsby.—*Dombey, chap. xxxix*

A CHANCE MEETING

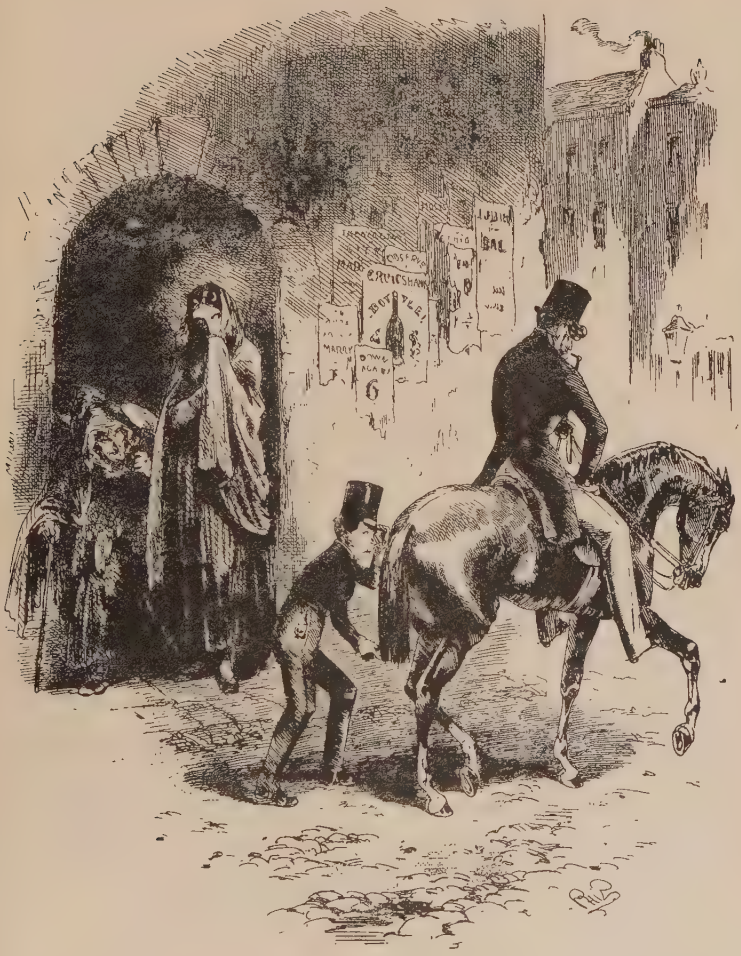
Mrs. Skewton was out upon the Downs, the proud form of her daughter moving beside her slowly, when there came advancing over a dark ridge before them, two other figures, which were so like an exaggerated imitation

MR. DOMBEY AND HIS "CONFIDENTIAL AGENT"

Breakfast was set upon the table; and, inviting Mr. Dombey to a chair which had its back towards the picture that resembled Edith, Mr. Carker took his own seat opposite to it. "Allow me," he said suddenly, leaning forward obsequiously, with his chin resting on his hand, "to ask how Mrs. Dombey is?"—*Dombey, chap. xlii*

FLORENCE PARTS FROM A VERY OLD FRIEND

Florence followed her old servant, weeping, downstairs to Edith's dressing-room, whither Susan betook herself to make her parting curtsey. "Now, here's the cab, and here's the boxes, get along with you, do!" said Mrs. Pipchin. Edith, sitting under the hands of her maid, preserved her haughty face, and took not the least notice.—*Dombey, chap. xliv*



ABSTRACTION AND RECOGNITION

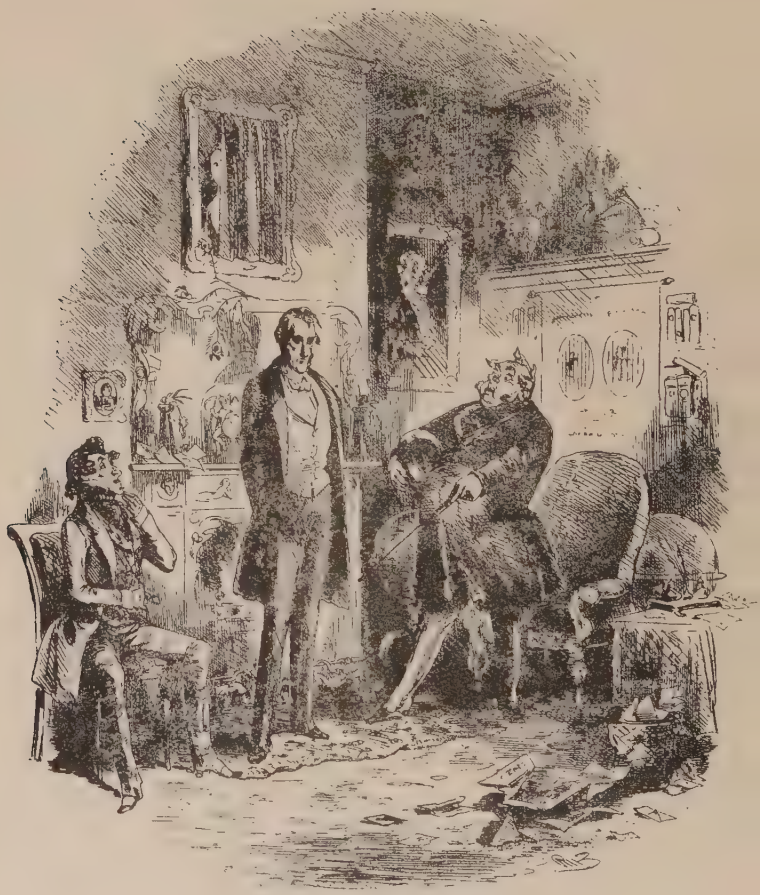
Walking his white horse to the counting-house of Dombey and Son, Mr. Carker was as unconscious of the observation of two pairs of women's eyes, as of the fascinated orbs of Rob the Grinder, who, vainly touching and retouching his hat to direct attention, trotted along on foot by his master's side.—*Dombey, chap. xlvi*

FLORENCE AND EDITH ON THE STAIRCASE

Florence, hearing a footstep on the stairs, hurried out and met her coming down alone. At sight of her, with her tearful face and outstretched arms, Edith recoiled and shrieked. "Don't come near me!" she cried. "Keep away! Let me go by!"—*Dombey, chap. xlvii*

THE SHADOW IN THE LITTLE PARLOUR

Captain Cuttle had cut a slice of bread and put it on his hook, on which he now held it to the fire; looking behind Florence, he suffered the bread to burn and blaze. "Steady, darling! courage!" he roared. "Don't look round yet. See there! upon the wall!" There was the shadow of a man upon the wall close to her. – *Dombey, chap. xlix*



MR. DOMBEY AND THE WORLD

Mr. Dombey received Cousin Feenix and Major Bagstock, standing erect before the fire. He felt that the world was looking at him out of their eyes. That it was in the stare of the pictures. That Mr. Pitt upon the bookcase represented it. "An unusually cold spring," said Mr. Dombey—to deceive the world. "Damme, Sir," said the Major, "Joseph Bagstock is a bad hand at a counterfeit."—*Dombey, chap. li*

SECRET INTELLIGENCE

"I wish you'd be a little more rational, Misses Brown. I'm hoarse with saying things in my defence, and my very face is shiny with being hugged." The Grinder glanced at Alice, who sat with her eyes fixed, as it seemed to him, on the wall behind him, but in reality on Mr. Dombey's face at the door.—*Dombey, chap. lii*

MR. CARKER IN HIS HOUR OF TRIUMPH

Edith stretched her arm out, pointing to the chair. Carker bit his lip, frowned, laughed, and sat down in it, biting his nail nervously, and looking at her sideways, with bitter discomfiture.—*Dombey, chap. liv*

ON THE DARK ROAD

"Hallo, whoop! Hallo, hi!" Away once more they dashed savagely. The stars faded, and the day glimmered, and standing in the carriage, looking back, Carker could discern the track by which he had come, and see that there was no traveller within view, on all the heavy expanse.—*Dombey, chap. lv*

AN ARRIVAL

Florence, with Walter close beside her, was finishing a little piece of work for the Captain. The Captain was playing cribbage with Mr. Toots. Mr. Toots was taking counsel as to his hand, of Susan Nipper. Diogenes was listening, and wagging his tail. Suddenly the cards dropped from the Captain's hand, and he cried out, "Sol Gills, ahoy!" as a weather-beaten pea-coat came with Polly into the room.—*Dombey, chap. lvi*

ANOTHER WEDDING

Captain Cuttle was transfixed by a triumphant procession headed by Mrs. MacStinger, who conducted Bunsby under her arm. Behind them appeared the young MacStingers, then two ladies leading between them a short gentleman in a tall hat. In the wake appeared Bunsby's boy, bearing umbrellas.—*Dombey, chap. lx*

"LET HIM REMEMBER IT IN THAT ROOM, YEARS TO COME"

Dombey, chap. lix

LITTLE PAUL

"I think Paul *very good indeed*—a beautiful little composition altogether."
Dickens in a letter to Phiz

FLORENCE

'The face of Florence strikes me as being too old, particularly about the mouth."
Dickens in a letter to Phiz

ALICE

"The better Alice of the two, decidedly that which is opposite Edith."
Dickens in a letter to Phiz

EDITH

"Edith, not so handsome as in the little drawings, and something too long and flat in the face."—*Dickens in a letter to Phiz*

XVII.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

PUBLISHED in twenty monthly parts by Bradbury & Evans, beginning May 1849, and ending in a double part November 1850, the green wrapper of *Copperfield* bore a design by Phiz, who also supplied forty etchings for the story. The wrapper shows various figures representing the Seven Ages of Man, with Dame Fortune crowning the whole. All forty drawings were etched in duplicate as in the case of *Dombey*, these duplicates differing very slightly from the originals. Dickens was pleased with the artist's presentment of Micawber, writing to Forster: "Browne has sketched an uncommonly characteristic and capital Mr. Micawber for the next number."

The late Mr. Kitton points out, in his *Dickens and his Illustrators*, the curious fact that Phiz should have drawn the residence of the Peggottys as he has done. Dickens never mentions that the boat is inverted, and the text might even lead to the supposition that it stood upright on its keel, being left "high and dry" as though washed ashore. On the Denes at Yarmouth, however, in recent years might have been seen an inverted boat that had been converted into a snug dwelling-place, and this, Kitton fancies, may have given rise to the idea of the reality of the drawing by Phiz. But we may reasonably suppose that if Dickens had thought the inverted boat incompatible with his own notion of Mr. Peggotty's home, he would not have sanctioned the first plate in which it appears, and it is just possible that we have here a rare case in which Phiz, the least imaginative and inventive of famous illustrators, improved upon the text, for the pictorial value of the inverted boat will not be denied, and it is also the more practical way of turning an old boat into a cosy home. Most of the later artists have followed his lead, but a few have preferred to show the boat upright, and this Mr. Furniss has done, making, however, very slight use of it as a subject of illustration.

A complete series of the "working" drawings of *Copperfield* is in the possession of her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans. The drawings for the plates differ in some respects from the completed etchings. Kitton tells us, for example, that in that of David on the box-seat of the coach, "My First Fall in Life," the western towers of Canterbury Cathedral are shown in the distance, but do not appear in the etching, while the drawing for "The Emigrants" shows Mr. Micawber holding a telescope, which is omitted in the plate.

There were three sketches, according to the same authority, made for "I Make Myself Known to my Aunt," the first of which represents Betsey Trotwood sitting "flat down on the garden path," in the second she is standing, but David has lost his pathetic look, and in the etching Phiz combined these two drawings. The third sketch was sold at Sotheby's in 1887 for £6, 15s., and is now owned by Mr. Thomas Wright.

The first cheap edition was published in 1858, and contained a frontispiece by Phiz, engraved on wood by Swain. This shows Little Em'ly and David Copperfield as children on the Yarmouth sands. Two vignettes were supplied by the artist to the Library Edition, one to each volume, the subjects being "Little Em'ly and David by the Sea," and "Mr. Peggotty's Dream comes True."

The household Edition published by Chapman & Hall was illustrated by Fred Barnard.

In 1852 R. H. Nibbs exhibited a picture of "Peggotty's Hut" at the Royal Academy, and Mr. Staniland introduces the familiar inverted boat into his painting of "Barkis is willin'."

The forty etchings by Phiz will be found reproduced on a smaller scale in the following pages, the original "legends" for each, as throughout the present work, being augmented by quotations of the passages illustrated.

THE ROOKERY

Instead of ringing the bell, Miss Betsey Trotwood came and looked in at the window, pressing the end of her nose against the glass.—*Copperfield, chap. i*

OUR PEW IN CHURCH

What a high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house is seen many times during the morning's service, by Peggotty.—*Copperfield, chap. ii*

LITTLE EM'LY

I AM HOSPITABLY RECEIVED BY MR. PEGGOTTY

"If you can make out here, for a fortnut, 'long wi' her," said Mr. Peggotty, nodding at his sister, "and Ham, and little Em'ly, we shall be proud of your company."—*Copperfield, chap. iii*

THE FRIENDLY WAITER AND I

He stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other.—*Copperfield, chap. v*

MY MUSICAL BREAKFAST

The Mister at Salem House is sitting with his legs crossed, playing the flute dolefully, while the old woman of the house looks on delighted.—*Copperfield, chap. v*

STEERFORTH AND MR. MELL

I am not clear whether Steerforth was going to strike Mr. Mell, or Mr. Mell to strike him. At that moment Mr Creakle came into our midst, with Tungay at his side.—*Copperfield, chap. vii*

CHANGES AT HOME

My mother was sitting by the fire, with an infant whose tiny hand she held against her neck.—*Copperfield, chap. viii*

MRS. GUMMIDGE CASTS A DAMP ON OUR DEPARTURE

Peggotty called out from the cart, in which Em'ly and I sat side by side, that Mrs. Gummidge must throw the shoe. She did it, and immediately burst into tears.—*Copperfield, chap. x*

MY MAGNIFICENT ORDER AT THE PUBLIC-HOUSE

"Just draw me a glass of the Genuine Stunning, if you please, with a good head to it," I said.—*Copperfield, chap. xi*

I MAKE MYSELF KNOWN TO MY AUNT

"If you please, aunt," I said, "I am your nephew."
Copperfield, chap. xiii

THE MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW

My aunt then turned to Miss Murdstone, "Well, ma'am, have *you* got anything to remark?"—*Copperfield, chap. xiv*

I RETURN TO THE DOCTOR'S AFTER THE PARTY

When I entered the study, the Doctor was sitting in his easy-chair by the fireside, and his young wife was on a stool at his feet.—*Copperfield, chap. xvii*

SOMEBODY TURNS UP

I had begun to wish myself well out of the visit to Uriah and Mrs. Heep, when Mr. Micawber walked in, exclaiming, "Copperfield! Is it possible?"—*Copperfield, chap. xvii*

MY FIRST FALL IN LIFE

In the first stage I was supplanted by a shabby man with a squint, who walked across me while the horses were at a canter.—*Copperfield, chap. xix*

WE ARRIVE UNEXPECTEDLY AT MR. PEGGOTY'S FIRESIDE

A clapping of hands was proceeding from Mrs. Gummidge, who was not the only person there unusually excited.—*Copperfield, chap. xxi*

I MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF MISS MOWCHER

I never did in my days behold anything like Mowcher as she stood upon the dining-table, rubbing busily at Steerforth's head. *Copperfield, chap. xxii*

MARTHA

The girl was sitting on the ground, with her head and one arm lying on a chair.—*Copperfield, chap. xxii*

URIAH PERSISTS IN HOVERING NEAR US, AT THE DINNER-PARTY

Whenever I said a word to Agnes, Uriah Heep was sure, with his shadowless eyes and cadaverous face, to be looking gauntly down on us from behind.—*Copperfield. chap. xxv*

I FALL INTO CAPTIVITY

I heard Mr. Spenlow's voice say, "Mr. Copperfield, my daughter Dora, and my daughter Dora's confidential friend!"—*Copperfield, chap. xxvi*

WE ARE DISTURBED IN OUR COOKERY

Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, Traddles and I, were at the height of our enjoyment, when my eyes encountered those of the staid Littimer, standing hat in hand before me. *Copperfield, chap. xxviii*

I FIND MR. BARKIS GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE

"Here's Master Davy!" said Peggotty. With the words "Barkis is willin'!" he went out with the tide.—*Copperfield, chap. xxx*

MR. PEGGOTTY AND MRS. STEERFORTH

She sat upright in her arm-chair, looking steadfastly at Mr. Peggotty as he at her. Rosa Dartle's keen glance comprehended all of us.—*Copperfield, chap. xxxii*

MY AUNT ASTONISHES ME

In the sitting-room, Peggotty and I were amazed to find my aunt and Mr. Dick. Mrs. Crupp was making tea.—*Copperfield, chap. xxxiv*

MR. WICKFIELD AND HIS PARTNER WAIT UPON MY AUNT

"Papa!" said Agnes. "Here is Miss Trotwood—and Trotwood, whom you have not seen for a long while!"—*Copperfield, chap. xxxv*

MR. MICAWBER DELIVERS SOME VALEDICTORY REMARKS

"My dear Copperfield and my esteemed friend Traddles will allow me, on the part of Mrs. Micawber, myself, and our offspring, to thank them for their good wishes."
Copperfield, chap. xxxvi

TRADDLES MAKES A FIGURE IN PARLIAMENT, AND I REPORT HIM

My aunt and Mr. Dick represented the Government or the Opposition, as the case might be, and Traddles with the assistance of Enfield's "Speaker," thundered invectives against them.—*Copperfield, chap. xxxviii*

THE WANDERER

It was Martha at the door. I saw her haggard, listening face. My dread was lest Mr. Peggotty should turn his head, and see her too.—*Copperfield, chap. xl*

TRADDLES AND I IN CONFERENCE WITH THE MISSES SPENLOW

Both Miss Clarissa and Miss Lavinia leaned a little forward to speak, and became upright again when silent.—*Copperfield, chap. xli*

I AM MARRIED

I remember walking proudly and lovingly down the aisle with my sweet wife upon my arm, through a mist of half-seen people.—*Copperfield, chap. xliii*

OUR HOUSEKEEPING

One of our first feats in the housekeeping way was a little dinner to Traddles.—*Copperfield, chap. xliv*

MR. DICK FULFILS MY AUNT'S PREDICTION

I remember the gentleness of Doctor Strong's manner and surprise, the dignity mingled with the supplicating attitude of his wife, Mr. Dick's concern, and my aunt's saying, "*That* man mad!"—*Copperfield, chap. xlv*

THE RIVER

Martha, whom Mr. Peggotty and I had followed, stood at the river's brink, lonely and still, looking at the water.
Copperfield, chap. xlvii

MR. PEGGOTTY'S DREAM COMES TRUE

"Mas'r Davy," said Mr. Peggotty, "I thank my Heav'nly Father as my dream's come true." With these words he took Em'ly in his arms.—*Copperfield, chap. l*

RESTORATION OF MUTUAL CONFIDENCE BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. MICAWBER

Mr. Dick, my aunt, and I went home with Mr. Micawber. Mr. Micawber exclaiming "Emma! my life!" rushed into Mrs. Micawber's arms.—*Copperfield, chap. lii*

MY CHILD-WIFE'S OLD COMPANION

Jip lies down at my feet, stretches himself out as if to sleep, and with a plaintive cry, is dead.—*Copperfield, chap. liii*

I AM THE BEARER OF EVIL TIDINGS

At Mrs. Steerforth's chair was Rosa Dartle. From the first I saw she knew I was the bearer of evil tidings.—*Copperfield, chap. lv*

THE EMIGRANTS

Mr. Peggotty took my old nurse and me down between decks, and Mr. Micawber took his arm with an air of friendship and protection.—*Copperfield, chap. lvii*

I AM SHOWN TWO INTERESTING PENITENTS

Traddles and I beheld in the converted Number Twenty-Seven, Uriah Heep! Twenty-Eight was Mr. Littimer, who walked forth reading a good book!—*Copperfield, chap. lxi*

A STRANGER CALLS TO SEE ME

Little Agnes ran to bring the old man in, and my wife cried out to me that it was Mr. Peggotty!—*Copperfield, chap. lxiii*

XVIII.

BLEAK HOUSE.

In 1852–53, Bradbury & Evans published *Bleak House* in twenty monthly parts. The blue wrappers were designed by Phiz and were emblematical of the Court of Chancery. The same artist supplied forty etchings to illustrate the text, ten of these being produced with the aid of the "ruling" machine. These ten were duplicated, and are as follow: "The Ghost's Walk," "Tom-All-Alone's," "The Night," "The Morning," "Sunset in the Long Drawing-Room," "The Mausoleum," "The Lonely Figure," and the frontispiece. They are reproduced in the present work by means of the half-tone process of photo-etching.

Certain characteristics of Harold Skimpole were, as is well known, derived from Leigh Hunt, and though the novelist did not successfully hide the fact, the artist avoided any similarity in his counterfeit presentment, Dickens writing to Forster with reference to the sketch, "Browne has done Skimpole, and helped to make him singularly unlike the great original."

We learn from Kitton that her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans possesses the original "working" drawings of *Bleak House*, and they differ in some respects from the etchings, the chief alteration being in the design "Mr. Chadband 'Improving' a Tough Subject." The attitude of Chadband is completely changed from that in the etching, Jo is on the other side of the drawing with his back to Guster, and a cat is seated on the ottoman near Mrs. Snagsby.

A writer in the *Academy* in 1882 said of the illustrations of *Bleak House*, "Not only is the comic side, even the fussily comic, such as 'The Young Man of the Name of Guppy,' understood and rendered well, but the dignified beauty of the old country-house architecture, or the architecture of the chambers of our Inns-of-court, is conveyed in brief touches; and there is apparent everywhere that element of terrible

suggestiveness which made not only the art of Hablôt Browne, but the art of Charles Dickens himself, in this story of *Bleak House*, recall the imaginative purpose of the art of Méryon."

The first cheap edition was published in 1858, and contained a frontispiece by Phiz showing Mr. Jarndyce and his friends in Bell Yard. The same artist designed two vignettes for the volumes of the Library Edition (1858–59), the subjects being Lady Dedlock and Jo, and Lady Dedlock and Esther Summerson. The Household Edition, published by Chapman & Hall, was illustrated by Fred Barnard.

An interesting story is told of Marcus Stone, R.A., in regard to *Bleak House*. When the story appeared in serial form he eagerly read each number as it came out. Stone was then only twelve years of age, but his artistic nature detected the possibilities of Jo, and when the eleventh chapter was published he determined to try to illustrate the scene in which the poor crossing-sweeper brushes the step of the gateway leading to the graveyard where the man who was "wery good" to him lay buried. Dickens happened to come into the room while young Stone was engaged on his task, and said, recognising the subject of the drawing, "Well, now, that is very good. You will have to give that to me." The sketch, when finished, was sent to Tavistock House, and in return the young artist received an autographed copy of *A Child's History of England*.

The entire series of Phiz's illustrations to the early edition of *Bleak House* will be found in the succeeding pages, the line etchings reduced considerably, and the dark subjects, originally achieved by the mechanical aid of the ruling machine, somewhat less reduced in size by the half-tone process.

BLEAK HOUSE

Frontispiece to the original edition

THE LITTLE OLD LADY

A curious little old woman in a squeezed bonnet, and carrying a reticule, came smiling up to us. "Oh!" said she. "The wards in Jarndyce!"—*Bleak, chap. iii*

MISS JELLYBY

Caddy stood by the fire, dipping her finger into the egg-cup of vinegar, and looking gloomy. "I wish Africa was dead, Miss Summerson!" she said.—*Bleak, chap. iv*

THE LORD CHANCELLOR COPIES FROM MEMORY

Mr. Krook chalked the letter J upon the wall, beginning with the end of the letter, and shaping it backward. "I have a turn for copying from memory," he said to me.—*Bleak, chap. v*

COAVINSES

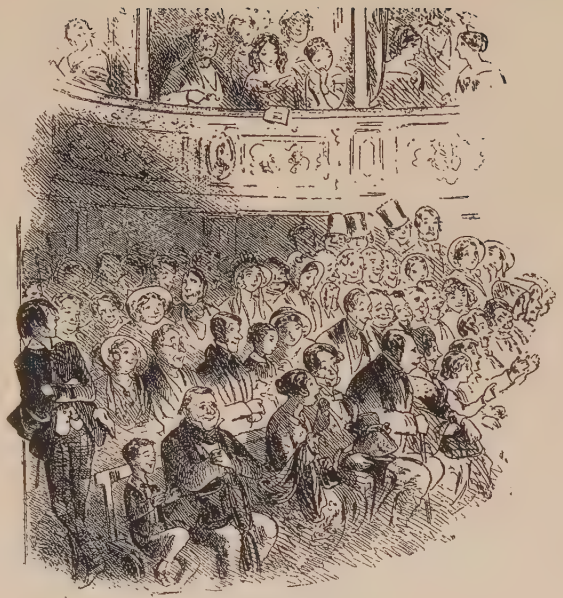
Richard and I were embarrassed, not Mr. Skimpole. I asked what would happen if the money were not produced. "Jail," said the man, "or coavinses. Coavinses? It's a 'ouse."—*Bleak, chap. vi*

THE VISIT TO THE BRICKMAKER'S

"There ain't," growled the man on the floor, "any more on you to come in, is there?" "No," said Mrs. Pardiggle. "We are all here."—*Bleak, chap. viii*

IN RE GUPPY. EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS

"Miss Summerson!" he said. "In the mildest language, I adore you." He went down on his knees, but I was well behind my table, and not much frightened.—*Bleak, chap. ix*



MR. GUPPY'S DESOLATION

In the pit I saw Mr. Guppy, his hair flattened down upon his head, and woe depicted in his face.—*Bleak, chap. xiii*

THE FAMILY PORTRAITS AT MR. BAYHAM BADGER'S

"This," said Mr. Bayham Badger to Mr. Jarndyce, "is Mrs. Bayham Badger's first husband, Captain Swosser; this her second, Professor Dingo."—*Bleak, chap. xiii*

THE DANCING SCHOOL

Prince Turveydrop sometimes played the kit, dancing; sometimes hummed the tune while he set a pupil right; but he never rested for a moment. His distinguished father did nothing whatever, but stand before the fire, a model of Deportment.—*Bleak, chap. xiv*

CONSECRATED GROUND

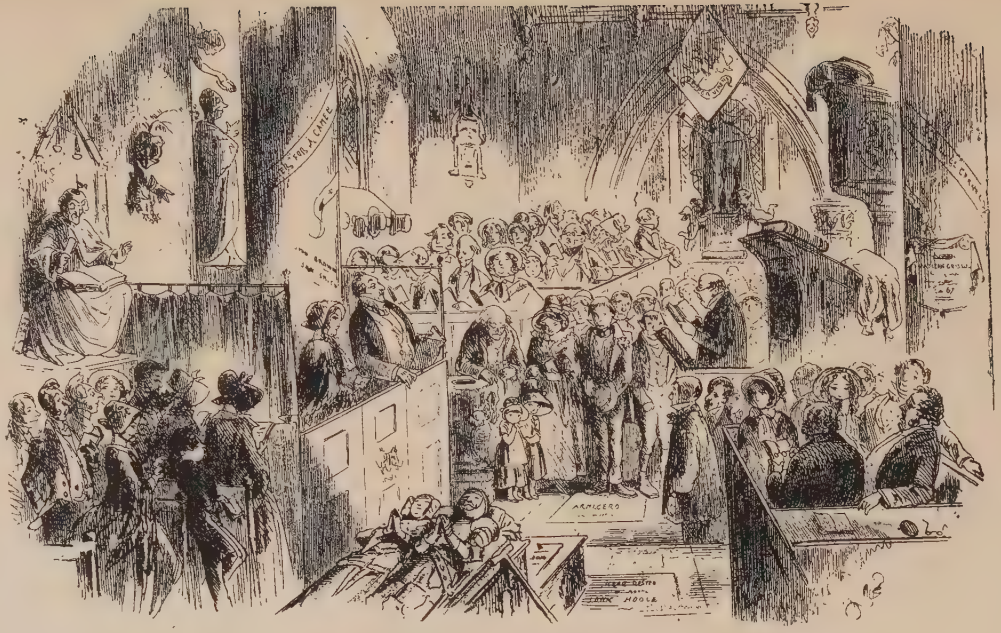
"He was put there," said Jo to Lady Dedlock, "among them piles of bones, and close to that there kitchen winder. I could unkiver it for you with my broom, if the gate was open. That's why they locks it, I s'pose."—*Bleak, chap. xvi*

JO, THE CROSSING-SWEEPER

A band of music comes and plays. Jo and the drover's dog listen to it, with much the same amount of animal satisfaction.—*Bleak, chap. xvi*

CADDY'S FLOWERS

"For me?" said I. "For you," said Caddy. "They were left behind by Somebody." Ada clasped me merrily round the waist.—*Bleak, chap. xvii*



THE LITTLE CHURCH IN THE PARK

The congregation was small, and quite a rustic one, with the exception of a large number of servants from the House. Lady Dedlock, handsome and lofty, was there, and the only other occupant of the great pew was Sir Leicester Dedlock.

Bleak, chap. xviii

MR. GUPPY'S ENTERTAINMENT

"*Ill fo manger*, my dear Guppy," said Mr. Jobling. "Mangering is as necessary to me as it is to a Frenchman—or more so." Mr. Smallweed thinks "much more so."—*Bleak, chap. xx*

THE SMALLWEED FAMILY

On each side of the fireplace Mr. and Mrs. Smallweed while away the hours. When Judy calls, "You, Charley, where are you?" a little girl appears.—*Bleak, chap. xxi*

A MODEL OF PARENTAL DEPORTMENT

Prince and Caddy bent down before Mr. Turveydrop. "Father," said Prince, "I love this young lady, and we are engaged." Mr. Turveydrop shut out the sight with his hand. "Engaged! An arrow launched at my brain by my own child!"—*Bleak, chap. xxiii*

MR. CHADBAND "IMPROVING" A TOUGH SUBJECT

When Jo is adjusted like a lay-figure, Mr. Chadband holds up his bear's-paw, and says, "My friends!" The 'prentices giggle, and nudge each other; Guster falls into a staring and vacant state; Mrs. Snagsby silently lays trains of gunpowder, and Mrs. Chadband composes herself by the fire.—*Bleak, chap. xxv*

VISITORS TO THE SHOOTING GALLERY

Mr. George descries in the figure carried in a chair the venerable Mr. Smallweed, who is attended by his grand-daughter Judy.—*Bleak, chap. xxvi*

THE YOUNG MAN OF THE NAME OF GUPPY

Sir Leicester is reading with gravity and state to Lady Dedlock, when Mercury announces, "The young man, my Lady, of the name of Guppy."—*Bleak, chap. xxix*

NURSE AND PATIENT

Charley fell ill. In twelve hours she was very ill. I moved her into my room, and laid her in my bed, and sat down quietly to nurse her.—*Bleak, chap. xxxi*

THE APPOINTED TIME

The cat snarls at something on the floor as Mr. Guppy and Mr. Weevle advance. O Horror, the Lord Chancellor IS here!—*Bleak, chap. xxxii*

THE OLD MAN OF THE NAME OF TULKINGHORN

Just as Lady Dedlock has rung for Mercury to show the young man of the name of Guppy out, the old man of the name of Tulkinghorn comes in.—*Bleak, chap. xxxiii*

MR. SMALLWEED BREAKS THE PIPE OF PEACE

Judy is silent when Bagnet and Mr. George turn round. Mr. Smallweed, purposely balking himself in an aim at the trooper's head, throws the pipe on the ground and breaks it to pieces. "That's what it means, my dear friend. I'll smash you. I'll crumble you. I'll powder you. Go to the devil!"—*Bleak, chap. xxxiv*

LADY DEDLOCK IN THE WOOD

I was resting after a long ramble, and Charley was gathering violets at a little distance from me. I would have risen to meet Lady Dedlock, as she advanced towards me alone, but I was rendered motionless. Not so much by her hurried gesture of entreaty and outstretched hands, as by the look on her face.—*Bleak, chap. xxxvi*

THE GHOST'S WALK

The day waned into a gloomy evening, overcast and sad. Dark shades fell on the trees, and the bats wheeled in fitful flight. The limes rustled beside the turning of the path to the south front. There were the balustrades of the Ghost's Walk, and one lighted window that might be Lady Dedlock's.—*Bleak, chap. xxxvi*

ATTORNEY AND CLIENT, FORTITUDE AND IMPATIENCE

"Again nothing done!" says Richard. "Nothing, nothing done!" "That is scarcely fair, sir, scarcely fair," returns the placid Vholes.—*Bleak, chap. xxxix*

SIR LEICESTER DEDLOCK

Mr. Skimpole was playing when the visitor was announced. Before I could retire to Ada in the window, Mr. Jarndyce was presenting me to Sir Leicester.—*Bleak, chap. xliii*

SUNSET IN THE LONG DRAWING-ROOM AT CHESNEY WOLD

The fire of the sun is dying. Even now the floor is dusky, and shadow slowly mounts the walls. Upon my Lady Dedlock's picture over the great chimneypiece, a weird shade falls from some old tree, that looks as if a great arm held a hood, watching to draw it over her.—*Bleak, chap. xl*

TOM-ALL-ALONE'S

It is a moot point whether it be uglier by day or by night. Day begins to break now; and in truth it might be better for the national glory even that the sun should sometimes set upon the British dominions, than that it should ever rise upon so vile a wonder as Tom.—*Bleak, chap. xlvi*

A NEW MEANING IN THE ROMAN

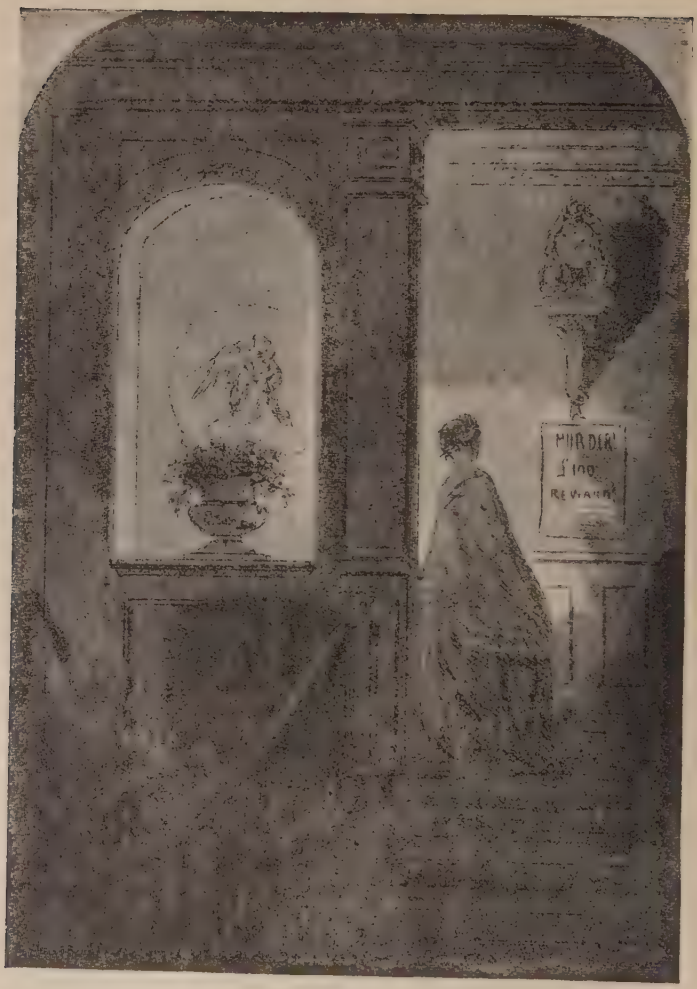
He is pointing at a table, with a bottle and a glass upon it, and two candles that were blown out suddenly. He is pointing at an empty chair, and at a stain upon the ground before it. The Roman, pointing from the ceiling, is invested in all eyes with mystery and awe, as if he were a paralysed dumb witness.—*Bleak, chap. xlviii*

FRIENDLY BEHAVIOUR OF MR. BUCKET

Mrs. Bagnet is charmed with Mr. Bucket, who sits beside Mr. George. "And this is brother, is it, my dears?" he asks Quebec and Malta concerning young Woolwich.—*Bleak, chap. xlix*

LIGHT

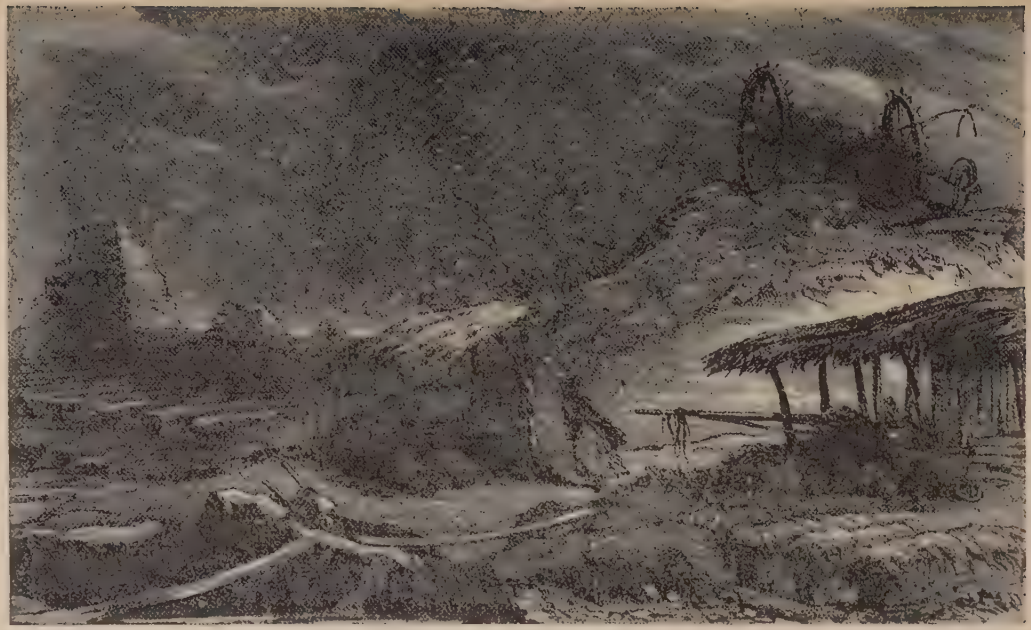
Ada knelt beside Richard, and a light shone in upon me. "Esther," she said, "I am going to stay with my dear husband. We have been married above two months."—*Bleak, chap. li*



SHADOW

Lady Dedlock sweeps upstairs alone. She goes up the steps the old man came down to his grave; past murderous groups of statuary, repeated with their shadowy weapons on the wall; past the printed bill, which she looks at going by.

Bleak, chap. liii



THE LONELY FIGURE

Where is Lady Dedlock? On the waste where the brick-kilns are burning; where the straw roofs of the huts in which the bricks are made, are being scattered by the wind;—there is a lonely woman's figure, pelted by the snow and driven by the wind, and cast out, it would seem, from all companionship.—*Bleak, chap. lvi*

THE NIGHT

In my memory, the lights upon the bridge are always burning dim; the cutting wind is eddying round the homeless woman whom we pass; the monotonous wheels are whirring on; and the light of the carriage-lamps reflected back, looks palely in upon me—a face, rising out of the dreaded water.—*Bleak, chap. lvii*

THE MORNING

She lay there, with one arm creeping round a bar of the iron gate, and seeming to embrace it. She lay there a distressed, unsheltered, senseless creature. And it was my mother, cold and dead.—*Bleak, chap. lix*

MRS. BAGNET RETURNS FROM HER EXPEDITION

When Mrs. Rouncewell and Mrs. Bagnet enter the cell, George, who is writing at a table, supposing himself to be alone, does not raise his eyes. *Bleak, chap. lv*

MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT OF MR. GUPPY

Mr. Jobling sat beside Mr. Guppy's mother, and my guardian patted me on the back. "I beg to lay the 'ouse in Walcot Square, the business, and myself, before Miss Summerson," said Mr. Guppy.—*Bleak, chap. lxiv*

THE MAUSOLEUM AT CHESNEY WOLD

There is a hush upon Chesney Wold, as there is upon a portion of the family history. For now the handsome Lady Dedlock lies in the mausoleum in the park, where the trees arch darkly overhead, and the owl is heard at night making the woods ring.
Bleak, chap. lxvi

THE BIRDS IN THE CAGE

One man sat with his back against the wall opposite to the grating. "Say what the hour is," grumbled the other, who lolled on the broad stone ledge to this grating.—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. i*

XIX.

LITTLE DORRIT.

THERE were the usual twenty monthly parts to *Little Dorrit*, beginning December 1855 and ending June 1857, and published by Bradbury & Evans. The blue wrapper had on it a design by Phiz, and the text was embellished with forty etchings by the same artist, not a single one of which bears his signature. The central part of the design on the wrapper shows Little Dorrit coming out of the gates of the Marshalsea, and above Britannia is seated despondently in a bath-chair attended by figures representing the Circumlocution Office. The lower part of the design depicts some of the chief characters of the story.

Of the forty plates, we learn from Kitton that Phiz etched five in duplicate, namely, "Floating Away," "The Ferry," "The Birds in the Cage," "Visitors at the Works," and "The Room with the Picture." Eight of the etchings show the effective use of the ruling machine.

Dickens as usual advised the artist on the drawings, and on receipt of the sketch for "An Unexpected After-Dinner Speech," he wrote: "In the dinner scene it is highly important that Mr. Dorrit should not be too comic. He is too comic now. He is described in the text as 'shedding tears,' and what he imperatively wants is an expression doing less violence in the reader's mind to what is going to happen to him, and much more in accordance with the serious end which is so close before him. Pray do not neglect this change." This is a little side-light which indicates how Dickens was continually struggling against the comic exaggeration of the artist, and goes to bear out what has been advanced in an earlier chapter, as to Phiz being largely responsible for the notion that Dickens was a caricaturist. The author, however, was quite satisfied with "Mr. Merdle becomes a Borrower," and "Flora's Tour of Inspection," saying of them "very good subjects—both." The original sketches in pencil and pen-and-ink, by

Phiz, forty-two in all, were sold at auction in June 1909 for five hundred and twenty guineas.

The first cheap edition of *Little Dorrit* appeared in 1861, and for this Marcus Stone supplied the frontispiece. This was the artist's first attempt at drawing on wood, and is not equal to his later work. To the Household Edition J. Mahoney supplied a new series of illustrations.

A number of painted subjects were derived from *Little Dorrit*, as an examination of the list under "Dickens in Art" will show, W. P. Frith, R.A., and Charles Green, R.I., being the chief artists who were attracted by the story.

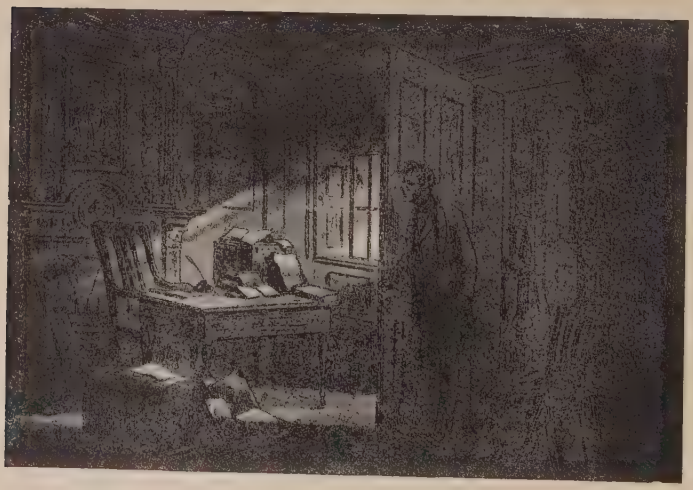
The whole series of the original Phiz etchings is here reproduced, including those on which the ruling machine was employed, these being given here by means of the half-tone process.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

Miss Wade stood with her hand upon her own bosom, looking at Tattycoram, as one with a diseased part might watch the dissection of an analogous case.
Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. ii

MR. FLINTWICH MEDIATES AS A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

"Your mother mentioned that you had been suspecting your father," said Jeremiah to Clennam. "That's not dutiful, Mr. Arthur."—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. v*

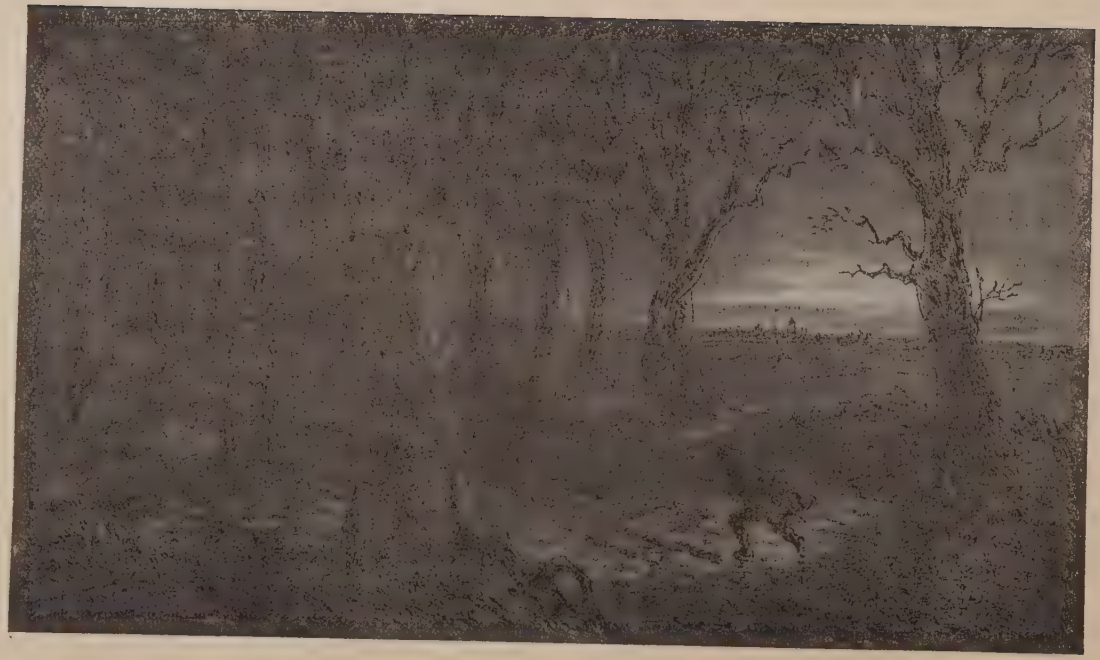


THE ROOM WITH THE PORTRAIT

In the room Arthur Clennam's deceased father had occupied for business purposes, was his picture, dark and gloomy, the eyes looking down at his son,—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. vi*

LITTLE MOTHER

Dorrit, whose hand this Maggy, calling her Little Mother, had begun to fondle, said to Arthur Clennam, "This is Maggy, sir."—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. ix*



MAKING OFF

A black speck moved along the muddy road with its weary avenue of little trees,—it was John Baptist Cavalletto running away from his patron.—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. xi*

MR. F.'S AUNT IS CONDUCTED INTO RETIREMENT

Mr. F.'s Aunt having proclaimed to Clennam, "I hate a fool!" Flora quietly led her from the room.—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. xiii*

MR. AND MRS. FLINTWICH

Candle in hand, he sidled up to her, twitched her apron off, and roused her. "O Jeremiah," said Affery, "what a start you gave me!"—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. xv*

LITTLE DORRIT'S PARTY

There was coming day in the flaring lights, and the ghastly dying of the night. Maggy and her guide went back to the gate; this was Little Dorrit's party.

Dorrit, Bk. I, ch. xiv

THE FERRY

Henry Gowan was idly tossing stones into the water with his foot, and a fine Newfoundland dog was watching each in turn
Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. xvii

ANNY AND LITTLE DORRIT CALL ON MRS. MERDLE

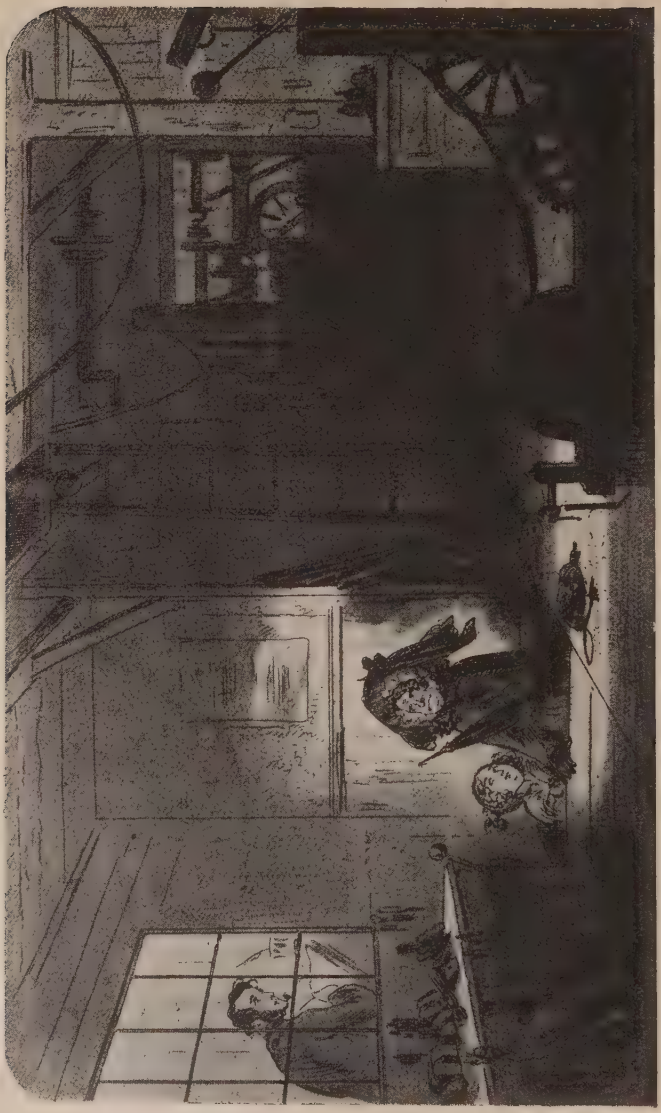
Fanny knocked at the door of the handsomest house in Harley Street. The footman who opened it admitted that Mrs. Merdle was at home, and asked Fanny to walk in.—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. xx*

THE BROTHERS

As they walked up and down the College-yard, Frederick Dorrit the free seemed humbled and bowed, William the bond, courtly, condescending, and benevolent. *Dorrit, Bk. I, ch. xix*

MISS DORRIT AND LITTLE DORRIT

The professionals were making ready for the streets. "Stop a moment, Amy," said Fanny, "and let them get away before us."—*Dorrit, Bk. I, ch. xx*



VISITORS AT THE WORKS

Raising his eyes, Clennam perceived Mr. F.'s Aunt and Flora labouring up the step-ladder.—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. xxiii*

THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS

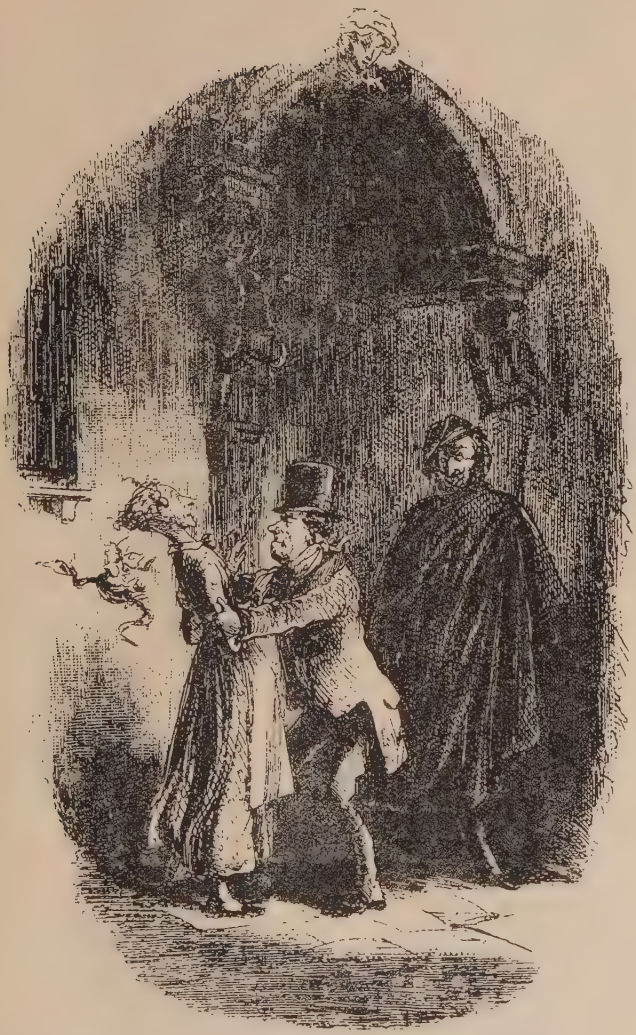
Little Dorrit, her face flushed by the sunset, began: "Maggy, there was once upon a time a fine King, who had a daughter."—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. xxiv*

FIVE-AND-TWENTY

"Mr. Clennam," said Miss Wade, "perhaps you will induce your friend ——" "Not without another effort," said Mr. Meagles. "Tattycoram, count five-and-twenty."
Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. xxvii

FLOATING AWAY

Arthur Clennam tenderly launched the handful of roses on the flowing river. Pale and unreal in the moonlight, the river floated them away.—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. xxviii*



MR. FLINTWICH HAS A MILD ATTACK OF IRRITABILITY

Receiving no explanation of the stranger's presence, Jeremiah pounced upon Affery and shook her until he shook the cap off her head.—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. xxx*

THE PENSIONER ENTERTAINMENT

Maggy and her Little Mother had spread the board. Clennam had never seen anything like Mr. Dorrit's protection of Nandy.—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. xxxi*

SOCIETY EXPRESSES ITS VIEWS ON A QUESTION OF MARRIAGE

"As to marriage on the part of a man," said Mrs. Merdle to Mrs. Gowan. "Society requires that he should retrieve his fortunes by marriage."—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. xxxiii*

THE MARSHALSEA BECOMES AN ORPHAN

The brothers proceeded through the yard. Edward Dorrit, Esquire, and his sister Fanny followed arm-in-arm; Mr. Plornish and Maggy bore out the bundles and burdens.—*Dorrit, Bk. I. ch. xxxvi*

THE TRAVELLERS

Mrs. General having recommended the young ladies to shade their faces from the fire, Amy did so, but Fanny remained as she was. Their brother strolled to the fire with his glass in his eye.—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. i*

THE FAMILY DIGNITY IS AFFRONTED

"I tell you, sir," said Mr. Dorrit to the landlord, "that you separate me—ha—from other gentlemen. I demand of you, why? Explain. Answer, why?"—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. iii*

INSTINCT STRONGER THAN TRAINING

Gowan had thrown down his brush, and seized Lion with both hands by the collar. "Get out of his sight, Blandois!" he said.—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. vi*

MR. SPARKLER UNDER A REVERSE OF CIRCUMSTANCES

The gondoliers of Fanny and Amy brought their boat into collision with the bark of Mr. Sparkler, and tipped that gentleman over.—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. vi*

RIGOUR OF MR. F.'S AUNT

Clennam accepted the crust of toast from Mr. F.'s Aunt, who cried, "He's too proud a chap to eat it!" Flora found him in this difficult situation.—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. ix*

MR. FLINTWICH RECEIVES THE EMBRACE OF FRIENDSHIP

On his entrance, Blandois folded him in a close embrace. "How goes it, my cherished friend!" said he.—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. x*

THE PATRIOTIC CONFERENCE

Would Bishop favour Bar with half-a-dozen words. He had now set Mr. Merdle on a couch with Lord Decimus, and to it they must go, now or never.—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. xii*

MR. BAPTIST IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE SEEN SOMETHING

Signor Cavalletto entered with a sudden twist from the steps. "Hallo, old chap!" said Mr. Pancks. "Altro, old boy! What's the matter?"—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. xiii*

MISSING AND DREAMING

"I do not pretend to account for the disappearance to you," said Mrs. Clennam to Mr. Dorrit. At that moment Affery exclaimed, "There it is again. Hark, Jeremiah!"—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. xvii*

RECEPTION OF AN OLD FRIEND

"Now, sir," said Mr. Dorrit to young John Chivery, seizing him by the collar. "What do you mean by this?"—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. xviii*

AN UNEXPECTED AFTER-DINNER SPEECH

Mr. Dorrit, becoming conscious of the number of faces surrounding him, addressed them: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Marshalsea!"—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. xix*

THE NIGHT

Two quiet figures, equally still and impassive, were in the room. One reposed upon the bed, the other knelt on the floor. The two brothers were before their Father; far beyond the judgments of this world.—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. xix*

AT MR. JOHN CHIVERY'S TEA-TABLE

Young John fell to rolling his green packet on his right leg, never taking his eyes off Clennam.—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. xxvii*

FLORA'S TOUR OF INSPECTION

Affery headed the exploring party; Jeremiah closed it. Arthur extended his supporting arm round Flora's figure.—*Bk. II. ch. xxiii*

MR. MERDLE BECOMES A BORROWER

Edmund opened the box, and gave Mr. Merdle the tortoise-shell knife. "I will forgive you if you ink it," said Mrs. Sparkler.—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. xxiv*

IN THE OLD ROOM

Mr. Pancks sidled near the window; Mr. Baptist sat on the floor; "I hear you want me," said Blandois to Clennam. "Here I am!"—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. xxviii*

DAMOCLES

Rigaud composed himself upon the window-seat of the open window, in the old Marseilles-Jail attitude. "Rigaud Lagnier Blandois, you triumph, my little boy."—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. xxx*

LITTLE DORRIT LEAVING THE MARSHALSEA

Arthur led Little Dorrit downstairs, and the gate jarred heavily and hopelessly upon her.—*Dorrit. Bk. II. ch. xxix*

THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE REGISTERS

"You see," said Little Dorrit's old friend, "her birth is in the first volume, she lay asleep with her head on the second, and she is now a-writing her name as a bride in the third."—*Dorrit, Bk. II. ch. xxxiv*

THE MAIL

Mr. Lorry opened the note in the light of the coach-lamp, and read: "Wait at Dover for Mam'selle."—*Two Cities, Bk. I. ch. ii*

XX.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

This novel was published in *All the Year Round* from April to November 1859, and in eight monthly parts (the last a double number) from June to December of the same year. The eight parts were enclosed in a blue paper wrapper with a design by Phiz. This design is divided into scenes by lines, the top showing St. Paul's Cathedral from the Thames and the bottom the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, while at the sides are depicted some of the chief characters. Phiz also supplied sixteen etchings to the text, and, as in the case of the previous novel, *Little Dorrit*, he did not sign any of the plates. None of these etchings, according to Kitton, were done in duplicate, and each plate bore two designs.

With this novel the long connection between Hablôt K. Browne and Charles Dickens came to an end. For twenty-three years the two had worked together, and the artist was much upset at "Dickens's strangely silent manner of breaking the connection." Writing to his friend and assistant, Robert Young, shortly before the publication of *Great Expectations*, the artist said, "Marcus [Stone] is no doubt to do Dickens. *I* have been a 'good boy' I believe. The plates in hand are all in good time, so that I do not know what's 'up' any more than you. Dickens probably thinks a new hand would give his old puppets a fresh look, or perhaps he does not like my illustrating Trollope neck-and-neck with him—though, by Jingo, he need fear no rivalry *there!* Confound all authors and publishers, say I. There is no pleasing one or t'other. I wish I had never had anything to do with the lot."

In June 1909 seventeen pencil drawings of his for this story were sold for five hundred guineas at Christie's.

The first cheap edition of *A Tale of Two Cities* was published in 1864, and contained a frontispiece by Marcus Stone, R.A. The Household Edition published by Chapman & Hall was illustrated by Fred Barnard. In 1859 the story appeared as a

serial in *Harper's Weekly*, and was illustrated with thirty-four woodcuts by J. M'Lenan, a New York artist.

There are numerous paintings of incidents from *A Tale of Two Cities*, the frequent dramatic versions of the story having made the scaffold scene an extremely hackneyed subject. The list of these paintings given in the chapter on "Dickens in Art" is no doubt capable of extension.

It must be admitted in all frankness that the quality of the sixteen illustrations by Phiz fully justified the novelist in his determination to find another artist for his next book; they are remarkably tame and lacking in dramatic spirit, though the story gave unusual opportunities for picturesque treatment.

THE SHOEMAKER

His daughter held him close, and rocked him on her breast. "Your agony is over; I have come to take you from it."—*Two Cities, Bk. I. ch. vi*

CONGRATULATIONS

Doctor Manette, Lucie Manette, Mr. Lorry, and Mr. Stryver congratulated Mr. Charles Darnay on his escape from death.—*Two Cities, Bk. II. ch. iv*

THE LIKENESS

Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise everybody present.—*Two Cities, Bk. II. ch. iii*

UNDER THE PLANE-TREE

Dr. Manette, Lucie, Mr. Lorry, and Mr. Carton sat out in the air, where Mr. Darnay joined them.—*Two Cities, Bk. II. ch. vi*

THE STOPPAGE AT THE FOUNTAIN

Gaspard fell upon Defarge's shoulder, sobbing and crying, and pointing to the fountain, where some women were stooping over the motionless bundle.—*Two Cities, Bk. II. ch. vii*

THE SPY'S FUNERAL

With beer-drinking, pipe-smoking, song-roaring, and infinite caricaturing of woe, the disorderly procession went on its way.
Two Cities, Bk. II. ch. xiv

MR. STRYVER AT TELLSON'S BANK

"Then it is your opinion, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver, squaring his elbows, "that the young lady is a mincing Fool?"—*Two Cities, Bk. II. ch. xii*

THE WINE-SHOP

Madame Defarge poured out a glass of cognac for the spy, and took to her knitting again.—*Two Cities, Bk. II. ch. xvi*

THE ACCOMPLICES

In a mysterious and guilty manner, Mr. Lorry hacked the shoemaker's bench to pieces, while Miss Pross held the candle.—*Cities, Bk. II. ch. xix*

THE SEA RISES

Old Foulon taken! Foulon who told the starving people they might eat grass! Give us the blood of Foulon!—*Two Cities, Bk. II. ch. xxii*

BEFORE THE PRISON TRIBUNAL

"Citizen Defarge," said the officer to Darnay's conductor, "is this the emigrant Evrémonde?" "This is the man." "You are consigned, Evrémonde, to the prison of La Force."—*Two Cities, Bk. III. ch. i*

THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR

Four armed men entered the room. "The Citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay," said the first. They surrounded him, with his wife and child clinging to him.
Two Cities, Bk. III. ch. vii

THE DOUBLE RECOGNITION

Mr. Cruncher was in a state of wonder; Miss Pross lost in amazement. "Oh, Solomon, dear Solomon!" she said to the man.—*Cities, Bk. III. ch. vii*

IN THE BASTILLE

"I, Alexandre Manette, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year 1767."—*Two Cities, Bk. III. ch. x*

AFTER THE SENTENCE

Only her father and Mr. Lorry were with Lucie. Sydney Carton came forward, and supported her head. — *Two Cities, Bk. III. ch. xi*

XXI.

THE OTHER NOVELS.

HARD TIMES was originally published in *Household Words*, beginning with the issue of April 1 and concluding August 12, 1854, and consequently the text was not illustrated as in the case of the previous novels. It came out the same year in green cloth, published by Bradbury & Evans, without plates. The first cheap edition, which appeared in 1865, had a frontispiece by A. Boyd Houghton. To the Library Edition, Fred Walker, A.R.A., contributed four drawings which rank high among Dickens illustrations. The American issue of the Household Edition was illustrated by C. S. Reinhart, who also provided the pictures for *Nicholas Nickleby* and *The Uncommercial Traveller*.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS originally appeared in *All the Year Round* from December 1860 to August 1861, and was of course unillustrated in that form. It was published by Chapman & Hall in the latter year in three volumes, also without plates. Two years later the first cheap edition appeared, and contained a frontispiece and vignette title designed by Marcus Stone, R.A. In America, the novel was published by Harper & Brothers as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*, beginning November 1860, and contained twenty-seven illustrations by J. M'Lenan, a New York artist. To the Gadshill Edition, Charles Green, R.I., supplied a set of new designs reproduced by photogravure. In 1885 a series of twenty-one etchings, by F. W. Pailthorpe, was published by Robson & Kerslake.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND appeared from May 1864 to November 1865 in monthly parts, the last one being double, and was published by Chapman & Hall. In the latter year it was issued in two volumes. The forty illustrations to the parts were supplied by Marcus Stone, R.A., who also designed the wrapper. The illustrations were from woodcuts in place of the usual etchings. With regard to the sketch submitted for this wrapper, Dickens wrote to the artist, February 23, 1864: "I think the design for the cover *excellent*, and do not doubt its coming out to perfection. The slight alteration I am going

to suggest originates in a business consideration not to be overlooked. The word 'Our' in the title must be out in the open like 'Mutual Friend,' making the title three distinct large lines—'Our' as big as 'Mutual Friend.' This would give you too much design at the bottom. I would therefore take out the dustman, and put the Wegg and Boffin composition (which is capital) in its place. I don't want Mr. Inspector or the murder reward bill, because these points are sufficiently indicated in the river at the top. Therefore you can have an indication of the dustman in Mr. Inspector's place. Note, that the dustman's face should be droll, and not horrible. Twemlow's elbow will still go out of the frame as it does now, and the same with Lizzie's skirts on the opposite side. With these changes, work away!"

The original sketches for *Our Mutual Friend* were sold by the artist to the late Mr. F. W. Cozens, and on that gentleman's death realised £66 at Sotheby's. They are now in the possession of an American collector, who had them bound up with a copy of the first edition of the novel. The first cheap edition, which appeared in 1867, had a frontispiece by A. Boyd Houghton, engraved on wood by the Dalziel Brothers. The Household Edition, published by Chapman & Hall, contained illustrations by J. Mahoney. Eight pictures in water-colour were painted and exhibited by J. Halford Ross to illustrate incidents in the story.

Edwin Drood, which stopped abruptly, in consequence of the author's death, with the sixth monthly part in September 1870, had twelve illustrations on wood by Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., and a green wrapper designed by C. A. Collins. Charles Allston Collins, a brother of Wilkie Collins, wished to supply the illustrations for *Edwin Drood*, and Dickens, who had great faith in his abilities, wrote to Chapman & Hall: "Charles Collins wishes to try his hand at illustrating my new book. I want him to try the cover first. Please send down to him at Gad's Hill any of our old green covers you may have by you." The artist succeeded in producing a satisfactory wrapper, but was prevented by ill-health from continuing the work. Dickens, we are told, was delighted with Fildes' work, so much so, indeed, that he did not consider it necessary that preliminary sketches should be submitted as had been usual with other artists. The drawings were engraved on wood, the first two by Dalziel Brothers and the remaining ten by Charles Roberts. Dickens died when only three numbers of *Edwin Drood* had appeared, and the titles of the illustrations in the following numbers were composed by Fildes.

XXII.

SELECTED ILLUSTRATIONS

FROM THE

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

MR. FEZZIWIG'S BALL

The fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley," and old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig—top couple too.—*Carol, Stave ii*

MARLEY'S GHOST

Scrooge saw Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights and boots. The chain was clasped about his middle; his body was transparent. *Carol, Stave i*

From the etchings by J. Leech

SCROOGE'S THIRD VISITOR

In easy state there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge. "I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"—*Carol, Stave iii*

From the etching by J. Leech

THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come pointed downward to the grave by which it stood, and Scrooge read his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE. "Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees.—*Carol, Stave iv*

From the etching by J. Leech

SCROOGE AND BOB CRATCHIT

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge. "I'll raise your salary, and we will discuss your affairs over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob!"—*Carol, Stave v*

TROTTY VECK

He was a ticket-porter, Toby Veck, and waited outside the church-door for jobs. They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed if he didn't make it.
Chimes, First Quarter

ALDERMAN CUTE AND HIS FRIENDS

Mr. Filer, being exceedingly short-sighted, was obliged to go so close to the remnant of Toby's dinner before he could make out what it was, that Toby's heart leaped up into his mouth. But Mr. Filer didn't eat it. Richard was busy talking to Meg at a little distance.—*Chimes, First Quarter*

By J. Leech

SIR JOSEPH BOWLEY'S

Toby knocked at the room-door pointed out by the Porter, and was told to enter. On doing so he found himself in a library with a stately lady in a bonnet, dictating to a gentleman in black, while another gentleman walked up and down the room.—*Chimes, Second Quarter*

By J. Leech

TROTTY VECK AMONG THE BELLS [*By Richard Doyle*

The darkness changed to shining light; the whisper "Haunt and hunt him" became a voice exclaiming in his waking ears, "Break his slumbers." The tower swarmed with dwarf phantoms, spirits, elfin creatures, leaping, flying, dropping, pouring from the Bells.—*Chimes. Third Quarter*

THE NEW YEAR'S DANCE

To the music of the band, the bells, the marrow-bones and cleavers, Trotty, making Meg and Richard second couple, led off Mrs. Chickenstalker down the dance, in a step founded on his own peculiar trot.—*Chimes, Fourth Quarter*

By J. Leech

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION
By D. Maclise, R.A.

JOHN'S ARRIVAL [*By J. Leech*

Boxer exhibited an obtrusive interest in the baby, which Tilly Slowboy held in a low nursing-chair near the fire. "There's the tea-pot, ready on the hob!" said Dot, "and there's the cold knuckle of ham."—*Cricket, Chirp First*

JOHN AND DOT

Dot arranged the chair in the chimney-corner for her husband, filled his pipe, and took her usual little stool beside him on the hearth.—*Cricket, Chirp First*

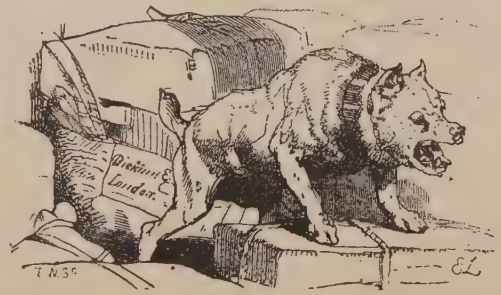
CALEB AT WORK

In the midst of the toys Caleb and his daughter sat at work; the Blind Girl busy as a Doll's dressmaker, Caleb painting a family mansion.—*Cricket, Chirp Second*

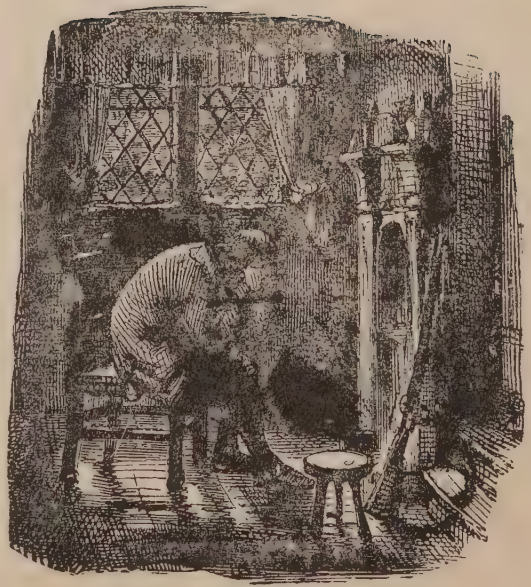
From the drawings by J. Leech

TILLY SLOWBOY

By J. Leech



BOXER



JOHN'S REVERIE

Clasping his hands before his face, he sat beside the fire, and found relief in tears.—*Cricket, Chirp Third*

THE DANCE

The Carrier takes Dot round the waist, and starts off with her, toe and heel; Tackleton follows suit with Mrs. Fielding; old Dot whisks off Mrs. Dot, and Caleb goes off at score with Tilly Slowboy. Hark! how the Cricket chirps, and how the kettle hums!—*Cricket, Chirp Third*

By J. Leech

GRACE AND MARION JEDDLER DANCING

There were sounds of music and laughter in the orchard where two girls danced merrily on the grass, while some half-dozen peasant women, standing on ladders gathering apples, stopped their work to look down and share their enjoyment.

Battle, Part First

By D. Maclise, R.A.

PART THE FIRST

"Where did the minstrels come from?" asked Dr. Jeddler. "Alfred sent them," said his daughter Grace, adjusting some flowers in Marion's hair.—*Battle, Part First*

PART THE SECOND

Grace fell at his feet, and a crowd of figures came to them from the house. Alfred grasped his hair with his hands, and bent upon his knee beside the insensible girl.—*Battle, Part Second*

From the drawings by Richard Doyle

THE NIGHT OF THE RETURN

Mr. Snitchey proposed himself as a partner to Mrs. Craggs, and Mr. Craggs offered himself to Mrs. Snitchey; the doctor's rosy face spun round and round. But Marion, on this night of Alfred's return, fled from the house, making her innocent and blameless choice.—*Battle, Part Second*

By J. Leech

THE NUTMEG-GRATER

The village inn had assumed, on being established by Benjamin Britain, an uncommon sign. It was called the Nutmeg-Grater. The comfortable host stood in the doorway, looking down the road for Clemency. "Mrs. B. is rather late," he said. "It's tea-time,"

Battle, Part Third

By Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

THE SISTERS

"Oh Grace, dear Grace," said Marion, clinging to her, "I am still your maiden sister, unmarried, unbetrothed: your own loving old Marion, in whose affection you exist alone and have no partner!"

Battle, Part Third

By D. Maclise, R.A.

REDLAW AND THE PHANTOM

As *he* leaned his arm upon the elbow of his chair, ruminating before the fire, *it* leaned upon the chair-back, close above him, with its appalling copy of his face looking where his face looked, and bearing the expression his face bore.—*Haunted Man, chap. i*

By J. Leech

JOHNNY AND MOLOCH

THE TETTERBYS

MILLY AND THE STUDENT

She went up to the back of the couch, and leaning over to look at his face, gently touched him on the brow. "Are you quite as well to-night, Mr. Edmund?" she asked.—*Haunted Man, chap. ii*

MILLY AND THE CHILDREN

"Hurrah! Here's Mrs. William!" cried Johnny. As she came in, the children flocked and danced about her, trooping on with her in triumph.—*Haunted Man, chap. iii*

From the drawings by F. Stone, A.R.A.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE GREAT DINNER HALL

There were many Swidgers there, grown up and children; the Tetterbys, including young Adolphus, Johnny, and the baby. The eyes of Redlaw, and of Milly and her husband, and of the old man, the student, and his bride to be, were often turned to the words below the portrait in the Hall, "Lord, keep my memory green."

Haunted Man, chap. iii

By Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

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